

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

MARCH, 1869.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRISON-CELL.

TERENCE had clung to the one idea that haunted him from the first: he *could* not be convicted, because he had not taken the money. He had dwelt on this till it assumed almost the character of a monomania. It had sustained him through all the varied excitements of the trial. Even the announcement of the verdict failed fully to dispel the illusion. It stunned him. He scarcely took in its import. He was but partially roused even when asked if he had any reasons to give why judgment should not be pronounced against him. He gazed vacantly at the jury, then at the judge. And it was not until the latter added, in a compassionate tone, "Have you nothing to say, prisoner?" that he broke forth:

"But I didn't do it, judge. And is it to prison you're sending me? They don't send innocent men to prison. I don't care for the money. Let the lying scoundrel have it, since he swears it is his; but for the Lord's sake, judge, don't be after sendin' me to prison. What will Norah do? And the poor, helpless childher? Is it a thief you'd make me out before them and their mother?"

A shriek from a distant corner of the court-room, and some one cried out, "A woman has fainted." Terence made a fruitless attempt, arrested by the officer in attendance, to rush from the dock, then sunk his head on his hands, with a desperate effort at composure. But that shriek had stirred the depths of his warm and passionate nature. A stinging sense of shame and pride came over him—in vain. His loud sobs, heard all over the court-room, awoke hearty sympathy in the bystanders. One or two of the jurors repented their verdict.

Nine months' imprisonment was the sentence. The seventeen eagles were paid over to the witness, Cassiday, and the rest returned to Terence, who, after brief delay, was conveyed to Moyamensing prison.

The preliminaries which preceded his actual incarceration produced a terrible effect on the high-spirited young fellow. First, his hair was closely cut; then he was put in the scales and his weight carefully recorded in a book kept for the purpose; next he was measured, and his exact height set down in the same official record. Then he was stripped: all marks or scars found on his person were noted and minutely registered. To this was added his complexion, together with the color of his hair and eyes, his

age, his birth-place (alas ! alas !), the date of his conviction, August 24, and full particulars of his offence. Finally his prison-dress was put on, and his prison-number assigned him—two hundred and thirty-seven.

It is difficult for us, in these comparatively enlightened times, to realize what the suffering of some poor wretch condemned to the "*peine forte et dure*" may have been, when conveyed from the torture-chamber to a mediæval dungeon. Yet I doubt if it much exceeded the mental agony endured by Terence when consigned to the solitary cell which bore his number.

He was past all complaint now, or outward demonstration of grief. It seemed to him as if he had been stripped of his very identity. His former life had gone out, and, in its stead, had come up a despised and to-be-avoided thing—a felon, weighing so much, measuring so much, marked or scarred so and so; and all this set down as a man records the brand he has selected with which to stamp his cattle, so that each animal may be recognized for ever as his own. It was all done and settled. It could never, in this world, be undone, any more than one can unlive the day that is past.

If he could only go to sleep and wake no more ! Norah was far better without him. His children too. If he died now, people might forget to cast it up to them that they had had a thief for a father. Norah might marry a decent man and change her name, and that would help to bury the past. He hated his new self. It had no business here. It could be of no use to anybody. Why should he live ?

Two days after Terence's incarceration, Mr. Kullen, the prison-agent, called. "Anything new ?" he asked the under-keeper, a good-natured fellow, Walter Richards.

"Yes, a young man, nine months for theft, who has not tasted food or water since he came—two days and two nights now. I shouldn't wonder if he died."

"What's the matter with him ?"

"Well, I don't know. A stout fellow, too, but looks as if he had lost every friend he ever had in the world. I could get nothing out of him, say what I would, except that he didn't want to eat or drink, for it was no use. I wish you'd see him—two-thirty-seven."

"What's his name ? Has he a family ?"

"Terence O'Something : Irish, from Connaught, I think. Married and two children. He needs looking after."

"I'll see him at once."

He found the prisoner seated on his pallet, listless, with the look of a man abandoned to his fate, seeming to notice nothing, not even the arrival of his visitor. On a small table near by, his dinner, untouched. Kullen drew up a chair and sat eyeing him for some time in silence :

"You have not eaten anything for two days : that is very wrong."

The other just lifted his eyes to the agent's face, but without a word.

"You have no right to throw away your life. No man has—least of all one who has a wife and children."

He started—that touched him.

"You don't look like a coward ; but nobody except a coward gives up and forsakes those that have a right to his help."

"An' is it a thief can help wife or childher ?"

"You're a thief, then ?"

Terence started up, defiantly ; then sank feebly back again on his bed. "Didn't the jury say I was ? And why shouldn't he ?" as if speaking to himself.

"Maybe the jury mistook ?"

It was the first drop of balm to that bruised spirit. "Are there people that think juries mayhap mistake ?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"I do. I've known many such cases."

"Thin the Lord above be blessed that sint ye here. It's no good now, but it comes grateful to a man, anyway."

"Why is it no good now ?"

"I'm no good. There's only one thing I can do for Norah and the childher."

"What's that ?"

"To git out o' their way. I'm a disgrace to them."

Kullen moved the table, with the untasted meal, toward him. Wistfully, for a moment, the man eyed the food: then his face hardened. "Ye're losin' yer time," he said, feebly: "I don't want to talk about it."

"Are you innocent of this crime?"

"Where's the use in tellin' you? In a day or two I'll be afore the Great Judge. HE knows. It'll be all right then."

"And if He asks you, as He asked Cain about his brother Abel, what you've done with Norah and the children, will you tell Him that you were not their keeper?"

"He knows better nor to ax me that. He heerd the jury, and the judge on the bench too, set me down for a thief. He saw them men here, when they ticketed me in their blasted book for a jail-bird, and weighed me and measured me, and wrote down every mole and freckle on me body as if I'd been a dumb baste, only fit for the shambles. And He knows that, after all that, I'll niver be aught but a millstone around the necks o' Norah and them babes."

"If you're innocent, Terence — and you look to me like an innocent man — that can be proved; and then they'll take it all back: they'll write down, in the same big book, that it was all a mistake, and that you were found out to be no thief at all; and then nobody can say you ever were a thief. And why can't you help Norah and the children then?"

"I'm not strong to argufy with ye," the poor fellow sighed: "the spirit's all gone out of me. But it's not a bit of use, no more than the wind that blows. Ye didn't hear Mister Bagster?"

"No: I wasn't at the trial."

"Thin it's no use, I tell ye, at all, at all. If the angel Gabr'el, with his wings on, had come down and stood afore that jury, he never could have spoke better, or done more, nor Mister Bagster did. If *he* couldn't get me out of it, there isn't a livin' soul that can come near it."

"I have no doubt he said all that

could be said: I know Bagster, and there isn't a better man before a jury at our bar; but as for what he did—how many days had he to prepare the case?"

"Three days the judge allowed him."

"Three days! No wonder they convicted you. Come, Terence: I dare say it will all come out right yet. But you must eat that dinner."

"Mister—"

"Kullen's my name."

"Ye mean the fair thing by me, Mister Kullen; and ye're a good man to come and speak to a poor devil as ye've spoke to me. But ye can niver do but one thing for me. Maybe ye'll do that."

"Anything I can, I'll do."

"Thin look a bit to Norah and them childher when I'm gone. But you mustn't never let the lassie know I wouldn't ate: let her think it was the jail-sickness that did it. Tell her God knowed she'd be far better off without the likes of me. It would break the dear heart of her if she thought I wanted to lave her and the two childher. And God, He knows I never did. I'd stay here and work my fingers to stumps, though there wasn't a stick to the fire or a bite to the table, if I didn't know that the very scum o' the street can throw it up to her, any day, that she has a thief for a husband. D'ye think I could stand that—me, that loves her as dearly this blessed day as when the darlin' first tould me she'd never have nobody but myself in all the wide world, and that she didn't care no more for that scamp of a Rory that was always coortin' round her nor she did for the worm that crawls?"

Kullen could not restrain a smile, but the prisoner did not notice it. Anxiety and excitement, and, latterly, lack of food, had done their work. He sank on the bed, adding, in a half whisper: "I never could stand that, and I won't try."

The agent, deeply touched, propped the poor fellow's head on the pillow, arranged the bed comfortably, and then sat looking at him, lost in thought.

"Terence," he said at last, "you're very lonely here: that's not good for you.

I'm at leisure this afternoon. I want to

tell you a story. It will help to pass the time."

"It's very kind o' ye, Mister Kullen. But it's no sort o' matter now about me."

"But if I like to tell it to you?"

"The Lord reward ye."

"It's about Africa. You've heard of the slave-trade?"

"Not much," said Terence, listlessly.

"It's worth hearing about. It lasted a very, very long time—three hundred and fifty years. If you should ever read about it, you'll find it's a history of men and women and children that were hunted down by soldiers and caught and sold. There were fifteen millions of them—nearly half as many as there are people in this country—twice as many as there are in all Ireland. They had committed no crime: nobody pretended they had. They were not tried or convicted by a judge or a jury, but they were all sent to prison—every one of that fifteen millions."

Terence looked up, his attention evidently arrested, but it was a look of incredulity. He was probably considering where prisons could be found for fifteen millions of people. Mr. Kullen resumed:

"Bear in mind that this happened all through three hundred and fifty years. The prisons they were sent to were slave-ships, and the prisoners were carried from Africa to America. They were stowed away between-decks, like so many herrings. A full-grown man had fifteen inches by six feet, and no more, to lie upon—less space than they allow a corpse in a coffin. The men were all put in irons, fastened two and two, and the chains locked to the deck. Even if they had been unchained, there wasn't room to stand up. On the average, one of them out of every five died on the passage and was flung overboard. If the voyage was a stormy one, sometimes one-half died. So you see three millions of people out of the fifteen millions were thrown into the sea before they arrived. Their sufferings, from sickness and hardship and from thirst, were often so dreadful that many did as you are doing, Terence—they refused

to eat, and then they were flogged, sometimes to death."

"To death!" with a faint look of astonishment.

"Yes, Terence, to death: that's the way they treated *them* when they wouldn't eat."

Terence winced a little.

"When they arrived in America," Kullen resumed, "they were forced to work from sunrise to sunset, for other people, instead of for themselves; and if they refused, they were unmercifully beaten. Afterward their children and their children's children were compelled to do the same thing. Yet none of that multitude were sent to these horrible prison-ships, or driven by the lash to work for other people, because they were guilty. They were all as innocent as you are."

The prisoner's sympathy was now fairly enlisted.

"What I particularly wished to explain to you," pursued Kullen, "was the manner in which they put a stop to this stealing and imprisoning of people that had committed no offence. Most of these prison-ships were owned by Englishmen, and they took their prisoners chiefly to Jamaica and other West India islands, where rich English subjects had plantations worth millions and millions of dollars, all worked by these forced laborers. On that account many very rich people were in favor of continuing this mode of getting labor. But there were others, good and just men, members of Parliament, who were very fine orators; and they tried to get a law passed to prevent so great a wrong. In defence of these innocent people they made speeches that were every bit as good as the speech Mr. Bagster made when he was defending you. But these speeches had no more effect than Mr. Bagster's had: the people were sent into the prison-ships, all the same.

"At last a man whose name was Clarkson—Thomas Clarkson—bethought himself that if the truth could all be shown about the sufferings of these poor people, the wrong would be righted, and no more of them would be chained down,

under hatches, in slave-ships. He had observed that the surest way to have justice done to an innocent man is to search out what really happened in his case. He spent a number of years in finding witnesses and in getting the facts from them. He ferreted out the whole history of some of these prison-ships, and of all the cruelties that were practiced in them. Sometimes he got such horrible stories during the day that at night his brain was hot, and he was obliged to lay bandages soaked in cold water over his forehead for hours before he could get quiet and go to sleep. Every day he wrote down all the bits of evidence he had collected. Afterward he classified these and copied them out in large books, as a merchant does his accounts. He had a journal, with a complete history of the different slave-voyages. Then, in a great ledger, he had a page for every prison-ship he had heard about, and short notes of all he had heard about it—a separate page, too, for each witness (whether sailor or captain or surgeon of one of these ships), where he set down all he testified and his address, so that each man could be found and personally examined. He got heaps of affidavits, too, from different persons. All this was so well arranged that he could lay his hand, in a moment, on any piece of evidence that might be called for. When every thing was prepared, William Pitt, who was Prime Minister at that time, agreed to see Thomas Clarkson and to examine the testimony he had collected. He cross-examined him (as you heard the lawyers do the witnesses on your trial) for three or four hours. Clarkson had his books beside him, and answered every question, even about the smallest details, without the least hesitation. When it was over, Mr. Pitt said to him: 'Mr. Clarkson, all that I can do to put an end to the slave-trade shall be done.' He kept his word. A law was passed to prevent any Englishman from buying men in Africa and sending them on board prison-slavers.

"Now, Terence, what I want you to observe is, that as long as men made

fine speeches, like Mr. Bagster's, in favor of these innocent people, it did no good: they were still put in irons and sent to these horrible ships. But when Thomas Clarkson found out the proper witnesses, and collected their evidence, and laid it before a man who had power to make it all right, then the great wrong that had been done for so many years was stopped at once. Can you guess, now, why I told you all this, and what I intend to do in your case?"

It was a study to note the various changes that passed over the prisoner's face, like clouds over an inclement April sky, as Kullen gave him this brief familiar sketch of one of the greatest episodes in the history of the world. Like many of his class and nation, he had hitherto cared little for the black man, and given scant attention to what concerned his sufferings or his wrongs. But Kullen had placed the matter before him in a new light, and at the very time his mind was prepared to receive it. Adversity was enlightening him. He was learning her lessons, bitter but wholesome. And the young man was coming slowly back to life. To Kullen's question whether he guessed his intentions, he replied, after a pause, "Maybe I do."

"I'm not an orator," said the other. "I can't draw tears from the eyes of jurymen, as Bagster does. But I'm a worker, like Thomas Clarkson. I am prison-agent of this State. It's my duty to look into cases like yours. Now hearken to what I've got to say. I've already told you that I don't believe you ever took that money. If you didn't, I'll do what living man may to find out the truth, and clear you. If I send you back, cleared, not a rascal of them all will be able to say one word against your character, unless he lies; and as to liars, I've a notion you can attend to their case yourself, when you get strong again and get out."

Terence smiled grimly, and Kullen went on:

"I'll do all this for you, and it shall not cost you a cent—on one condition."

"What's that?"

"You see I don't like to work for dead men: it's as much as I can do to attend to the living. When they've brought the jail-coffin for you and put you under ground, I shall have lost all interest in your case. If a man is a coward, and won't stay here to see his case through, and live down slander and perjury, and knock down every vagabond that insults his wife and children, he can't expect anybody else to do it for him. If the scum of the street, as you call them, throw it up to—"

"Norah," suggested Terence, as Kullen hesitated.

"Yes, if they ever throw it up to Norah that she's a thief's wife, or to her children that they had a convict for a father, it will be nobody's fault but yours. Now I want to know, once for all, whether you're going to starve yourself to death, or to eat that dinner?"

Another grim smile. Terence slowly drew the table close and cut himself a large slice of bread. At the first mouthful the animal instinct that rules a famished man came back in all its force. He began to devour the food.

"Slowly, man, slowly!" said Kullen. "That won't do. I'm going to put you on half rations for to-day and to-morrow, or we'll have you in the hospital after that two days' fast of yours. You'll have time enough. You can't track an old fox to his hole and dig him out in a day: then I've got other cases to attend to besides yours. It will be three or four weeks, maybe twice as many, before I get evidence enough to satisfy Judge Thomas." (The prisoner drooped at this, and the hopeless look came over his face again.) "Fie, man! Is that all the patience and the courage you have? What are six or eight weeks? You'll need that time to get strong, before you undertake the ragamuffins that are to cast up lies to Norah and the children."

The victory was won. And although, afterward, Terence did, now and then, chafe against the bars, like some caged wild beast, yet he behaved, on the whole, as well as could be expected of an impetuous and untutored nature.

A trifling incident that occurred that very day greatly encouraged him.

Interrogated as to his antecedents by Kullen, he stated that he had worked three years and a half on the farm of a Mr. Richards.

"Richards? Living where?"

"In Cumberland county, near Carlisle."

"Had he a son grown?"

"Yes, but I never saw him. He lived in Philadelphia, I think."

Kullen left the cell abruptly, and re-entered it a quarter of an hour later.

"Are you a believer in Providence, Terence?"

"Sure an' I was, Mister Kullen, till they sint me to prison for nothin' at all."

"Well, you'll have to come back to your old belief. Only think! The under-keeper that brings you your meals is old Mr. Richards' son, Walter; and he says he remembers his father talking to him last spring, when he went to see him, about a young Irishman that had been three or four years with him—the best hand and the honestest man he had ever had on the farm. Now ain't you ashamed to have lost heart as you did?"

Terence clasped his hands: "The Lord be praised! Well, I'll never mis-doubt Providence again."

"Not till the next time. Take care, Terence! Suppose I don't get you out, after all?"

"And isn't yer honor after tellin' me ye're goin' to get me off as sure as there's a God above? And would I be doubtin' ye, Mister Kullen, and makin' a liar of ye, Mister Kullen? I know better nor that."

"Oh, you'll do! There will be no trouble about making you eat now. Well, I stand to my bargain."

CHAPTER IX.

THE RECONSIDERATION.

FAITHFULLY did that good prison-agent carry out his promise. He went first to Carlisle and obtained Mr. Richards' affidavit. Nothing could be more satisfactory. During the last years of

Terence's service the old man had entrusted him with large sums of money; had made him manager of a spacious market-garden, the produce of which Terence sold in the adjoining town; and had also occasionally sent him to Harrisburg with a drove of cattle to sell. He gave him the highest character for honesty and fidelity. During the term of his service, Terence had married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and when he resolved to seek his fortune in Philadelphia, his master had agreed to his departure with great regret.

Returning to that city, Kullen made still more important discoveries. He obtained from Terence the name of the grocer with whom he chiefly dealt, P. R. Hardy, to whom Terence thought he had paid some money a day or two before his arrest. When the case was explained, the grocer turned to his books: "Yes, on the seventh of May, O'Reilly paid me ten dollars and a quarter."

"Did he pay it out of a linen bag, with gold pieces in it?"

"Now I come to think of it," said the man, after a pause, "he did; and, more than that, the careless fellow left that very bag lying on the counter. I picked it up soon after he left; and as I wasn't sure whether it was his or not, I thought I'd make a note on a bit of paper of what was in it. It was a considerable sum, I remember, and Terence called for it that same evening."

"What became of the bit of paper?"

"Can't say. I generally put such things in the till. I'll see." Then, after a brief search: "Sure enough, here it is. I'd swear to that any day." And he tossed over the counter to Mr. Kullen a precious document, reading thus:

"MEM. *Money in linen bag. May 7,*
1855.

\$170 00 in eagles.

45 50 in smaller gold and silver change.

20 00 in notes.

\$235 50

"*Likely belongs to T. O'R.*"

The authenticity of this memorandum, and the circumstances under which it was made, were duly sworn to by Hardy.

It was two months after this that the man who was present when Terence so incautiously exposed the contents of the bag before Cassiday, returned from the South; but he remembered, and swore to, all the circumstances. This brought the *scienter*, as lawyers say, home to the accusing witness, satisfactorily explaining how, by rapidly counting the gold, he came to name a hundred and seventy dollars, in eagles, as the sum he lost.

While waiting for this testimony, Kullen set about the most difficult part of his task—to trace Cassiday's antecedents. He obtained a certificate from the clerk of the court of Berks county to the effect that no such person as Gottlieb Bauerman lived, or had recently lived, in that county; but he was not satisfied with that. Yet he was long at fault while searching farther. He could hear of no such person as Byron Cassiday, and he began to suspect the name might be assumed.

One day he cross-questioned Terence closely:

"Try to remember every word Cassiday said, and everything he did, that first evening. It's important, Terence. Did he hesitate when you asked him his name?"

"Well, I do' know as he did. I remember I called him Bryan, and says he—quite warm like, as if I had misca'd him o' purpose—says he, 'What for d'ye call me Bryan? it's Byron's me name.' I might a' known he was a false thief, and no Irish heart aboot him, to like Byron better nor Bryan for a name to go by."

Kullen was something of a detective. His experience in tracing out evidence had rendered him very observant of trifles. After a minute or two's thought he went to a drawer in the prisoner's table, where he usually kept the papers in this case, and took thence the manuscript notes which Bagster had made in anticipation of the trial, running them over carefully. Two of them arrested his attention, and he copied them out. The first was this:

"*No name on the Register of the police station at Port Richmond (except*

of persons well known to the officers) but one only—BRYAN DELORNY, and he came from Pottsville."

The second was:

"Description of prosecuting witness: middle-sized, appears to be from 30 to 35 years old. No beard. Brown whiskers and brown, curling hair. A purple scar across the left ear. Features well formed, but injured by a furtive expression."

"It's worth looking after, at any rate," said Kullen, as he placed these memoranda in his pocket.

He went first to Terence's tavern, now carried on, after a fashion, by the barkeeper, Patrick Murphy, with Bridget to attend to the boarders. It had been shut up for several days after the trial; but Kullen had called on Mrs. O'Reilly, encouraged her about her husband, and, by his advice, the house had been reopened. Kullen carefully examined the name in the register under date May 9: "*Byron Cassiday, Port Richmond.*;" then, taking the book with him, he proceeded to the Port Richmond police station, and asked to be allowed to look at their record for May last.

"I want you to examine two signatures," he said presently to one of the officers, an experienced detective, "and tell me what you think of them."

The officer compared them critically for several minutes.

"Well?" said Kullen.

"The same man wrote both."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Dead sure! Look for yourself. There's the capital *B* in Byron and in Bryan; then there's the *Po* in Port and the *Po* in Pottsville, as like as two pins: there can be no chance in all that. Look at the *y*'s, too—four of them—two in Byron Cassiday and two in Bryan Delorny. A half-blind man could see they're by the same hand. How's this?" He examined the date on the tavern register, then that on the police record: "Why, the man went right from our station to that tavern, and changed his name on the way. On the track of some villainy, ain't you?"

"It looks like it."

"Here's a memorandum by one of our men: '*Came on a coal train from Pottsville.*' Let's see: that's Tom Sullivan's hand. Tom!"

An officer entered from an inner room, and the detective said to him: "Here's a note of yours, Tom, isn't it? Do you remember anything of the coal-train passenger?"

"Not much to his credit," said the officer, examining the memorandum. "I took special notice of the man, for I didn't like his looks. A scaly customer, I should say. Couldn't look a man straight in the face. A scar on one of his ears. Been in rows enough, I'll warrant."

"A scar, you say?" asked Kullen.

"Across the left ear—a blue line, from a cut, probably. That your man?"

"Any beard?"

"No. Brown whiskers. Hair curling. Rather handsome, if it hadn't been for that down look of his."

"It's all right," said Kullen, referring to Bagster's memorandum. "What account did the fellow give of himself?"

"That he hadn't a cent to pay for his supper and night's lodging. Some story, I think, about losing his wallet at Pottsville. Any way, we gave him something to eat, and let him stay the night. It was a regular storm, I remember, and he was soaking wet."

Kullen felt pretty sure that he held the clue in his hand, and his next visit was to Pottsville. He went at once to a friend of his, John Clews, a lawyer of the place. To Kullen's question whether they knew anything in Pottsville of a certain Bryan Delorny, Clews replied:

"I should think we did!—more, a good deal, than we ever care to know again."

"Tell me about him. I have good reason for asking."

"Pretended to do business among us, but turned out a common loafer and drunkard. Swindled us here, right and left. First he cheated the keeper of a public-house where he lodged and boarded; then, several of our store-keepers: worse than that, his washer-woman, a hard-working soul, a widow

with three children; worst of all, a poor sick seamstress who sat up, when she ought to have been in bed, to make three shirts for the scamp, and hadn't a loaf of bread or a ten-cent piece in the house the day she delivered them to him. When she entreated him for the pitiful sum he owed her, he laughed in her face and bid her sue for it and be damned. Some of the boys heard him. That was the drop too much for us. We got hold of him, gave him five minutes to pack his bundle, took the three new shirts out of it, and let the poor sick creature have them. Then we gave him his choice—either to have a tin panted to his coat-tails and be ignominiously drummed out of town for a vagabond, with a fair supply of odoriferous eggs and similar delicacies, or else to save us the trouble by taking the first train for Philadelphia. He pleaded that he had no money to pay his fare. We searched him thoroughly, and found, sure enough, that he had but fifteen cents, in a greasy wallet. There was a coal train just starting. We gave the conductor a dollar, told him that Pottsville would regard him as a public benefactor if he would give the rascal an outside seat and set him adrift—the farther off, the better we should like it. He set him down, so he told us afterward, near Port Richmond."

Kullen interested Clews in Terence's story. Through his aid he obtained a deposition, duly authenticated, setting forth all the main facts above related.

It took even longer than Kullen had anticipated to collect and arrange the testimony necessary to establish, beyond possible cavil, Terence O'Reilly's innocence. September and October passed: November came, and the poor fellow was still in prison. The repeated delays incident to such work greatly annoyed the kind-hearted prison-agent, certain as he now was of Terence's innocence. The prisoner might have had a visit from Norah and the children; for, under the separate system in the prisons of Pennsylvania, such visits are permitted at regular intervals. But he had made a vow to himself that his

family should never come near him till he could embrace them as a free man, with character cleared of all suspicion. He adhered doggedly to this self-imposed vow; but, as the weeks passed, and he recovered bodily health and strength, that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick preyed upon him, till his impatience rose, at times, almost to frenzy.

At last, quite late in the evening of the seventeenth of November, Kullen procured the last of eight important affidavits, containing legal proof—

First: That two days before the alleged theft the prosecuting witness had but fifteen cents in his possession, while the accused had upward of a hundred and seventy dollars, in gold eagles, loose in a linen bag.

Second: That the said witness had deposed under a false name, his real name being Bryan Delorny; that he was a common drunkard and swindler, disgracefully expelled as such from the town of Pottsville.

Third: That the witness before going up to bed, on the night of the alleged theft, had had an opportunity to see and count the gold-pieces found in the possession of the accused.

And, finally: That the said witness had given a false reference when asked where he obtained the money which he alleged to have been stolen from him.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when Mr. Kullen, fortified with these overwhelming proofs that an innocent man had been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, and accompanied by the under-keeper, Richards, reached the residence of Judge Thomas. The servant at first refused to take up their names, saying that the judge was occupied with business of the utmost importance, and had ordered that he should not be disturbed. Finally he consented to deliver a message from the prison-agent to the effect that his business brooked no delay; and, after some demur, they were admitted.

The judge received them somewhat abruptly.

"Well, Mr Kullen," he said, "what is it?"

"A criminal case which I am very anxious you should reconsider."*

"I have no time to consider any case to-night. Call to-morrow evening."

"It's a case where the greatest injustice has been done, judge; as I can prove to your satisfaction, if you'll listen to me for half an hour."

"I tell you I have no half hour to spare for any such business. What's this case that's so important it can't be put off for a single day?"

"A man you sentenced for larceny last August—Terence O'Reilly."

"Oh, it's that young Irish fellow, is it?"

"Yes—as clear a case of perjury as ever I met with in my life."

"Let me tell you, Mr. Kullen, that I sha'n't reconsider that case, neither to-night nor any other night. It was a protracted trial—two whole days. If the man's life had depended on it, it couldn't have been managed with more skill and care. I haven't a doubt of the prisoner's guilt. That Bagster's eloquence is ringing in my ears now. You're losing your time to talk to me after the defence he made. Once for all, I won't reconsider it."

"You're a just man, judge—impartial and merciful, too, when mercy ought to be shown. But you are hasty, especially when you have a lot of work on hand. If you stick to that last resolution and refuse to hear this case, and if, by and by, the truth comes to your ears, you'll never forgive yourself. I know you."

"Do you? Well, I can return the compliment. I know *you* for one of the most incorrigibly obstinate fellows I ever had the bad luck to encounter. Some of your ancestors must surely have been Scotch: are you sure you're not descended from John Knox? I see

what I shall have to do. You may talk about my justice, but you'll force me to imitate an *unjust* judge that you've read about. There was a widow, you may remember, who was as great a plague to him as you are to me; and he concluded to hear her at last, lest by her continual coming she should weary him. That's the shortest way to get rid of you. To-night it's entirely out of the question," putting his hand on a bundle of documents: "it will take me half the night to get through with these, and they *must* be disposed of before I go into court in the morning. To-morrow evening, at eight. Till then, good-bye to you."

"I'm very sorry, judge: I know you are worked a great deal too hard. But I've labored at this case for two months. My heart's in it. This is the twelfth week that poor young fellow has been in prison. He's half crazy now. I gave him my word that the evidence in his case should be completed and should be laid before you to-night. I got up this morning at four, and I've been at it every minute since then. Now I've made up my mind not to stir from this place to-night till I get a hearing."

The judge had taken his pen, unfolded one of the documents before him and commenced a memorandum. He threw the pen down petulantly and addressed the under-keeper:

"Richards, is craziness infectious in that prison of yours? Have you seen any symptoms of it in Mr. Kullen before?"

"I'm afraid I'm not a good judge, your honor; for I take a'most as much interest in the young fellow as he does."

"Oh, if you're all crazy, then the matter's hopeless."

"I did think the man would have died on our hands, judge, he took it so hard. I don't believe I ever should have got him through, if it hadn't been for Mr. Kullen; and it would have been a great pity. He's as good and as honest a fellow as ever lived."

"How do you know?"

"He worked three or four years for my father in Cumberland county. The old man set the greatest store by him,

* At the date of this narrative (1855) the Court of Quarter Sessions of the county of Philadelphia claimed, and exercised, the prerogative to reconsider the verdict under which a criminal had been convicted, and to discharge him from custody. It was but during the year 1868 that the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania overruled that interpretation of the court below.

would have trusted him with untold gold, and took it awfully hard when he heard Terence was in jail."

"I see it's a regular conspiracy against me. Well, a man may as well submit first as last. Come, Mr. Kullen, since it must be, be as brief and as quick about it as you can."

Before the prison-agent had read two of the exculpatory documents, the judge, quite forgetting his impatience, began to take as much interest in the case as Kullen himself. Then came the grocer's memorandum. "Upon my word, Kullen," he said, "this looks like the finger of Providence." When there were laid before him the authenticated proofs that the prosecuting witness had deposed under a false name, and that he was a penniless, notorious swindler who had been expelled from Pottsville, the good judge brought his fist down on the table with a vigor that upset the mass of forgotten documents he had still to wade through.

Kullen saw that the cause was gained: "Will you reconsider the case and cause the clerk of the court to make out an order for the man's discharge to-morrow morning?"

"No, I won't" said the judge, taking up his pen.

"You won't?"

"No. Do you think I'd leave an innocent man like that, who has suffered so shamefully already, one night more in prison than I can help? Richards here will take an informal order from me at once, and I'll make it all right with the clerk to-morrow. Won't you, Richards?"

"God bless your honor's kind heart!" said Richards: "of course I will."

The judge wrote out the order accordingly, and handed it to the prison-agent. "You're a good fellow, Kullen," he said, warmly; "and if you only knew what an infernal lot of papers I've got to go through to-night—bless me! who scattered them all over the floor?—you would excuse my hastiness."

Kullen wrung the honest judge's hand without a word, the moisture rising to his own eyes; and he and Richards hurried off to the prison.

A little before three o'clock that morning, Terence, his convict-dress cast off for ever, yet the man scarcely convinced that he was at last free and beyond reach of reproach, stood once more at the door of his dwelling, and startled its inmates by a loud demand for admission.

CHAPTER X.

AMOS CRANSTOUN.

LET us revert some ten weeks and to Chiskauga, for that morning visit of the aunt and niece to Mr. Sydenham yet remains to be described.

Our readers may remember that while Byron Cassiday, or Bryan Delorny (let each select the paternal or maternal patronymic* as to him seems best), was seated on that grassy knoll and wishing Terence O'Reilly out of prison, without doing anything to procure his enlargement, the said Byron or Bryan, looking northward over Sydenham's residence, discerned, beyond the vineyards, on the line of a brook, indications of a waterfall.

On the banks of Kinshon Creek, beside that waterfall, under a rustic arbor of trellis-work overrun with grapevines, sat two young ladies in earnest talk. They were worth seeing, and, what is better, worth knowing—very unlike each other in appearance, but each possessing no little share of beauty.

The stature of the one just reached middle size. Her well-developed form, with its rounded outlines, was finely proportioned, and its motions were easy and graceful; small, dimpled hands, and small feet. Her eyes were blue, soft, thoughtful; her hair, curling in ringlets, was light brown, with a golden tinge in it. Her face, not quite long enough for the classical model, had a child-like expression about it, very pretty (that word, rather than handsome, occurred to one in looking at her); a chin slightly receding; a very fair complexion, and a delicate color in the cheeks. There was

*As we do not say *matronymic*, I assume that patronymic, like the word man, may occasionally refer to either sex; the etymology to the contrary notwithstanding.

a touch of languor about her, and she looked a little out of health and spirits. This was Celia Pembroke.

The other, a full inch taller, though evidently several years younger, contrasted strongly with her companion. She seemed in brilliant health. Her figure was lithe, agile, vigorous, but somewhat slender, giving promise of remarkable beauty when a few years more should have filled up the outlines and expanded the form. The limbs were a little longer in proportion than Celia's, and her hands and feet larger, but perfectly well formed; the fingers long and tapering, and the foot with the "Arab arch." Her face showed the faultless oval, more frequent in Italy than among us; the nose was very slightly aquiline; otherwise the features were classical, but with nothing of the tameness sometimes marking this type; the expression denoting high spirit, full of life and hope and energy and intelligence. Thoroughbred, one might have been tempted to style her. A clear, bright brunette, with large, dark-brown eyes, that could flash as well as melt. Her hair, too, was brown—long, thick, dark, silky—"une chevelure magnifique," as the French say, choosing to designate, by a single word, what we somewhat strangely call a "head of hair." The chin was well set and delicately cut, its form indicating (Lavater would have said) resolution. That was Leoline Sydenham.

What these young girls were saying to each other I do not purpose to disclose. The elder people, Celia's aunt and Leoline's father, were talking indoors. Let us listen to them.

They were sitting in the recess of a bay window opening east on the lawn. Sydenham had made the usual inquiries after the health and welfare of her family, to which Mrs. Hartland had replied with that absent, preoccupied manner which indicates a purpose to enter on an important subject that the speaker has not exactly determined how to broach, or has not mustered courage to encounter.

When Sydenham paused, the color came slightly to her cheeks, and she said, hastily:

"Mr. Sydenham, I fear that I am about to take an unwarrantable liberty with you, but our old friendship, your uniform kindness—"

"Alice," said Sydenham, smiling, "I was beginning to think you had quite forgotten that happy old time when your excellent sister and you and I were children together. You have never called me Frank, as you used to do then, except the very first time we met on my arrival here; and we see you so seldom here among us."

"It is not customary."

"Not customary for old friends, living in a country village, and who certainly have not quarreled, to visit each other?"

"I did not mean that—"

"Ah! I am glad to see you smile once more."

"Surely you cannot doubt that to visit you and my favorite Leoline, and dear, good Mrs. Clymer, whom everybody loves, must be a pleasure to me. But Mr. Hartland—you know his ways. He is more devoted to his favorite botany and entomology than ever; and he seems never satisfied unless I am at home. While he is in the field he expects me to make colored drawings, for the work he is getting out, of every undescribed flower and insect he finds. Then I have to label his specimens, arrange his cabinets; and so, what with these and my domestic duties—"

"You have not time or thought to spare for your neighbors. Well, I will not quarrel with my friend Hartland about the importance of his scientific pursuits; but, upon my word, I hold this same science to be a villainous engrosser, an arrant monopolizer as ever sold salt in Queen Elizabeth's days. I shall owe it a downright grudge, Alice, if it carry you off too. We can't spare you out of the world. These insects are very curious—I have spent hours in admiring them—but they are not worthy of having the interest one takes in humankind wholly squandered on them. These undescribed flowers that grow under your pencil—I don't doubt their grace and beauty—but when Hartland gets out his work, I am sure I shall

never look at them with patience, if they are to steal your affections away from us."

A painful expression crossed Mrs. Hartland's gentle face for a moment, and then was gone. "I strive to take an interest in my husband's pursuits," she said: "it is my duty. And I do take interest in them—much more than I once thought I ever could. You don't know," she added, with a faint smile, "how learned I have become in genera and species—"

"Dear Alice," interrupted Sydenham, "forgive me. I was wrong, and you are right. You shall come to us just when you please and when you can. You know how welcome you are. But you have not told me yet what it is that is not customary."

"Oh, I meant that it is not the custom for married persons, unconnected by blood, to call each other by their first names."

"Is it not? Well, I never wore the straight coat, though my father did. But I have quite enough of the Quaker leaven within me to sanctify, among old friends at least, that beautiful patriarchal custom, a reminder of the common brotherhood of mankind. And you too, Alice: your good mother wore the plain cap and bonnet to the day of her death. It strikes me that might justify her daughter in calling an old schoolmate Frank."

"I think I am quite as much Quaker as you—"

"Frank. Mr. Sydenham won't fit in there at all."

"Well, I think I am quite as much Quaker as you, Frank; but Mr. Hartland is not. Sometimes he seems as if he wished me to forget my Quaker origin."

"Is he so much prejudiced?"

"He is a strict Congregationalist, as you know; and I have heard him speak, in general terms, of the dangerous latitude which the followers of William Penn allow themselves. I never heard him say a syllable on this particular subject of Christian names. But, as I have always called him Mr. Hartland,

I think, Mr. Sydenham, that you cannot object to sharing the same fate, my dear mother's plain bonnet to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Oh," said Sydenham, laughing, "I have not a word more to say. If you have never called your husband Thomas, I am not surprised that you should have forgotten to call me Frank."

The painful expression shot again, for a moment, across Alice's face; but Sydenham, not observing it, added: "And am I to call you Mrs. Hartland in return?"

"No, indeed no," she replied, earnestly. "You have always called me Alice; and if you were to change now, I should think I had vexed or offended you. Besides, it is your common habit. Do you not call my niece Celia?"

"Do I?"

"Always: I have particularly remarked it. And that reminds me of the purpose of my visit to you. I come to trouble you about affairs not your own."

"My dear Alice, you shall call me just what you please. But I shall quarrel with you outright if you ever consider it necessary to employ preface or apology in asking my advice or aid in any matter that concerns or interests you."

"Then, as I don't feel able, just at present, to encounter a quarrel outright with you, I shall come to the point at once. It is a matter that interests me, for it concerns the happiness of dear Celia."

"Of late she has not been looking so well nor so happy as usual."

"She is not happy, poor child. It is the old, sad story," said Alice, with a sigh:

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

"Ah!" said Sydenham, "she has made a choice?"

"Does that surprise you? You know nothing of it? But you are so seldom with us, now. Yes, she has made a choice, and one that does not at all suit Mr. Hartland."

"May I know the name?"

"Certainly, if you have not already guessed it—Mr. Mowbray."

"And what are Mr. Hartland's objections to Mowbray?"

"In the first place, his poverty. His mother has not enough, aside from what her school brings in, for a humble support."

"Celia must have thirty thousand dollars."

"Forty thousand. Mr. Hartland has invested for her prudently and profitably."

"Barring extravagant ideas, that is enough for both."

"Ah, I knew you would look at the matter as I do."

"But perhaps I don't."

"You are not going to support Mr. Hartland's view, surely!"

"What is his view?"

"That a girl with forty thousand dollars is entitled to look for a corresponding fortune in a husband."

"You transport me back to Paris. A hundred thousand livres must marry a hundred thousand livres; and, to do really well, ought to attract and subdue a hundred and fifty thousand. Purses are mated. No wonder poor hearts take their revenge afterward. No, if that be Hartland's view of the matter, I never can support it. Besides, where, in this humble village of ours, is he to find forty thousand dollars for her? I am altogether too old: Leoline is within a few years of Celia's age."

"Oh," said Alice, quickly, "I assure you Mr. Hartland has no designs upon you. He favors a very different man."

"He *has* some one in view then?"

"You have already guessed whom: I see it."

"Indeed I have not. I cannot even imagine whom, in this neighborhood, he would select. Why should you think I had hit upon it?"

"Because you seemed to feel alarmed, as I do when I hear Mr. Hartland urging the claims of Mr. Cranstoun."

"Cranstoun! Amos Cranstoun! Impossible!"

"It is only too true."

"This is serious," said Sydenham after a pause. "The wishes of the dead, no less than the welfare of the living,

urge me to interfere. Strange that this should so long have escaped me!"

He went to a cabinet of carved oak, dark with age, and, after a search of some minutes, returned with a letter in his hand.

"Her fears foretold the truth," he said, as he offered it for Mrs. Hartland's perusal. It was the same he had received, ten years before, from Mrs. Pembroke, at Milan.

"Dear Eliza!" The tears rose to her eyes as she recognized the familiar characters. "And three months only before her death!"

Sydenham paced the room while she read the letter, and when she looked up he stopped before her.

"Alice," said he, "this must be looked to, and it shall be. How does Celia feel toward Cranstoun?"

"Strangely. She undoubtedly dislikes and seeks to avoid him. Yet I think he possesses a certain influence over her. It has seemed to me to resemble fascination. I believe the poor child hears in her dreams her father's death-bed words about that man. They seem to haunt her."

"There is something I do not quite understand in all this. It certainly is remarkable that Cranstoun should have been tolerated—even favored, conciliated, recommended to his wife and daughter—by Frederick Pembroke."

"Eliza often expressed to me her aversion to him."

"She was right. He has a smooth, plausible manner, is not without ability, nor, I believe, without kindly impulses—"

"Your sister Clymer says that in her visits to the poor of our village she has several times found herself forestalled by the charity of Cranstoun. His name is seldom withheld from any subscription for benevolent purposes, and he has the character of winning to himself the attachment of those whom he employs."

"His character," said Sydenham, musing, "has been to me a study. Hannah has told me of his charitable deeds. The man is neighborly, compassionate, I suppose—indulgent, they say, to his dependants. And yet he has

no more idea of honesty than if such a thing were not to be found in the world. He is an arrant knave—not a violent one, not what would be called a cruel one—but a knave without a single grain of rectitude, without the first spark of honor, and, with all his plausibility, devoid of every principle that stamps the gentleman.”

“Is it possible that benevolence and such utter lack of principle can coexist in the same character?”

“Benevolence is too strong a term. But undoubtedly a rascal may be kind to his neighbors and family, compassionate to suffering that comes under his immediate observation, and disposed to save to his fellow-creatures all pain that is not necessary in carrying out his own sinister purposes. Cranstoun would bring suit against a poor widow—wrongfully too—he would suffer the constable to sell out the last article not exempted by law, and then, next day perhaps, if he chanced to see his victim and found her in want, he would send her a bushel of meal or a barrel of potatoes.”

“So bad as that?”

“I have had little to do with him, thank God! but the case I have supposed is not an imaginary one. You know the widow Carson?”

“Betty Carson? Certainly. She washes for Mrs. Mowbray—as hard-working and as honest a creature as lives.”

“You may remember Matthew, her husband—a confirmed sot, who led her a dog’s life. Matthew had dealings with Mr. Cranstoun, and, at one time, fell in his debt some twenty-five dollars, giving his note for the amount, with Betty’s name, by Cranstoun’s special request, as security. About a year before he died Carson fell sick, and Mr. Harper, for whom he sent, so wrought upon him that he became, for a time, quite a reformed man, went to work in good earnest, and promised fair to be a credit to his family. During this interval, at his wife’s earnest solicitation, he contrived, partly with her assistance, to pay off the debt to Cranstoun; but either he forgot that he had given his note, or

carelessly neglected to take it up. The payment of this debt poor Betty mentioned at the time, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, to Mr. Harper. He has not the slightest doubt it was paid. Soon after, Matthew relapsed into worse than his former courses, coming home late at night from the grogshop, breaking open his wife’s chest, and taking thence, to supply the next morning’s orgies, the pittance she had earned by unremitting toil over the wash-tub, and laid by to procure bread for her children.”

“Poor Betty! That was worse than I imagined. I knew Matthew was a drunkard, but did not suppose him a thief.”

“Neither was he, that I know of.”

“Not when he stole his wife’s money?”

“I did not say he stole it—he only took it.”

“Now you are jesting.”

“God forbid that I should jest on so serious a subject.”

“You say he took from her chest, without her permission, the money she had worked for—”

“Yes, money made painfully, toilsomely by going out to wash at seventy-five cents a day.”

“And that was not stealing?”

“Not in the case of a husband who took the money from his wife.”

“Is that the law?”

“In our State, yes.”

“Man’s law, then, not God’s.”

“I hope it will not long be man’s law in any State of the Union. Our neighbors of Indiana have got rid of it; and others are doing likewise. The rage for strong drink seemed to return upon Matthew with redoubled force after his brief season of sobriety. One article of furniture went after another to eke out the means of slaking his ceaseless thirst. At last—the best thing he could do then—he died of delirium tremens.”

“And Cranstoun brought suit against Betty for the debt?”

“Not at first. He did his best to obtain work for her, and even set on foot a small subscription for her benefit. After a few months the chairs and tables

were replaced, a list carpet once more covered the cabin floor, the children were decently clad for winter, and the widow was just beginning to feel that she might yet work her way through the world, thanks to the timely aid of Mr. Cranstoun and other kind people, when one day a writ was served, at Cranstoun's instance, for the amount of Matthew's note to him, soon to be followed by an execution of sufficient amount to sweep nearly all she had saved since her husband's death."

"How surprised the poor soul must have been!"

"She was thunderstruck—could not imagine at first that it was anything else but a mistake; and went to Cranstoun, who asked her, very coolly, if she had any receipt to show of payment made."

"You had this from Betty herself?"

"Certainly. I never take such things at second hand. She came to me, in her distress; to ask if there was no remedy. I examined the case with care, saw Mr. Harper and others, satisfied myself, first, that the money, beyond a shadow of doubt, had been paid, and, secondly, that no legal proof could be obtained of the fact."

"Did you call upon Mr. Cranstoun?"

"Yes."

"And he denied the payment?"

"No. He merely requested to hear my proofs; and the array, as to moral conviction, was perfectly overwhelming: that, I saw, was evident even to him. He listened very quietly, and then asked me which among them I supposed to be sufficient, in a court of justice, to bar his claim. 'Do you deny payment?' said I—indignantly I am sure it must have been, for I felt my blood boil. 'Not at all,' he replied, without the slightest apparent emotion either of shame or resentment. 'I am not required to deny anything of the sort. It is Mrs. Carson's business to prove payment, and if she does not, I have a legal right to the debt, and shall certainly get it.'"

"Atrocious!" said Alice. "And such a man as that has Mr. Hartland's confidence!"

"He made himself very useful in the

way of business. To your husband the available part of his character has probably shown itself, while its baser traits have been kept under in the background."

"I know he has spared no pains to win Mr. Hartland's good-will and good opinion. At one time—about the time this letter of my sister's was written—my husband seemed to dislike and mistrust him. I think that was the chief reason why Eliza, on her deathbed, required from Celia a promise that she would not marry, before the age of twenty-three, without her guardian's consent."

"Did Celia give such a promise?"

"In the most solemn manner."

"And this consent Mr. Hartland now refuses to her marriage with Mowbray?"

"Absolutely. The poor child is in despair. I could not see these crosses and vexations prey upon her health, as I know they are doing, without asking your counsel and aid."

"Have you seen much of Mowbray?"

"Of late not much. Hartland's manner almost forbids him the house. Celia has been taking German lessons of Mrs. Mowbray, and thus has seen him almost daily; but Mr. Hartland has told her that at the end of the present quarter—that is, next week—these lessons must cease."

"And your own opinion of this young man—"

"Is favorable. Mowbray is young, handsome, well-principled, I think; and he loves Celia devotedly. Cannot you do something for her, Mr. Sydenham? No one who has not lived with her for years, as I have done, can tell what a dear, good, warm-hearted girl she is. And she might be so happy! And she might make him so happy! My very heart sinks within me to think of their early years darkened, saddened thus; and youth that never returns!"

There was a tone in Alice's soft, low voice that went to Sydenham's heart. Her eyes were fixed, absently, on the lovely landscape which, under a slight haze, stretched out before them.

"Do you know, dear friend," she suddenly resumed, "it has often been a

puzzle to me that God's gift to us of His most beautiful attribute should so often—oh, so very often!—have been given in vain, worse than in vain!"

"It is one of the world's great mysteries," said Sydenham, sadly—"one of many. Who shall explain to us why, just outside the garden of our happiness, stands Death to enter—who knows at what moment?—and lay desolate hopes, affections, enjoyments, that seemed the direct boon of Heaven itself?"

"Death!" said Alice, following her own train of thought—how often we do this, unheeding our neighbor's!—"death! Ah, that is the least of evils!"

Sydenham looked up surprised. But she did not notice the look, and he merely said: "Have you pleaded Celia's cause with Mr. Hartland?"

"I dare not: besides, it would be useless."

"And you wish me to do it? Small chance of success for me if you feel secure of failure."

"Do not fear that, Mr. Sydenham," said Alice, eagerly. "He does not heed me: he thinks I cannot understand such things. But you—oh I know you can do so much, if you will. You will speak to him as her mother's early friend—nay, this letter of Eliza's gives you authority to interpose."

"It makes it my duty, at all events, to leave nothing untried that may prove of service to her daughter, be it much or little."

"I knew I could depend on you," said Mrs. Hartland, giving Sydenham her hand. "When we were children together you never refused me anything. It was a happy time, then; and you did so much to make it happy! If I come but seldom to see you now, Mr. Sydenham, and if I don't call you Frank, you mustn't think I am ungrateful enough to forget. Indeed, indeed, I have much to do at home"—she rose—"and I have been gone, I fear, too long already. Mr. Hartland takes it so much amiss if I am absent when he returns from his walk. Where can those girls be?"

"They must be close by; for I saw them, but a minute or two since, return-

ing by the vineyard gate. But cannot you leave Celia with me? I ought to speak to her, and perhaps it would be better alone. Ah! here they come."

"Lela dear," said Mrs. Hartland as they entered, "can you spare the time to drive me home? We did not bring Potter: Celia was my charioteer; and, as your father has something to say to her and I am in a hurry, she cannot return with me. I know what a skillful driver you are, and, to tell you the truth, I am a little nervous about that brown mare Potter bought us."

"Ah, you are driving Brunette. I shall be delighted. I am a good whip, I think: am I not, papa?"

"If you would drive a little more cautiously down this steep approach of ours, I could recommend you with more confidence. But I think I may trust Mrs. Hartland with you."

"Well, that's a good deal for papa. You must know, Mrs. Hartland, he's afraid of spoiling me by too much praise, and deals it out by thimblefuls. But I find him out, for all his stinginess. He would not let me drive you, Mrs. Hartland—you, who are such a favorite with him—nay, you needn't look incredulous: isn't she, papa?"

"Certainly, my child," said Sydenham, with a quiet smile—"with me and with all her friends; but you are detaining her."

"Well, would he entrust you to me if he didn't believe, in his heart, that I drive, as our old coachman says, splendidly?"

"Go along, chatterbox," said her father, patting her cheek fondly: "Mrs. Hartland's time is precious."

"In a moment. My driving-gloves: ah, here they are. Now, Mrs. Hartland, I'm ready."

Sydenham accompanied them to the door, Celia following.

"That is a beautiful animal," he said, patting its arched neck as Leoline took her place beside Mrs. Hartland and assumed the reins, "but she seems high-spirited."

"Yes, papa, spirited, but not vicious. There's not a bit of vice in those large,

bold, projecting eyes. I had a good look at her the other day."

"Drive cautiously, my child."

"I will indeed, papa," said Leoline, earnestly. "Do not fear for us. By-by, Celia." And, at a light touch from the whip, the high-bred animal trotted off, stepping in a style that delighted her young driver and would not have disgraced Hyde Park.

CHAPTER XI.

THE USE OF A VILLAGE POND.

"MRS. HARTLAND," said Leoline as they drove along, "I wish Celia could feel just as I do."

Mrs. Hartland smiled: "She *would* be the better of a little of your flow of spirits. But Celia used to be gay and light-hearted as any one. It is only of late—"

"Yes, I know: that is just what I am thinking of. I did not mean that I wished her to be like me—dear Celia is far better than I am, already: I only meant that, at this particular time, I could wish that she felt as to some things—"

"Some things! Ah, Celia has been opening her heart to you, then?"

"No. I never ask people about their hearts: it's not much in my way. What a beauty that Brunette is, and how nicely she goes! It is a real pleasure to drive her."

"Yes, dear, but if you were to go a *little* slower—"

"So I will, if you are the least-afraid."

"Thank you. It was not about Celia's heart, then, that you were talking to me."

"Yes, it was; and perhaps I have no business to say a word, for Celia and I have not been touching on that topic at all, to-day; but I can't help hearing what people, in a village like this, *will* talk about, when they ought to let it alone. And it provokes me to think—it provokes me still more for others to think— There, Mrs. Hartland, she shall go more slowly: I didn't intend to touch her with the whip. Don't look so apprehensive. Brunette shall walk down

this hill quite quietly, so that papa shall say I am a good child."

"You are a good child to think of my silly fears. Now tell me what it provokes you to think and for others to think."

"That Mr. Mowbray should have the power to make dear Celia's cheeks pale and her eyes sad even for a day. I dare say it's all wrong for me to speak so plainly, but that is the honest truth: and I only wish—" She hesitated.

"That Celia felt toward Evelyn Mowbray just as you do."

"I believe that was just what I was going to say," said Leoline, laughing; "and a foolish enough speech it would have been. But no: it's not quite that. My anxiety, I believe, went no farther than this, that—in short, that she should take things quietly."

Mrs. Hartland looked at that fair young face, unclouded by a care, and sighed.

"I am only wishing, remember," said Leoline, apologetically, as she met Mrs. Hartland's pensive eyes. "I know," she resumed, a sudden shade saddening her own, "we cannot take some things quietly. Poor, dear papa! what years he grieved about mamma! But that was death!"

"The death of those we love is a terrible evil, but they may be for ever lost to us, though yet alive."

"But there is no question of Celia losing Mowbray for ever; and if she did—"

"Well?"

"I am afraid my ideas are not very clear this morning, dear Mrs. Hartland. I come back to my wish that Celia could but take things a little more as I do. I like people to be happy. Not that I should object to Mowbray's looking a little forlorn or so; but darling Celia, who is too good for any of them—worth them all put together—I can't bear to think that she should droop and grieve. I believe—yes, I fancy that must be it—that my idea is, men ought to care more for us than we do for them."

There flitted across Mrs. Hartland's face a singular expression—sad, regret-

ful, it seemed—which Leoline was trying to interpret when it suddenly changed to one of great alarm.

They had descended more than two-thirds of the hill which led from Sydenham's house to the level on which the village stood, and the mare had behaved perfectly well. They had passed the neat paling which fenced the garden and orchard, and now, on their right, was a rivulet, swelled by late heavy rains, and which, running down some distance parallel to the road, crossed it a few hundred yards farther on: then, passing to the left, its banks fringed with willows, it bisected and irrigated the lower portion of Sydenham's pasture-ground, dropping thence into Kinshon Creek below the fall. On the left of the road they were descending was the post-and-rail fence which enclosed said pasture, a pretty, undulating piece of meadow-land, with an eastern slope to the plain below, and extending some distance beyond the foot of the hills.

In this pasture were cattle and several horses, among them a colt, three years old and still unbroken, which, as soon as it saw the dearborn descending the hill, raced across to a point a little behind where they then were, stood for a second or two, head and tail erect, snorting loudly; then, after trotting slowly a few bounding steps, dashed impetuously down the hill, close to the road fence.

Whether it was that Brunette had been purchased by Potter of some of his racing associates, who had been testing her speed on the turf, or that the high-spirited animal had been but imperfectly broken, the sudden start, as the colt shot past her, was too great a trial, and, in a moment, she too was galloping at full speed down the road.

Mrs. Hartland's first impulse was to snatch the reins, but Mr. Hartland had once checked her harshly for a similar imprudence; and she recollected herself just in time to refrain from an act that might have proved fatal to both.

Leoline had not boasted vainly of her skill in driving, and her self-possession was admirable. With one foot planted against the dashboard, she gathered up

the reins, and, though she could not check the powerful animal, she guided it steadily and without difficulty.

In an instant they had reached the foot of the hill. Leoline glanced at Mrs. Hartland's agitated countenance. "It is nothing," she said: "I can take her up, never fear; only pray, pray, sit still."

They approached the spot where the rivulet already mentioned crossed their path. There was but a foot-bridge, composed of a squared log with a rude hand-railing, close to the pasture fence, for the stream scarcely ever deepened so as to prevent vehicles from passing easily; and now there might be some eighteen inches of water. Fortunately, the descent on each side was gradual.

Leoline drove the mare close on the left of the road, toward the foot-bridge; then, as they reached the descent, drew her briskly to the right, cutting at an angle across the little stream and up the opposite bank, thus avoiding any dangerous shock in crossing. The rush of the water and the acclivity beyond caused the animal somewhat to slacken her headlong speed, and Leoline managed to guide her safely round the turn which, sweeping to the left, brought her into the main avenue, leading directly into the village, which was nearly a mile distant.

On the left of this road, fronted by a neatly-kept grass-plot, dotted with evergreens, was Mr. Harper's dwelling, a pretty, white-painted frame house of a single story, with green blinds, and a rustic porch shaded with woodbine; and before his gate, at this moment, stood his gig, which the good man was in the act of entering.

No sooner, however, did he see the plight of the ladies than he rushed forward, totally forgetful of the risk to himself, and, in spite of Leoline's warning exclamation, attempted to seize the runaway by the reins. The effect was to cause the animal to swerve and start off afresh, thus depriving the girl of the mastery which she had almost succeeded in obtaining.

But even at such disadvantage she did not lose heart. It was market-day,

and she saw crowds in the distant street. "It will never do," such was her rapid thought, "to enter the village at this pace."

Now, about half-way between Mr. Harper's house and town, on the right of this road, was the village pond, a pretty piece of water, fed by constant springs, partially shaded by willows and acacias, and presenting, on a summer evening, when the cattle, returning unherded from their forest-pasture, stopped to drink there, a pleasant scene of rural quiet that Cuyp or Gainsborough need not have disdained to paint.

It was a usual watering-place for wagoners, being open to the road, and was accessible, by a short sloping descent, as well on the village side as that on which Mr. Hartland's dearborn was now rapidly approaching.

As they came in sight of it a sudden thought flashed on Leoline's mind, and she acted on it with instant promptitude.

With a single word of encouragement to Mrs. Hartland, she headed the mare, to that lady's consternation, right for the centre of the pond. Down the slope they went, and into the water, with a rush that dashed it over the animal's back and sprinkled the ladies pretty heavily. But Leoline, in that moment of decision, had calculated well. She drew the mare sharply to the left. The bottom of the pond was soft sand, the wheels dragged through it heavily, and before they had completed a semi-circular sweep toward the opposite landing-place, the panting horse was fairly brought to a stand-still.

"I could not help it, dear Mrs. Hartland," said Leoline, shaking the large drops from her dress: "I was so much afraid of running over some of the children in that crowded street. I hope you are not very wet. Indeed I could not help it."

"Wet, dear Lela! How can you talk or think of such a trifle when nothing but your courage has saved us perhaps from death! Oh let us get out!"

"What! Into the water? That would be a craziness! And let Brunette get home her own way, break the

dearborn to pieces and frighten your household into fits? Oh fie, Mrs. Hartland! I was going to return you the compliment about courage, but now you've spoilt it all."

"Leoline, if I could but feel and act like you! I owe to you my life."

"It was nothing, Mrs. Hartland. If the mare had been vicious and had kicked, ah, then it would have been serious. A gentleman we knew in England had his knee lamed for life in that way; and I've been rather nervous about it, myself, ever since. But Brunette ran beautifully. Ah, good mare! See, she drinks: she is conquered now. We shall get home with her quite safely."

"How skillfully you drove over that brook in the road! I scarcely felt a jolt."

"Yes: I flatter myself that was not badly done. If you are going fast, never drive at right angles, but always slantingly, across a drain. 'Il faut couper les ruisseaux,' as good Monsieur Meyrac once told me. Now, Brunette, you are too hot to drink much. Come!"

And the animal suffered itself to be driven, quietly enough, out into the main road.

"Ah, here is Mr. Harper in his gig, come to look after the runaway damsels. Dear old man! He nearly upset us, but his kindness and courage are not the less for that."

"Are you safe?" said Mr. Harper.

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Hartland, "thanks to this noble girl! But how could you think of risking your life for us, as you did?"

"The truth is, I didn't think of it, or I might have done better. Zeal without knowledge was mine. But isn't that your man Potter coming to us? And, though Miss Leoline drives admirably, had she not better resign the reins for to-day?"

"On one condition, Mr. Harper," said Leoline—"that you will do me a great favor. I am so much afraid of dear papa hearing of this runaway scrape of ours before he knows we are safe. If you are not too busy, and Mrs. Hartland

will spare me, would you mind setting me down at our lower orchard gate?"

"Most willingly shall it be done, my dear young lady; and you shall go safely, if not swiftly. My good old Trooper won't bear comparison with that brown beauty of Mrs. Hartland's; but he is a faithful servant, that has not failed me in fifteen years."

"Yes, dear Lela," said Mrs. Hartland, "you do quite right to carry the first news to your father. God bless you, my child!"

And with looks of love and admiration, Alice's eyes, fixed on Leoline, long followed Mr. Harper's homely equipage ere she bade Potter drive carefully home.

INAUGURATION ODE.

WHAT song should hail the welcome hour

That sees the nation waiting stand
To place the emblems of its power
Within its hero's faithful hand?

Resounding notes of martial fame
Mix with the patriot's full acclaim,

Without surcease;
While gentler strains the breezes bear
On vernal wings, and everywhere
Rises the sentiment and prayer,

"Let us have Peace!"

Enough that War's fell rage is spent,
And Freedom still survives secure;

Her stature loftier and unbent,

Her strength increased, her vesture pure.

The fame his country well bestows
Upon the chief who crushed her foes

All climes increase;
But nobler rings o'er land and main,
And nobler echoes back again,
The manly, Christian, sweet refrain,

"Let us have Peace!"

There, from New England's busy mills;

From where the Mississippi flows;

From where the bursting cotton fills

The golden air with mimic snows;

From where the gleaming nuggets shine

Close neighbors of the fruitful vine,—

They will not cease:

The countless voices raised to greet

The soldier in the ruler's seat,

This chorus ever to repeat,

"Let us have Peace!"

J. M. WINCHELL.

ACTORS' MEMORIES.

AMONG the many reasons that are offered as accounting for the curiosity in which actors are held by people who know nothing about them, is the common one that they are supposed to have most astonishing memories. Numbers of very young men, beyond doubt, have been kept from the stage on no other ground than that they felt assured of never being able to acquire long parts at short notice. Eight hundred lines of play-book text (which is a most mystifying conglomeration of speeches to be delivered and stage directions to be retained), looked at from an ordinary, and especially from a scholastic, point of view, is not a pleasant subject for contemplation; and a dose of the same character regularly every day would certainly become nauseous. But this is a wart to Ossa when we learn that with the "leading gentleman" in the company the lines oftener amount to sixteen hundred than half that number, including the inseparable exits and entrances, crossings and tableaux, and other incomprehensible "situations." Thus many stagestruck people are kept from the boards who would otherwise tread them, and actors are looked upon as persons of some intellectual capacity by those who would rather give them credit for nothing at all.

Strength of memory has ever been highly esteemed from the days of the Romans to our time. Pliny mentions it frequently as one of the brightest qualifications of his most talented friends, and Quintilian, esteeming it as the measure of genius, says, *Tantum ingenii quantum memoria*. The perfection to which this power was possessed by some of the ancients must be called incredible. A Greek philosopher is mentioned in an old letter, who, after delivering a long harangue extempore, could repeat it again without losing a word. Seneca says that in his younger days he could repeat two thousand names exactly in

the same order they were read to him, and that to test his power of acquirement and retention the audience who attended the same professor with himself would each of them give him a verse, which he would instantly repeat, beginning with the last and so on to the first, to the amount of two hundred. He tells a pleasant story upon this occasion of a certain poet, who having recited a poem in public, a person who was present claimed it for his own, and, in proof of the assertion, repeated it word for word, which the actual author could not do. The same trick is said to have been played upon Voltaire by the king of Prussia, who placed an Englishman behind a screen when the poet read a new poem of considerable length. The Englishman repeated the verses correctly, much to the author's amazement, and claimed them for his own. The king enjoyed the joke greatly, and for some time would not explain his stratagem.

Any number of instances might be taken from the ancients to the same purpose. Themistocles was master of the Persian language in a year's time. Mithridates understood as many tongues as he commanded nations, which numbered twenty-two. Cyrus retained the name of every soldier in his army. Aristides could name every citizen in Athens; and Tully says of Cæsar, in his oration for Ligarius, "that he never forgot anything but an injury."

This kind of memory, some assert, is usually connected with inferiority of the other intellectual powers. But this is not entirely true. A strong memory and a defective understanding are not incompatible; but, as may be seen in the instances above, most men of high gifts have been remarkable for their powers of acquirement and retention. Rousseau and Montaigne had both poor memories, while Milton and Tasso were especially endowed. Wordsworth and

Keats were unequal to recollecting after a time, while Lord Byron and his friend Hobhouse never forgot. Abercrombie mentions Dr. Leyden as amazingly gifted: he could repeat a long act of Parliament or any similar document after having once read it. But his power was quite an inconvenience in one respect, since, when he wished to recall a particular point in anything which he had read, he could only do it by repeating to himself the whole from the commencement till he reached the required place. The writer of this has met a gentleman connected with the American press who could repeat a dozen pages of matter, full of legal technicalities of which he understood nothing, upon a single attentive perusal. And there are thousands of other instances, which, however, in the present article would not furnish interest enough to pay for the space they might occupy if set down.

Memoria excolendo augetur, said the Latin grammar in our college days. To practice actors are in most cases indebted for their facility in learning their parts, and so much of a habit does this labor become that scarcely anything can impair their talent after it is thoroughly acquired. The most intelligent always study with an eye to the two concomitants of memory—Attention and Association. They obtain first a clear perception, and then succeed by a mnemonic effort. Every one, of course, has his particular method. One writes out every part slowly and with care; another studies aloud while pacing his room; another—and this is perhaps the best way with a well-regulated mind—concentrates all his attention upon the business in hand, and reads, without moving his lips, to himself. Constant exercise in committing lines gives less trouble day by day, and the result with some is astonishing. Bloomfield, the poet, composed, revised and corrected one-half of his work, *The Farmer Boy*, without writing a word of it; and Alexandre Dumas constructs an entire play, including every particle of the dialogue, before putting pen to paper.

A leading stock-actor in most provin-

cial cities commits on an average about eight "lengths," or three hundred and thirty-six lines, every day of his life. This might be done with ease by most of them if their study was so nicely proportioned. But, unfortunately, for one week they may have nothing to do, and for the next perpetual parts of seven or eight hundred lines, which is rather wearing. At performance, however, they are not always, as they call it, "dead-letter perfect." Sometimes they trip a little, and very often depend for more than half their business on the prompter. Then, on extreme occasions, they have an execrable and impudent practice of "faking." This is when they are totally imperfect, and rely upon their wits for the necessary speeches. I have frequently seen this expedient tried when the performer knew nothing of the play except its name and the list of characters, and the triumphant success he usually met with spoke faintly for the powers of perception of American audiences. Many anecdotes are told of the skill of the celebrated Mr. John Palmer in this sort of imposition, one of which is too good to be left out. He had a very long part in a new play one evening, and was set down in the bills to speak the prologue. Trusting to a quick study, he kept postponing his attention to both until the last moment, and when the curtain-bell rang went on for the prologue without knowing a word of it. The house was packed, and of course in a terrific uproar, as always at the commencement of a performance. The indomitable Palmer, amid the confusion, began to move his lips and gesticulate as if delivering his lines. As nobody heard a syllable, the cries of "Silence," "Hear the prologue," "Down in front," "Order," redoubled from every quarter. He ceased his motions, and with the most graceful dexterity pretended to be greatly disturbed by the disorder, and make a token to the gallery as if to indicate that he could not proceed unless that part of the audience became quiet. This stratagem set the pit howling at the supposed offenders in the upper regions, and amid the riot-

ous clamor which ensued Palmer came forward, moved his lips and gesticulated as before, and, just as the Babel was about ceasing, made his bow and went off. He performed his part in the play with equal success, though he knew no more of the language in it than of the prologue. It is a common practice with some to study a play while it is being acted—commit a scene and then go on and perform it. This is frequently kept up through five long acts, and is looked upon as quite an ordinary achievement. When the business for the week is heavy, the long parts are generally read at rehearsal in the morning. There is a rule which forbids this under penalty of a heavy fine; but like another common rule—the one about “gagging,” or introducing one’s own language into a part—not much attention is paid to it outside of “Wallack’s,” “Selwyn’s” or the “Arch.”

Many interesting stories are told of parts taken at short notice. In the lives of old actors it will be frequently seen that celerity in this way has been the stepping-stone to many a poor fellow’s fortune. Cibber tells us how he came into some distinction by performing a long part after brief preparation with Barton Booth; and Kean, in Barry Cornwall’s biography, appears in a similar anecdote. The instances of the same kind happening in this country alone are very numerous. A year or two since, it is said, Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., went on at a theatre in Washington entirely perfect in the part of Brierly in the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, having acquired the words in thirty minutes. Mr. Frank Mordaunt on a certain occasion took up the character of Hardness Cregan in the second act of the *Colleen Bawn*, at Niblo’s, New York (Mr. L. R. Shewell, who had been playing it, being compelled to leave for the death-bed of his brother), and finished the rôle successfully: he had never been in the piece before. Mr. G. C. Boniface once played Brutus at two hours’ notice; Mr. Edwin Booth once, when a boy, got through *Richard III.*, in the illness of his father, without having studied it; and Mr. J. B.

Studley one evening at the New York “Olympic,” in the absence of Mr. Edward Davenport, performed the Count of Monte Cristo, studying the part, scene by scene, as the play progressed. Several ladies now living and well known in the profession might also be mentioned as having done wonders in the way of acquiring a great deal of text in a very little time.

Not many are mentioned in theatrical histories as remarkable for their bad memories. Cibber speaks of one or two, and Boaden of several in John Kemble’s era. The celebrated Johnstone, the Irish comedian, was noted far and wide for the labor with which he committed language, and for his trouble in keeping it after once gotten. This gentleman, it may not be generally known, was one of the ancestors of the Wallack family at present residing in New York. Mr. James Wallack is the son of Mr. Henry Wallack by his first wife, whose maiden name was Turpin. Henry Wallack was brother to J. W. Wallack, Sr., and son of Mr. Wallack, of the English Amphitheatre, and his wife, Miss Johnstone. Mrs. Bloxton, an American actress of 1700, was in the habit of writing her cues on her cuffs, and always kept the prompter closely to his business.

Actors lose their memory only from excessive debauchery or old age; and so strong is the faculty developed with many that even these fail to destroy it entirely. George Frederick Cooke studied new parts after thirty years’ continual dissipation, and Edmund Kean held the power of study until nearly every other power was gone, and then that went too. J. B. Booth could always acquire and retain; and many others, almost as noted, had their chief faculties to the last. Any person acquainted with the private lives of the actors of to-day can easily single out a dozen battered rakes who never have a sober moment, and yet nightly perform fresh characters. But intemperance will undoubtedly destroy the mind at the end: the powers of perception remain, but the attention cannot be concentrated, and everything is forgotten as soon as seen.

In a magazine article it is impossible to say more than a fourth of what might be said upon many things which naturally suggest themselves in the subject of every paragraph. Much might be written about Attention, and especially Association, as connected with actors' memories, that the writer has not even hinted at. Concerning the latter, however, it will not be amiss to mention two singular anecdotes—one to be found in the *Autobiography of Mr. Francis Wemyss*, and the other in Abercrombie's *Treatise on the Human Mind*.

Mr. Wemyss was one night performing the part of Charles Surface, with which he was perfectly familiar, having "done" it frequently, and, in a certain scene in the fourth act, suddenly forgot every syllable. The words faded from him like a dream in an instant. He sat down, and was unable to take up the cue, although the prompter gave him three or four successive speeches. At last his recollection revived with a flash, and he finished the rôle as usual. Ever after, however, in this scene he was excessively nervous, and only by the strongest effort could he get over the words in which he had so strangely tripped before.

Dr. Abercrombie says: "The following fact was communicated to me by an able and intelligent friend, who heard it from the individual to whom it relates. A distinguished theatrical performer, in consequence of the illness of another actor, had occasion to prepare himself, on very short notice, for a part which was entirely new to him, and the part was

long and rather difficult. He acquired it in a very short time, and went through it with perfect accuracy, but immediately after the performance forgot every word of it. Characters which he has acquired in a more deliberate manner he never forgets, but can perform them without a moment's preparation; but in the character now mentioned there was the farther and very singular fact that, though he has repeatedly performed it since then, he has been obliged each time to prepare it anew, and has never acquired in regard to it that facility which is familiar to him in other instances. When questioned respecting the mental process which he employed the first time he performed this part, he says that he lost sight entirely of the audience, and seemed to have nothing before him but the pages of the book from which he had learned it; and that if anything had occurred to interrupt this illusion, he should have stopped instantly."

Any one can cultivate a quick memory without using the Feinagle System of Mnemonics, or any system except the simple habit of carefully studying a certain quantity of matter every day. The writer has practiced it with amazing success, and can acquire lines upon lines with the greatest ease imaginable. The power is not only of the highest use to an actor, but valuable in every possible business in life. The mind when not actively cultivated will become stagnant. In constant exercise it becomes what God intended it should be.

WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

THE SHADOW OF FATE.

"HORRIBLE! horrible!" I exclaimed, folding the paper and fanning myself. "What is the world coming to? and why doesn't the stage-coach arrive? Dear me! why did I buy this abominable paper?" I looked at it remorsefully. It was an illustrated affair that I had purchased in mistake. One might imagine, from a glance at its ferocious wood-cuts, that one half the world was murdering the other half. There was Miss Sinclair stabbing her false-hearted lover, St. George de Vivian; Mr. Snaggs throwing his twelve children down a well, with Mrs. Snaggs looming up in the distance in an attitude of prayer; Herr Boldy, the bigamist, drowning himself to save his body from the onslaughts of his six wives, who stand on the bank of the river; Miss Amelia Snoggin poisoning her aged mother to get *that* yellow barége dress; Miss Ann McRay, shooting her third husband for turning up just after she had married the fourth; Miss Poldoody butchering her entire family with an axe; two aged ladies blown out of their bed by a charge of gunpowder, placed under it by their ungrateful adopted child, etc. All this and a great deal more served to enchant me at the little inn while awaiting the arrival of the stage.

I was in no enviable frame of mind. I had just left the grave of a friend, and was hastening home to rest, for I was not strong, and the scene I had passed through affected me considerably. I felt nervous and unwell: I could not banish from my mind the particulars of my unfortunate friend's death.

He had been murdered—handsome, warm-hearted, accomplished George Herbert—just after he had been married six months and retired to the family estate to devote the rest of his existence to his wife.

I was sitting one day in my office in New York, thinking of George—for we were dear friends—when suddenly he entered.

"I thought you were at the Grange?" I said.

"I left there two days ago," he replied.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"My wife's birth-day will occur next week," he said gayly, "and I have come to New York to see you and buy her a present—something handsome," he added. "I have drawn a large sum from bank, and—"

At this moment I was called away, and George, seeing me busy, passed out, saying, "I will return directly." He did not, however, return, and the next morning I received the news that a dead body had been picked up in the North river. It was George Herbert, robbed and murdered!

No clue to the murderer could be obtained. I took the body to the broken-hearted wife, and remained a day after the last sad services had been performed; and now, with a heavy heart, I was leaving the lonely house and returning to New York. I felt that the impression of the scene would never leave my mind. The cursed newspaper seemed to bewilder my already over-excited imagination still more, and I took a drink from my pocket flask to revive my drooping spirits.

"What can keep the coach?" I muttered.

The day was exceedingly warm, the sky painfully blue, without the vestige of a cloud to give it motion. The silence which prevailed filled me with melancholy. A crow (bird of evil omen!) flew croaking over my head. Everything seemed to contribute to depress my spirits, and I turned with an impatient sigh and began walking to and fro. The dusty, yellow, rutted road stretched vacantly out of sight, and the trees seemed to languish under the oppression of the cheerless brightness of the day. Again and again, notwithstanding my efforts to avoid it, my thoughts would return to my murdered friend. His

death was enveloped in mystery. My only solution of it was, that he had been seen to draw the money from the bank, had been decoyed to some lonely place, where he was robbed and murdered, and his body thrown into the river. The detectives could not discover the perpetrator of the deed.

"It is too late now," I murmured: "the murderer of George Herbert will never be discovered."

The crow, which had perched upon a tree, seemed to comprehend my words, for with a contemptuous croak it flew off, leaving me to watch it until it became a mere speck in the sky, when I resumed my meditative promenade, until at last the sound of wheels attracted my attention.

"The coach at last!" I murmured, and my eye fell upon the paper—fell upon this paragraph, in an article describing the murder of George:

"At the same time the hearse arrived, and the body of the unfortunate man—"

I read no farther.

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed, and thrust the paper into my pocket. But as I listened an indescribable something in the sound of the distant wheels reminded me of the hearse which had yesterday borne my friend to his grave. I am not superstitious, but I am easily impressed, and the idea was unpleasant. I endeavored to shake it off. A moment after the coach turned the bend in the road. As it approached, I looked carelessly at the driver. Surely I had seen that face before; but where? The coach stopped at the inn.

"Good-morning," said the driver, with a grim smile: "down our way?"

My heart jumped into my throat.

"Don't remember me, do you?" continued the man. "It was my day off, yesterday—"

I remembered all now. This man was the driver of the hearse which had taken my friend to his last rest.

"Is there—is there—no other stage to-day?" I stammered, instinctively recalling.

"No."

"I—I suppose, then—"

"What are we waiting for, driver?" asked a voice from the coach.

"Whoa! whoa!" exclaimed the driver, excitedly, for his horses seemed exceedingly restless. "Jump in, sir, if you're coming: we haven't a moment to spare."

I obeyed, but in doing so was thrown violently against a passenger by the sudden starting of the coach.

"Pardon, sir," I murmured as I endeavored to straighten my battered hat.

"All right, all right!" said a jovial voice: "accidents are common. Yours, sir?" and he picked up the newspaper, which had fallen from my pocket.

"Yes."

"Will you permit me—?"

"Certainly."

He glanced over the paper, smiling as he read. "Nothing new, nothing new," he said.

I paid little attention to him until I heard his voice, reading, in a half-laughing tone,

"At the same time the hearse arrived, and the body of the unfortunate man—"

I laid my hand on his arm.

"No more," I said, nervously. "I have just left the grave of a dear friend who was buried yesterday, and—"

A harsh laugh from the driver caused me to shrink back and close my eyes involuntarily. As I did so, the funeral cortège glided before me as in a dream, so vividly that I could not disabuse my mind of the belief that I was not in a stage-coach, but in a hearse. As rapidly the idea passed, and I heard my companion apologizing for his thoughtlessness, as he called it.

"Will you permit me?" he said, drawing a flask from his pocket and presenting it.

"Thank you, sir, and, in return, allow me to offer you mine. Going to New York?"

He laughed merrily.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I am going to— That is, I shall turn off and make a tour in an opposite direction."

"You look like a New Yorker," I said.

He was a medium-sized, well-built man, with that peculiarly dashing, showy

appearance which seems to specially belong to New Yorkers.

"Yes," he said, with an air of easy familiarity, "I was born there, but am going abroad—going abroad for my health," he added, laughing at his jest.

He laughed particularly well, with a mirthful look that was contagious.

"How long will you remain?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied. "I am desirous of leaving at once, but I may be detained—I can't say," shrugging his shoulders, "but I hope not. America is a charming place, and I hate like the devil to leave it; but a change of air and scene will do me good; so I make the trip."

He paused for a moment, and then added: "Your face is familiar. I beg pardon, but is not your name Hawkins?"

"No; Rawdon," I replied—"Henry Rawdon."

"You are evidently a physician?"

"I am."

"Have you resided long in New York?"

"Yes, a number of years. What is the matter with your thumb?"

It was wrapped in a piece of cloth, and several times, when the coach had jolted over the rough road, he had accidentally struck his hand against the panels, and uttered between his teeth some formula which sounded like an oath.

He smiled at my question. He smiled continually, and seemed to be very fond of it.

"A dog bit me," he observed.

"Let me see," I said, unwrapping the cloth.

"Oh," he cried as I touched it.

"Ah!" I said, on beholding the thumb severely bitten and much inflamed—"a dog-bite?"

He smiled as usual, and said, "Yes."

"Are you not mistaken?"

"Mistaken?"

"Yes. These marks of teeth don't look like those of a dog."

He drew his hand from me with his everlasting smile.

"Wrong, doctor, wrong!" he said.

I looked at him in surprise.

"My dear sir," I began, "I beg to assure you that I am—"

The coach stopped.

"All right, ma'am!" I heard the driver say, endeavoring to restrain his restive horses—"plenty of room."

I opened the door, and assisted a lady in black, deeply veiled, to enter.

"Mr. Rawdon!" she exclaimed.

"My name!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," she replied, raising her veil. It was Mrs. Herbert!

"I thought you were at the Grange?" I said, for after the funeral she had left the lonely manor for the farm, some miles below, with a friend.

"I have been," she answered, "but I received this letter from the detective, requesting me to start immediately for New York, and, knowing you would pass this afternoon, determined to ask you to accompany me."

"With pleasure," I replied, and was about to examine the letter she had given me, when she laid her hand upon my arm.

"We are not alone," she said in a low voice.

I half turned and regarded the stranger, who, with his back toward us, was looking carelessly out of the window. I thrust the letter into my pocket, saying I would read it hereafter.

The stranger, who had been using the newspaper I had lent him as a fan, now turned and politely offered it as such to Mrs. Herbert.

She thanked him and took it, but as she did so paused: her eyes seemed riveted on the paper, and in an inarticulate voice, with her hand pointing, she whispered,

"See! see!"

I looked, and, as if fatality itself had indicated the paragraph, I read—

"At the same time the hearse arrived, and the body of the unfortunate man—"

She cast the paper from her with a bitter cry: "George! George!"

"Madam, I—" began the stranger.

"Hush," I said, softly: "he was her husband."

"Murdered?" he exclaimed, evidently much shocked.

"Yes."

"And the murderer not discovered?"

"Not yet."

"But soon will be, I suppose?"

"I hope so."

"And the letter—" he continued.

I looked at him in some surprise.

"Not having read it," I replied, "I do not know its contents."

He drew back, and after a moment's hesitation, remained silent. I turned to Mrs. Herbert.

"We shall reach the station in time for the eight o'clock train," I remarked.

"When shall we reach New York?" she asked with feverish impatience.

"We have a good day's journey."

"So long?" she murmured — "so long?"

Silence fell upon us.

Time and the coach rolled on rapidly. The road was rough, and as evening approached the driver's voice grew louder and louder in exostulations with the horses. Our speed gradually became slower, and, on my looking out to ascertain the reason, my companion informed me we were ascending a steep hill. The sharp cracks of the whip repeated themselves among the surrounding ridges. The wheels creaked, the horses labored, the driver encouraged. The summit was reached, and we commenced the descent. The heavy coach now rolled on with hardly an effort from the horses. Relieved of their drawback, they became capricious, then the brake gave way, and it required all the driver's skill to prevent their dashing off in a mad race. I was about to question the rapidity of our descent, when, with a sudden lurch, the coach overturned.

* * * * *

When I became conscious, I heard the driver at the coach-door inquiring if I was hurt.

"No," I murmured, scrambling out: "where is Mrs. Herbert?"

"Safe," he replied.

She was seated upon a rock near by, the stranger beside her.

"Where are the horses?" I asked.

"They're off, sir. Snapped the harness before I'd time to pick myself up

and stop 'em, and the next inn is two mile from here. You'll have to walk, sir, as there'll not be another team to-night."

"Let us hasten, then," said Mrs. Herbert, overhearing our conversation. "The sun is sinking rapidly, and it will be night before we reach the inn."

"Here's your paper, sir," said the driver.

"I don't want it," I said, hastily.

He thrust it in his pocket, and, securing the mail-bag, remarked, "Follow me: I'll take the shortest way;" then hurried on.

Obtaining our portmanteaus, and offering my arm to Mrs. Herbert, we silently followed.

The golden skies gradually deepened to the tender blue of a summer night, and the first rays of the full moon glinted through the shadowy trees, and made luminous the forest path, while the wind, low and sweet, murmured amongst the foliage, adding to the mystery of the scene.

"How lonely!" murmured Mrs. Herbert, clinging to me.

"Courage, courage! We will soon arrive at the inn," I said.

"Do not fear," she answered; "I am full of courage. I am firm in the belief that the murderer of George will be discovered. Something tells me that he cannot escape. Last night I dreamed—oh, so vividly!—that George appeared to me, saying, 'Follow me! follow me!' And in my dream I arose and went after him, until we came to what seemed to be a dark, lonely house. 'Enter: he is there!' he said, and I was about to do so when I awoke."

In the dim moonlight I could see her eyes were filled with tears.

"You must not allow such dreams to work upon your feelings," I said. "Remember, they are simply the results of an overexcited mind."

"It was so vivid, so real!" she said, shuddering with uncontrollable emotion. "O George, my poor murdered husband, my own love, my life! I will search for your assassin, yea, though long years pass before he is discovered."

The cheery voice of the stranger, striding ahead with the guide, burst into merry laughter, which echoed through the silent woods.

"Who is that man?" asked Mrs. Herbert, suddenly.

"I don't know," I replied, "but he is evidently a light-hearted, clever fellow. Calm yourself, dear Mrs. Herbert: do not give way to this useless agitation. Everything possible will be done to discover George's assassin; but I must tell you, frankly, that I fear there is no hope. The mystery in which the affair is enveloped seems impenetrable."

She did not reply, and seemed buried in reflection.

A half hour's walk brought us to the inn, a small wooden house, irregular, picturesque and covered with ivy, and surmounted with a sort of cupola, in which hung a bell. The occupants of the house—the landlord, his wife and daughter—were at the door awaiting our arrival. Our driver hailed him. He came forward, saying he expected us, having seen the horses dash past.

"Supper is ready," he added, leading the way into the house; "and if the lady— Your wife, sir?"

"No."

"Perhaps the lady would like a cup of tea? Your sister, sir?"

"No."

"We can give the lady some muffins or pancakes, and— Your cousin, sir?"

"Not my cousin. Bring some tea and toast."

"Will your niece have green or black, sir?"

"Not my niece. Mixed."

"Perhaps," said the landlady, with a touch of malice at my refusal to satisfy curiosity—"perhaps your—your mother would like something warm?"

"Bring us a good supper, and be quick about it," said the stranger.

The voice of the driver in the kitchen was heard calling for something to eat. The landlord and his wife departed, while the daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen, removed Mrs. Herbert's bonnet and shawl and ministered to her comfort.

The stranger stood by the door in the

clear moonlight, evidently wrapped in contemplation of the scene.

"What is the meaning of a bell up there?" he asked, addressing the landlord, who was passing, and pointing to the belfry.

"It was here when I came," the landlord answered, "and we use it for various things—principally to ring the cattle home. The rope runs down into this room," he added, pointing to an apartment opposite the one in which were Mrs. Herbert and myself.

"Ah, yes," said the stranger, and the landlord passed on.

Mrs. Herbert sank wearily in a chair.

"I have a presentiment of evil," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"I know not, but I am strangely low-spirited."

"What has become of your boasted courage?" I said, smiling.

She shook her head sadly.

"Gone, I fear: my heart is heavy, and I feel like one in a dream. Why did the stage break down? Why did we come to this lonely place? There seems to be something strange, something ominous in it all, as if some invisible Power had brought us here."

"Are you superstitious?" I asked.

"No," she replied; "but since my husband's death I feel as if I were surrounded by invisible beings. They do not terrify me, but seem to be leading me on, as if directing my steps in search of George's murderer."

"This is folly," I exclaimed, losing patience. "Let me feel your pulse. Whew! I don't wonder you talk in this wild way: your pulse is running like a race-horse. This won't do at all: you must compose yourself and give up these fancies. A cup of tea and a night's rest will do you good."

"Would that morning were here!" she murmured. "Then I—"

She was interrupted by the entrance of the landlord with supper.

The meal was soon over. As the large, old-fashioned clock in the corner struck nine, Mrs. Herbert said to me, in a low voice,

"I must speak with you before I retire."

The room was empty. The landlord was in the kitchen adjoining, talking with the driver, and my companion of the stage-coach was walking in the moonlight at the front of the house.

"Read the letter," she continued.

"What letter?"

"The one I gave you this morning."

I put my hand in my pocket.

The letter was gone!

There was a moment of suspense.

"I have lost it!" I exclaimed.

"Lost it?"

"Yes. In the overturning of the coach it must have slipped out of my pocket. Why are you so agitated?" I asked.

"Because it contained a description of the murderer."

"You can get another copy on your arrival in New York. It was simply sent for your information: of course you could make no practical use of it."

She did not reply.

I regarded her earnestly.

"Why do you not speak?"

"Because—" she answered vehemently, then paused. "But no: since the description is lost, it is useless."

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"To-morrow I will tell you. And now, good-night."

"Stop!" I said. "I cannot let you go thus. Explain your meaning."

"Wait till to-morrow."

"If there is anything I should know, why not tell me at once?"

"Because—"

"Well?"

"Do not urge me. I will not speak until to-morrow."

She turned to the landlord's daughter, who had entered, and they left the apartment together.

"You and the other gentleman will room together," said the landlady at my elbow; "and whenever you want to retire—"

"I will go now," I interrupted.

"This way, sir," said she—"this way, sir. I hope your—your mother enjoyed her tea?"

"She is not my mother," I said, sharply.

"Oh!" uttered the landlady, completely mystified.

I gave a parting glance at the solitary figure in the moonlight, and followed the woman up the stairs.

"This is your lady-friend's room," said the landlady, maliciously, as we passed a door marked No. 1. "Yours and the other gentleman's is No. 2, right opposite." She opened the door as she spoke, and ushered me into a neat, pretty little room in which were two cots—one behind the door, the other beside a window which overlooked the courtyard. Placing the light on the table, she bade me good-night and retired.

I gazed around wearily. I felt exhausted, yet I knew I could not sleep, for the excitement of the day had been so powerful that I could not compose myself sufficiently to rest. Still, I resolved to retire, and, extinguishing the candle, was about to throw myself on the cot, when the sound of voices from the room beneath attracted my attention. The window was open, and the moonlight, streaming in, filled the apartment with its strange, uncertain radiance.

I listened, and as I did so a feeling of superstition crept over me, for the words, and the only words I could distinguish, were—

"At the same time the hearse arrived, and the body of the unfortunate man—"

I drew back trembling.

I knew that it was only the driver reading the account of the murder from the paper I had given him—reading it probably to the landlord—yet there seemed something supernatural about its repetition.

With a vain effort at composure I threw myself on the bed and closed my eyes. Sleep would not come. I tossed restlessly and felt feverish and agitated. I arose and sat by the window, looking wearily out at the moonlit courtyard and the spectral trees, which nodded in the night breeze and seemed to murmur mysterious words to me.

"Poor Mrs. Herbert!" I thought. "Can she also be wakeful?"

Then I recalled her strange conduct—her refusal to explain what she meant by her wild words until morning. "Her imagination has been worked up to such a pitch that if she does not have rest she will be ill," I muttered. Then I thought of George, of the funeral of the day before, until the idea became so vivid that I aroused myself with a shudder.

"This will never do!" I exclaimed: "let me make another effort to sleep."

With almost a groan of weariness I again stretched myself on the cot and closed my eyes.

As I did so I heard a step approaching, the door opened gently, and the stranger entered.

"Are you asleep?" he asked.

I did not reply, as I had no desire for conversation.

He advanced to the cot and waved the light he carried before my eyes. I did not move. Evidently satisfied, he went softly to the table, put the light upon it, and a moment after I heard a slight rustle of paper.

I cautiously opened my eyes. His back was toward me. He was in his shirt sleeves, and as he bent over I saw he was reading something. He laughed softly and held it near the candle. The light flared up, and must have burnt his fingers, for he dropped the half-consumed paper on the floor, trod on it angrily and kicked it under the table. A moment after the room was dark and he was in bed, soon breathing heavily.

For a short time I lay undecided what to do. Why did the apparently simple proceeding of reading and destroying a piece of paper fill me with a suspicion that something was wrong?

Who was this strange man?

He had learned my name, yet I had not discovered his. There was but one way to satisfy my suspicions. A portion of the paper lay unburnt under the table. I resolved to possess it.

Breathlessly, I arose and glided noiselessly to the table. Another moment and the fragment was in my hand. Yet how—how could I examine it properly without lighting the candle?

Perhaps the moonlight—?

I knelt by the window and eagerly scrutinized the paper. One side was blank, the other contained the following:

"... florid, with a hearty laugh, ... pleasant manners. ..." Here the paper was so blackened that only the following could be discerned: "... derer ... supposed ... Canada ..."

It was the lost letter!

Overcome, I clung to the window: at the same time I heard the driver's voice again. It was thick, and he spoke inarticulately: he was evidently drunk.

"No, sir," he said—"honest man, honest man—mail-bags! I know there's a heap of money—"

Somebody, doubtless the landlord, said something which irritated him, for he replied in a loud voice:

"Well, what if I did! He ain't a thief! He's a gentleman! He told you to give me as much liquor as I wanted—"

There was a slight pause, after which a disturbance seemed to arise.

I caught the words—

"I'll sleep where I am—mail-bag beside me;" then followed a door-shutting, the reflection of the light thrown on the courtyard vanished, and all was silent.

I waited a few moments, and then, scarcely knowing what I was doing, began dressing. The folly of the proceeding caused me to stop.

"Pshaw," I muttered: "why should I exaggerate the danger?"

I was about to throw myself upon the bed again when the stranger tossed restlessly, and then spoke. Had a thunderbolt entered the room, it could not have had as much effect upon me as his words.

"Fools!" the man muttered. "Catch me, indeed? ... Description. ... Murdered George Herbert! Well, what if I did? ... Struck me! ... Life, life, life! ... O Heaven! ..." He turned over with a groan, and after murmuring indistinctly, relapsed into silence.

The blood rushed to my brain, and I thought I would stifle.

Gracious Heaven! the murderer of George lay before me!

I was alone, at midnight, in the room with a criminal escaping from justice!

I was unarmed. What should I do?

Quickly and silently I approached the chair on which he had thrown his coat.

Yes; as I suspected, I found a pistol. I was armed now, and did not fear him.

I would descend, arouse the landlord, tell him all: the assassin would be captured and George avenged.

Yet to reach the door I must pass his cot. What if he should wake? Even while murmuring those words I heard a movement from his bed. Instantly I shrank back to my cot.

The man rose stealthily. What was he about to do? Would he murder me? Had he seen me take the pistol from his coat? If so, there was but one course.

Grasping the weapon, I lay watching his movements.

He dressed partially, and, advancing to the centre of the room, paused and seemed to listen. I breathed with the regularity of a sleeper. He appeared satisfied and moved toward the door.

Instantly his intention flashed across my mind. He was about to murder Mrs. Herbert!

He opened the door and passed out, closing it after him. I crept from the cot, and had almost reached the door when I heard a sound which chilled the blood in my veins.

He had locked the door!

There was not a moment to be lost. I must escape from the apartment. The only means of egress was the window. To leap from it to the ground might be fatal. What should I do? With a rope I could easily descend. The bed-sheets would make me one. With the strength of despair I tore them into strips, and, as fast as my trembling hands would allow me, fastened them together and tied the rope thus formed to the heavy bureau. A cold perspiration stood upon my forehead, and I breathed like a cat. "God grant that I may be in time!" I

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whispered, and, clinging to the rope, I slid down noiselessly into the courtyard.

The window of the room beneath was open, and the room bright with the moonlight. I looked in. Lying on the floor was the body of a man; it was the driver, drunk, the mail-bag and an overturned bottle by his side. It would be impossible to rouse him.

I climbed in and glided toward the half-open door which led to the entry, but had scarcely crossed the room when I heard the breathing of some one approaching.

I shrank into the shadow, clutching the pistol, and beheld the stranger enter.

He advanced to the driver, laughing softly, and seemed to assure himself that the man slept. An instant afterward he held something up in the moonlight. It was a key.

Rapidly he opened the bag, picked out letter after letter: at last he came to one which he tore open. There was money in it: another, more money, which he crammed into his pocket. Suddenly he paused—for a moment remained motionless, and then approached the door in the shadow of which I was concealed, and closed it.

The moonlight fell upon me. The man recoiled. I raised the pistol and pointed it at him.

"You are my prisoner," I whispered.

He drew a knife.

"I mean to kill you," he hissed.

"May God forgive you!" I said: "your last moment has come."

I pulled the trigger: the pistol did not fire. The man laughed.

"Fool!" he said. "you've taken my pistol. Now receive your reward!"

The knife glittered wickedly in the moonlight as he crept toward me. With a stifled cry of anguish I unconsciously put one hand behind me. It touched something: I gave a scream of triumph. My hand was on the bell-rope!

"Back, villain!" I cried—"back! You are in my power!"

And with superhuman strength I pulled the cord. Instantly the bell in the cupola pealed forth wildly. Clang,

clang, clang it went, clear and sharp in the stillness of the night.

The man seemed paralyzed.

"Murderer of George Herbert," I said, "hear your death-knell!"

Clang, clang, clang, went the bell.

Speechless, the man glared at me like a hunted tiger.

Clang, clang, clang!

Clang, clang, clang!

Clang, clang, clang!

Without a word, with knife raised, he sprang at me!

I caught the weapon as it descended, and closed with him in the struggle of life or death. He was much stronger than myself, but in that supreme moment I seemed to be endowed with more than natural strength.

"Help! help!" I called.

I heard the sound of hurrying footsteps.

"Help! help! help!"

I clung to him with desperate tenacity, but my strength was beginning to give way.

"He will kill me," I thought. "They will not come in time."

With a rapid movement he caught me in his arms and bore me to the floor. Not a sound was uttered, but as I looked into his eyes and saw his lips writhing into a devilish smile, I felt that my last moment had come. My strength departed—my brain reeled—I beheld the knife raised—when the report of a pistol shook the room, and my opponent, with a cry, relaxed his hold and fell heavily to the floor.

I turned and beheld the driver—he

who had driven the hearse which contained the body of George Herbert to the grave—with the pistol in his hand. In the ghastly moonlight, to my excited imagination, he seemed like Death the Avenger.

At the same instant the door flew open, and the landlord, followed by the people of the household, entered with lights.

"What is this?" he cried, beholding the body lying on the floor.

"The murderer of George Herbert!"

Mrs. Herbert stood within the door. She advanced slowly into the apartment.

"Is he dead?" she asked calmly.

The man raised himself with a violent effort, his fast glazing eyes endeavored to fix themselves upon the wife of his victim, his clenched hand went up wildly in a movement of agonizing entreaty, and he made an awful effort to speak:

"God—"

A shudder passed over him and he fell back dead.

"Kneel," said Mrs. Herbert, her eyes, yet dim with tears for her murdered husband, filling with divine pity—"kneel with me, and pray that his sinful soul may be forgiven."

We knelt, when my eyes, as if obeying an invisible mandate, fell upon the hand of the corpse, which lay upon a half-opened paper, the index finger pointing. A thrill of superstitious terror crept over me, for I read—

"At the same time the hearse arrived, and the body of the unfortunate man—"

RITER FITZGERALD.

BREITMANN IN POLITICS.

I.—THE NOMINATION.

WHEN ash de var vas ober, und Beace her shnow-wice vings
 Vas vafin o'er de coondry (in shpodts) like afery dings;
 Und heroes vere revardt, de beople all pegan
 To say 'tvas shame dat nodings vas done for Breitmann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet, or where der fore shlog came,
 Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder, dereto a purnin shame:
 "Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House—potzblitz! can dis dings pe!—
 Und Breitmann he hafe nodings: vot sights is dis to see!

"Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitmann! ish *dis* do pe de gry
 On de man dat sacked de repels und trinked dem high und dry?
 By meine Seel! I shvears id, und vot's more I deglares id's drue,
 He vonce gleaned oudt a down in half an oor, und shtripped id strumpf und
 shoe.

"He was shoost like Kœnig Etzel, of whom de shdory dell,
 Der Hun who go for de Romans und vollop dem so vell;
 Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow where Etzel's horse had trot,
 Und I really peliefe vere Breitmann go de hops shpring in de shpot."

If once you tie a dog loose, dere ish more soon geds aroud,
 Und wenn dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann id was rings aroom be-foundt;
 Dough *why* he *moost* hafe somedings vas nod by no mean glear,
 Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion, on de snap to all abbeal!

Und, in facdt, Balthazar Bumchen saidt he couldtent nicht blainly see
 Vy a veller for gadderin riches shood dus revartedt pe:
 Der Breitmann own drei Houser, mit a wein-handle in a stohr,
 Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft, und sonst was—somedings more.

Dis plasted plackguard none-sense ve couldn't no means shtand,
 From a narrow-mineted shvine's kopf, of our nople captain grand:
 Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit* a shentleman deplores;
 So ve called him *verflucher Hundsfoot*, und shmysed him out of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann shouldt hafe a nomination
 To go to de Legisladoor, to make some dings off de nation;
 Mit de helb of a Connedigut man, in whom ve hafe great hobes,
 Who hat shange his boledics fivdeen dimes, und derefore knew de robes.

II.—THE COMMITTEE OF INSTRUCTION.

Denn for our Insdructions Comedy de ding vas protocollirt.
 By Docktor Emsig Grubler, who in Jena vonce studiret;
 Und for Breitmann his insdrugtions de comedy tid say
 Dat de All out-going from de Ones vash die first Morál Idée.

Und de segondt crate Morál Idée dat into him ve rings,
 Vas dat government for avery man moost alfays do avery dings;

Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt esbecially ve gall,
Ish to do mitout a Bresident und no government ad all.

Und die fourt' Idée ve vish der Hans vouldt alfays keeb in fiew,
Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool, likewise de Goot und Drue;
Und de form of dis oopright-hood in proctise to present,
He most get our liddle pills all bassed, mitout id's gostin a cent.

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin ish de cratest ding on eart,
Und ash Shoopider der Vater to Minerfa gife ge-birt'—
Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos all pooplic tockuments
Vich he can grap or shtear vill sendt—franked—mit his compliments.

Die sechste crate Morál Idée—since id fery vell ish known
Dat mind ish de resooldt of food, ash der Moleschott has shown,
Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott, as in Fichte dot' abbear—
He moost alfays go mit de barty dat go for lager-bier.

Now ash all dese insdrugdions vere showed to Misder Twine,
De Yangee boledician, he say dey vere fery fine:
Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice—a tarnal tall concern;
Boot dey hafe some liddle trawpacks, und in fagdt weren't worth a dern.

Boot yed, mit our bermission, if de shentlemans allow—
Here all der Shermans in de room dake off deir hats und pow—
He vouldt gife our honored ganditate some nodions of his own,
Hafing managed some elegdions mit sookcess, as vell vas known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay, he'd pet as sure as born,
Dat our mann vouldt not coom oud of der liddle endt der horn,
Mit his goot *proad* Sherman shoulders—dis maket oos laugh, py shink!
So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's—*Nota bene*—afder a trink!

III.—MR. TWINE EXPLAINS BEING "SOUND UPON THE GOOSE."

Dere in his crate corved oaken shtuhl der Breitemann sot he:
He lookt shoost like de shiant in de Kinder hishdorie;
Und pefore him, on de tische, was—where man alfays foundt it—
Dwelf inches of goot lager, mit a Bœmisch glass aroundt it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke he maked no sbeech or sign:
De nexd remark vas, "*Zapfet aus!*"—de dird vas, "*Schenket ein!*"
Vhen in coomed liddle Gottlieb und Trina mit a shtock
Of allerbest Markgraefer wein—dazu dwelf glaeser Bock.

Denn Misder Twine deglare dat he vas happy to denounce
Dat as Copdain Breitmann suited oos egsockdly do an ounce,
He vas ged de nomination, und need nod more eckshblain:
Der Breitmann dink in silence, and denn roar aloudt, CHAMPAGNE!

Den Mishder Twine, while trinken wein, mitwhiles vent on do say,
Dat long insdruckdions in dis age vere nod de dime of tay;
Und de only ding der Breitmann need to pe of any use
Vas shoost to dell to afery mans he's *soundt oopon der coose*.

Und ash dis liddle frase berhops vas nod do oos bekannt,
He dakes de liberdy do make dat ve shall oondershtand,
And wouldt dell a liddle shdory vitch dook blace pefore de wars :
Here der Breitmann nod to Trina, und she bass aroundt cigars.

"Id ish a longe dime, now here, in Bennisylanian's Shtate,
All in der down of Horrisburg dere rosed a vierce depate,
'Tween vamilies mit geoses, und dose where none vere foundt—
If geoses might, by common law, go squanderin aroundt ?

"Dose who vere nod pe-gifted mit geoses, und vere poor,
All shvear de law forbid dis crime, py shings und cerdain sure ;
But de goose-holders teklare a goose greadt liberdy tid need,
And to pen dem oop vas gruel, und a mosdt oon-Christian teed.

"Und denn anoder barty idself tid soon refeal,
Of arisdograts who kepd no goose, pecause 'twas nod shendeel :
Tey tid not vish de splodderin geese shouldt on deir pafemends bass,
So dey shoined de anti-geosers, or de oonder lower glass !"

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out : " Dis shdory goes to show
Dat in poledicks, ash lager, *virtus in medio*.
De drecks ish ad de pottom—de skoom floods high inteed ;
Boot das bier ish in de mittle, says an goot old Sherman lied.

"Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes de scoom und drecks, ve see,
Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft, or election-sympathie."
" Dis is very vine," says Misder Twine, " vot here you indrotuce :
Mit your bermission I'll grack on mit my shdory of de coose.

"A gandertate for sheriff de coose-beholders run,
Who shvear de coose de noblest dings vot valk peneat de sun ;
For de cooses safe de Capidol in Rome long dimes ago,
Und Horrisburg need safin mighty pad, ash all do know.

"Acainsd dis mighdy Goose-man anoder veller rose,
Who keeptd himself ungommon shtill ven oders came to plows ;
Und if any ask how 'twas he shtoodt, his vriends wouldt vink so loose,
Und visper ash dey dapped deir nose : *'He's soundt oopon de coose !*

"He's O. K. oopon de soobject : shoost pet your pile on dat :
On dis bartik'ler quesdion he indends to coot it fat.'
So de veller cot elegded pefore de beople foundt
On vitch site of der coose it vas he shtick so awful soundt.

" Dis shdory's all I hafe to dell," says Misder Hiram Twine ;
" Und I advise Herr Breitmann shoost to vight id on dis line."
De volk who of dese boledics would oder shappers read,
Moost waiten for de segondt pardt of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

C. G. L.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF BOSTON.

ALLAN RAMSAY, by trade a wig-maker, by nature a poet, and by inclination a bookseller, began to eke out a scanty livelihood in the year 1725 by the establishment of a library for the circulation of books among the inhabitants of the city of Edinburgh, lending out for hire the stock of his little shop; thereby laying the foundation of all the circulating libraries that now exist, and being the first to place books within the reach of the lowliest and humblest citizen.

The circulating library of Allan Ramsay, established one hundred and forty-four years ago, exists to-day, and still pursues its quiet career of usefulness in the old scholastic town of Edinburgh. But its founder, who builded with no broad intent, being simply impelled by hard circumstance and pressing want thereto, builded yet better than he knew; for, though he has been sleeping under the heather of old Scotland, whose praises he sang, these hundred years and more, his fame and memory have been kept green, not so much by the power and sweetness of his humble song as by the influence of his little shop, sending its books broadcast through old Scottish homes.

In various quarters of the world, and especially in Germany and Great Britain, Allan Ramsay's example was quickly emulated, and circulating libraries grew apace and were greatly successful. But this was the case nowhere so much as in England, Ramsay's most prosperous imitator in a later day being Mudie of London, who during the ten years ending in 1862 had placed upon his shelves nine hundred and sixty thousand volumes.

But even before the inception of Allan Ramsay's enterprise, the lawyers of Edinburgh, London and Paris respectively had combined together for the purpose of forming libraries which would embrace all such works as would be valuable to them in the pursuit of their profession. These collections of books,

however, while being very complete in a single branch of scientific literature, were exclusively the property of the lawyers, and were not permitted to be taken out of the buildings in which they were deposited, being simply kept for reference and bearing the distinctive title of *consulting libraries*.

But both the circulating library and the mere reference library had been preceded centuries before by others of a different character, the single idea of which was the collection and preservation of manuscripts and tomes. The collection made by the Ptolemies at Alexandria in Egypt was the one that probably preserved for posterity the most valuable of the ancient literature. Subsequently, the religious houses scattered throughout Europe were active in the fulfillment of the same great purpose. But the treasures of these collections, more valuable than gold or precious stones, were for ever sealed against the profane public, and even now one of the most remarkable of these ancient libraries—the Laurentian in Florence—still retains its eight or nine thousand manuscripts, chained to the desks on which they lie. Indeed, aside from collections valuable and curious as this, which even to this day is only approached by grave and famous scholars with an awe little less than reverence, many of the best libraries in the world, whose history is only a matter of yesterday compared with the Laurentian, still keep their treasures fast by aid of chain and clasp. John Hollis, of London, consistent friend of the colony of New England and "second founder" of the Harvard College Library, is writing from London to some one connected with that institution in 1725—the same year, it will be remembered, that Allan Ramsay established the first circulating library in the world—and he says: "You want seats to sit and read, and *chains* to your valuable books, like our Bodleian Library

or Zion College in London." He adds afterward, in tones of awful reprobation at such a condition of things, that he hears the books are taken to their rooms by the students, or lent out sometimes even to the people of the town.

Certainly these college libraries were founded on a broader basis than the old collections of the religious houses, and admitted freer access to their treasures, but they were never intended to benefit any others than the collegians and grave scholars who came from afar laden with testimonials of fitness: few of them at this late day have any more catholic aims; and it may be said of many of the best libraries of the world outside of the colleges that they forbid a free circulation of their books, and some of them prohibit any circulation at all; so that, despite the growth of vast collections of books in all great towns, and frequently in very humble villages, the circulating library, born of the poverty of the Scottish poet, has continued to flourish.

But it must be remembered that, after all, the circulating library was, first and last, only intended to advance the pecuniary interests of its many proprietors, and that it tended at all to the culture and good of the people was a sequence not considered by either its original founder or his many successors. This defect in its plan was early discovered, and naturally led to those combinations of individuals known as library companies, whose object has been a broader and nobler one—that of procuring for popular use works of a general character for the benefit of their own members. The first of such library companies ever founded was suggested by Dr. Franklin. In the year 1731, while yet a printer in the city of Penn., he, in connection with several other young men, mechanics and tradesmen, founded what is still called "The Library Company of Philadelphia," though it is better known to-day as the "Old Philadelphia Library." Very appropriately, the marble effigy of the old philosopher stands in a niche above the ever-open portals, keeping guard over

one of the richest treasure-houses of learning in America—the one whose spacious design he conceived, and the first of its kind in the world.

But between the so-called social library system, inaugurated by Dr. Franklin, and that of the free circulating library of the Hon. Jonathan Phillips and Joshua Bates, there was a great gulf to be bridged over. From the date of the formation of the Library Company of Philadelphia, in 1731, until the year 1820; this gulf had never been spanned in America, whatever might have been done elsewhere. To leap it altogether was a nobler scheme than until then any man had ever conceived. But in the winter of 1819-'20, Daniel B. Smith, Thomas Kimber and Samuel L. Shober, two of them members of the Society of Friends, were assembled together at the house of one of their number, within a square or two of Fifth and Mulberry streets, in the city of Philadelphia, and tradition (the records being dumb) says that Daniel B. Smith then and there told his two associates that there had lately come into existence, in the city of Boston and State of Massachusetts, a library for the exclusive use of apprentices, which was in its design absolutely free; and that he thereupon suggested the idea of the Apprentices' Library of Philadelphia.

The history of the Boston institution referred to by Mr. Smith is at the best meagre and obscure: all we know of it is, that it was the philanthropic idea of Mr. William Wood of that city, who somewhat later removed thence to Canandaigua, New York; that it was opened on the 22d of February, 1820, with a collection of fifteen hundred volumes; that its expenses were defrayed by public subscription; that in a very short time these subscriptions ceased, and that the doors of the library were closed, never to be reopened upon the same plan. It appears that Mr. Wood, subsequently to the year 1820, interested himself in the propagation of free libraries both here and abroad, for we find, in an old volume of *Parliamentary Debates*, Lord Brougham saying that "although

the remote origin of these institutions (free libraries) may be traced to Franklin, Mr. Wood has the credit of establishing them on their present plan, and adapting them peculiarly to the instruction of mechanics and apprentices."

But, as we have seen, the Boston Apprentices' Library, as a free gift of the people, was early a failure, and had but two or three years of life. It is true, it was subsequently re-established, but more on the social plan, and after thirty years of existence it had added but twenty-five hundred volumes to the original fifteen hundred.

It is clear that we must credit William Wood with the honor of originating the apprentices' library system, and it is equally clear that the institution in Philadelphia was the first one in the world successfully established under Wood's design. If it is not the parent, it is the oldest and most vigorous living child, and heir to all the estate and honors of its progenitor.

Daniel B. Smith, Thomas Kimber and Samuel L. Shober were no longer very young men as they sat together in the parlor of the Sixth street house discussing the plan of the projected library, but they were greatly in earnest; and in that same winter of 1819-'20 we find them calling public meetings to forward the scheme; and in 1821 they were before the Pennsylvania Legislature asking for an act of incorporation for their already-established institution, their preamble setting forth that they believe "that many benefits would arise from the establishment of a library of suitable books for the use of apprentices—that it would promote orderly and virtuous habits, diffuse knowledge and the desire for knowledge, improve the scientific skill of our mechanics and manufacturers, *increase the benefits of the system of general education which is now adopted*, and advance the prosperity and happiness of the community." In turning to the coadjutors of these three old Friends—two of whom long since went home by way of the quiet meeting-house which the great charity they founded overlooks, while one survives in a hale and honored

old age—we find among them the names of those who have given to the old Quaker City a large share of whatever fame or honor has come to her through her merchants, lawyers, physicians or simple citizens. The venerable Horace Binney, almost a nonagenarian, still living, and his life fuller of honors than years, was the library's first president, and Roberts Vaux, whose name is closely allied with beneficial enterprises, its first vice-president.

The beginning was humble enough, yet whatever treasures the library possessed were freely loaned without money and without price; but it was still defective in its too narrow aims. It was solely for the benefit of a *class*—for the special benefit of apprentices (*and other young persons, at the discretion of the managers*). Until 1841 books were loaned to boys and young men only: in that year a female department was organized, and books were first loaned to girls; but it was never intended that either department should be used by any person of either sex above the age of twenty-one years, nor by those whose pecuniary circumstances would permit them to secure access to the other libraries of the city.

With these restrictions the poor of both sexes in the city and its vicinity were invited to use the books of the institution freely—to take them to their homes and keep them there for any reasonable time. They had nothing to pay for their use, no deposit to make of the books' value. The master or mistress of the applicant simply signed the application, and a person known to the managers testified over his signature that the master or mistress was a respectable citizen. The application, thus completed, was filed in the library, and it enabled the boy or girl in whose name it was drawn to partake of the full benefits of the institution until he or she arrived at lawful age. For nearly half a century the library has pursued its quiet, useful career among the apprentices, but its aims are only a little wider to-day than they were in 1821.

The Apprentices' Library is lodged in

an old historic building at the corner of Fifth and (now-called) Arch streets, in the north wall of which is set a marble slab bearing this quaint legend :

BY GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION

FOR THE

FREE QUAKERS.

ERECTED IN THE YEAR

OF OUR LORD 1783

OF THE EMPIRE 8.

The founders of the building were originally members of the Society of Friends, from which they became separated by taking part in the war of the Revolution. When the war was ended, they formed a religious society, and erected the present library building for a meeting-house. There they assembled after the manner of their sect, but Time, gently covering old wrongs and bitter-nesses, obliterated their misdeeds against the Spirit of Peace, and either they or their children were taken back at last into the old beloved fold, and then the building fell into disuse, and afterward into the possession of the library. But the galleries where the ministers and elders sat, and the massive benches for the rest of these grim old fighting Quakers, are still preserved with very loving care.

That their successors are worthy to hold the house of silent worship erected by their Revolutionary sires should appear from these following words, which close a late report of the managers :

"We confide to our successors the duty of imparting instruction to youth, that shall elevate them above groveling propensities — teach them the necessity of a daily dependence upon Divine guidance — the cultivation of a philanthropy which shall acknowledge the brotherhood of man — a patriotism that recognizes but one government, however extended our domain—a nationality that has but one emblem, and, however multiplied its stars, that they form but one constellation, and that whoever with loyal heart may seek refuge under its

folds shall neither be enslaved nor disfranchised."

The free library for apprentices was, at the best, a rough and narrow bridging over of the gulf of which we have spoken; yet when we consider how many thousands of youth it has educated, instructed and amused — how many it has saved from vicious grovelings, from vile resorts and from infamous courses during its half century of life — and then turn to its vacant shelves, discovering there but some paltry thirty thousand volumes, and many of them of but little or no worth, we can think of nothing else so disgraceful to the old city of Penn — no reproach so deep and loud as it daily thunders into the ears of the citizens of Philadelphia for their shameful neglect of this noble charity.

In some of the choicest and most valuable volumes of the collection, however, there may be found a noble instance of private munificence which serves as a relief to the general gloom of this picture of neglect. It is in the shape of a letter received by the managers of the library in the year 1857 from the chief of an extensive publishing house. In his communication he says :

"We have the pleasure of informing you that a credit has been opened in our house in accordance with the following extract from a letter of instructions from a friend of your institution :

" 'When a boy, and not able to obtain books in any other way, I received much pleasure and instruction from those which were then loaned to me by the Apprentices' Library of Philadelphia. Success in life has not made me unmindful of early benefits, and I desire in part to pay back the debt I owe to the above institution.' "

He generously gave on that occasion books valued at one thousand dollars, and a few months subsequently gave an additional sum of one thousand dollars. The name of the munificent donor was not permitted to be divulged, and it still remains a secret.

"Thus, after thirty-seven years' distribution of its benefits, the rising tide of the fortunes of its readers comes

freighted with a rich return for bread long since cast upon the waters," was the language used by the managers in speaking of this noble gift; and they added: "He who, by noble acts, elevates the standing of humanity, and causes others to follow in his footsteps, is a philanthropist indeed."

This second gift had a greater and more significant value to the library than was at first recognized, for the donor stipulated that among the volumes contained in it there should be embraced the names of a large number of works of fiction. His gift included complete editions of the novels of Cooper, Scott, Dickens, and other standard story-writers. It was a wise and graceful acknowledgment from mature and cultured Manhood that Youth needs entertainment as well as instruction—that it needs to be amused as well as taught. The stern, practical engineer who had builded a nation's railroads, and made mountain wastes teem with industry and abundance, builded yet better when he supplied to Youth those volumes that glowed with the beauty and genius of the masters of fiction than when he laid the iron roads of Russia.

But never until then had a work of fiction been admitted into that solemn old Quaker charity; and we can imagine that the thought of such an innovation fell upon those old Friends gathered in council as something scarcely venial. Yet maybe, in accepting it, they were tempted thereto by remembering that having lost out of their own youth the pleasant legends of the story-tellers, they had missed something that might have softened and brightened their after years. Be this as it may, the wise and noble gift was accepted, novels and all; and the donor knows to-day, by the well-worn copies of the books he gave, that they have been the most popular treasures of the library; and that they have not been among its best treasures, too, is for no man to say whose memory is filled with the heroic fables of Scott, the pioneering or sea tales of Cooper, or the sweet, tender humanity of Dickens' stories. *Bowditch on Navi-*

gation is useful, doubtless, but long after it shall be utterly forgotten the ship on which Old Peggotty and Little Emily and Micawber sailed will be in our minds a living picture and a pleasant memory. One of the gravest and tenderest of all philosophers has written, remembering the faith of his youth: "I believe in no biographies now save that of Robinson Crusoe, mariner."

But with a few exceptions, of which the above is chiefest, without that generous aid it should have received, the Apprentices' Library has gone on its certain way, helping and educating to a better life and more useful aims the children of the poor, yet stinted in its capacity for usefulness by the niggardly spirit of the thousands of wealthy citizens who daily pass its doors; slowly gathering in its few hundred volumes of cheap books yearly, when it should gather its many thousand volumes of the choicest literature, if only our people appreciated one-half its usefulness. It will not excuse their remissness and apathy to plead that it is too narrow in its charity—that it halts and lags behind the broader, more generous spirit of the present day. They can make it what they will. We freely admit its narrow scope, and recognize the fact that it is but as a plank thrown across the chasm that divides the *social library* system from that other system which is entirely free to all seekers after knowledge.

That true and perfect edifice has been built, but not here. We laid the cornerstone, but it was left for the citizens of a sister city to place the coping and rear the noble towers. There it stands—THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF BOSTON—"whole as the marble, founded as the rock," without a peer in its noble beauty and proportion of design.

Somewhere about the year 1800, in the ancient town of Weymouth, Massachusetts, Joshua Bates, son of an old Revolutionary colonel, was going to the common school of the place, carrying a stick of wood on his shoulder, that being his contribution toward keeping up the school-room fire, and such the price ex-

acted from each pupil. About the year 1805 he was in the counting-house of William R. Gray, a Boston merchant, receiving there his mercantile education, and often invited by a friendly old bookseller on Washington street to spend his unemployed evenings in reading the books laid upon the counter for sale, by the dim shop-lights. In the year 1828, Mr. Bates was in London, and had placed to his credit, in the house of Baring Brothers, by an almost stranger, twenty thousand pounds, with which he embarked in the business of banking.

In the year 1852, Joshua Bates, then or soon to be senior member in the famous house of Baring Brothers of London, wrote to the Honorable Benjamin Seaver, then mayor of the city of Boston, a letter of which the following is a part:

"LONDON, 1st October, 1852.

"DEAR SIR: I am indebted to you for a copy of the report of the trustees of the Public Library for the city of Boston, which I have perused with great interest, being impressed with the importance, to the rising and future generations, of such a library as is recommended; and while I am sure that, in a liberal and wealthy community like that of Boston, there will be no want of funds to carry out the recommendation of the trustees, it may accelerate its accomplishment, and establish the library at once on a scale that will do credit to the city, if I am allowed to pay for the books required, which I am quite willing to do—thus leaving to the city to provide the building and take care of the expenses.

"The only condition I ask is, that the building shall be such as shall be an ornament to the city—that there shall be room for one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons to sit at reading-tables—that it shall be perfectly free to all, with no other restrictions than may be necessary for the preservation of the books."

He estimated the cost of the books at fifty thousand dollars.

That first contribution of Joshua Bates was the sure foundation of what is now known as "The Public Library of the City of Boston," which is to-day

not only the largest but one of the most valuable in America, and altogether the freest and most catholic in its system of any library in the world.

It is not easy to say when such an institution was suggested, nor who is entitled to the honor of the suggestion; but it was an idea more than ten years old when Joshua Bates wrote that letter. As early as 1841 there had been preliminary movements made toward the fulfillment of such a scheme, and in the years 1843 and 1847 books were received by the city of Boston from the Municipal Council of Paris, through M. Vattemare, in accordance with his plan of international exchanges, and in this latter year a joint committee of the City Council on a city library was first appointed.

But committees move slowly; and while the noble scheme for a free library had its only existence in the hopes of a few friends of such an institution, the Hon. Jonathan Phillips was in the year 1849 making his last will, and in it he devised to his native city the sum of twenty thousand dollars "for the establishment and maintenance" of a public library. Mr. Phillips was therefore, in intention, if not in fact, the original founder of the present institution. Joshua Bates' letter was written three years after the date of Mr. Phillips' will, but, owing to the latter gentleman being still alive, Mr. Bates' donation was first made available. Yet when we remember that a year after the London banker's letter was received, Mr. Phillips, having seen the honor of originating such a noble work pass from him to another, gave an additional ten thousand dollars toward the library, and that he was yet alive and undoubtedly present at the laying of the corner-stone of the institution in 1855, and silent as to that generous clause in his will, we must see how magnanimous a man he was, and how little selfishness there was in his gift. In that same year of 1849, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Hon. S. A. Eliot, Dr. J. Mason Warren, Dr. J. B. McMahon and Ezra Weston presented books for a library; and a year later, Hon. John P. Bigelow, while mayor, presented one thousand dollars, and the

Hon. Edward Everett gave his set of public documents and State Papers of the United States, numbering upward of a thousand volumes; so that in the year 1851 the city possessed two thousand volumes. But they were stowed away in a room in the City Hall, not accessible to the public.

That was the humble beginning of the Boston Public Library, which to-day has nearly one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, fifty thousand pamphlets and over two hundred magazines on its shelves. Its few thousand volumes continued to be locked up from the public until the middle of the year 1854, when the library found a local habitation, and was opened to the people in a room in Mason street previously used for ward meetings.

These details, not very interesting in themselves, become important when the present magnitude of this generous and useful establishment is considered. Its growth has been commensurate with its power for good, and the carrying out of the primary idea of its founders, especially that of Mr. George Ticknor—that it should be an extension of the benefits of the present common school system of Boston—has been one of the chief causes of its great success. That system was intended to give to the child of every citizen a first-rate school education free of cost; but, excellent as it was, it imparted only the elements of learning, and gave to its recipients no chance to get beyond the elements: the idea of the library was to give them this chance; to throw open to their awakened, searching minds the broadest, plainest roads leading to the temples of Art and Science and Literature; to begin again the work of education where the school left off, and to complete it.

It was never intended as a mere "resort for professed scholars, where they might pursue their studies or prosecute their researches, historical or classical, scientific or literary." It was to be a library for the people—to supply them, however poor or humble, however rich or great they might be, with not only the largest educational facilities, but with in-

tellectual gratification and wise enjoyment, absolutely free from charge or expense. That was the solid foundation on which the scheme was builded; and others coming after the founders, whose faith in the people experience had chilled, might contract the first grand proportions of the edifice, but they could not extend them.

The reading-room of the library was opened in the old Adams school-house in Mason street in the March of 1854, but it was not until May of that year that the circulating department was ready for use. In November of the previous year the library consisted of 9688 volumes and 961 pamphlets, and in the second annual report of the trustees, in November, 1854, it was stated that the collection had increased to 16,221 volumes and 3950 pamphlets. This rapid growth of the institution naturally elated the trustees, and, flushed with success, they made this remarkable prophecy in regard to the prospective increase of the collection: that in *fourteen years they would have a hundred thousand volumes, exclusive of pamphlets*—"a larger collection than any (then) existing in America."

In the autumn in which we write the fourteen years of the prophecy are fulfilled, and the library which in that November of 1854 numbered some sixteen thousand volumes, in this November of 1868 numbers more than one hundred and forty-five thousand—a larger collection than any *now* existing in America.* And not a single volume, pamphlet or newspaper bought, except with funds nobly given for that purpose. No assessments made, no taxes levied on any man, but a magnificent free gift from a few people to many; its donors sending from all the corners of the world their offerings to build up in free America a temple of knowledge wondrous in its beauty and

* In speaking of the extent of the various library collections in the United States, I throughout omit any mention of the Library of Congress, which contains 175,000 volumes. I do this because that institution largely depends for its increase upon the tax levied upon all American publishers of a volume of every copyrighted book, and draws upon the revenues of the whole nation for its support.

breadth of proportions, and free to every one who cares to enter its always open doors. We of Pennsylvania or Texas or Maine may not carry its volumes to our homes, as they of Boston can and do, but if we go to it and sit down for study or research within its noble walls, its every resource, its most precious treasures, the time and service of its servants, are at our absolute command—so wide and gracious is its hospitality.

In the *Memoirs of Libraries*, by Mr. Edwards, librarian of the Manchester Free Library, he affirms that "casual donation is a totally untrustworthy source for the formation of public libraries under any circumstances;" yet as regards the Public Library of Boston its experience has been exactly the reverse. By gift, direct or indirect, every treasure of that vast collection has been acquired; and while it is true that a large proportion of the books of the institution were accessions in bulk, yet nearly or quite forty thousand volumes were lesser gifts, varying from one book to two thousand volumes. In the year 1857 the British Museum had five hundred and forty thousand volumes, of which only two hundred and eighteen thousand had been given to it; and the aggregate collections of four of the principal libraries of Europe contemporary with the Boston Library amounted in five years to one hundred and forty thousand, and of these only thirty thousand were presented. The most flourishing of kindred establishments probably in this country, the New York Mercantile Library—which in 1865-'66 had increased some nine thousand volumes—received in gifts only one hundred and seventy. The Astor Library, being the endowment of a single family for the benefit of the city of New York, cannot properly be considered. The Harvard College Library at Cambridge is largely the result of very noble contributions; but as a whole, judged as a collection, it is vastly inferior in value, and even in extent, to the Boston Public Library.

The growth of this institution should not be uninteresting to any of us while our

library system is yet only developing its strength, and where in America, except in Boston, the free circulating library is but an experiment. The story of that establishment is a story for a large volume, and not for the few pages allotted to us here. We can only mention, and that hurriedly, the large gifts by which it grew to its present noble stature. We must be silent altogether about those forty thousand volumes presented by those humbler givers in little parcels containing from a single book to two thousand. They were often given with as genuine a love as the widow's mite was given, and as often out of as small a store. But we leave their names unrecorded, and pass on to him whose marble effigy confronts us as we ascend the grand stairway of the Bates Hall.

The first donation of Joshua Bates of fifty thousand dollars was, instead of being directly used in the purchase of books, funded, and the interest (three thousand dollars) alone applied to that purpose. This, while it provided for the gradual and steady increase of the collection, was not sufficient to enable the institution to fulfill at once the object of its projectors; and Mr. Bates, appreciating this fact as soon as any one, wrote in the September of 1855 to the mayor of Boston, offering a second donation. In that letter he said:

"It is desirable and important to render this free Public Library *at once* extensively useful as a large collection of books, in as many departments of human knowledge, as possible. For this purpose, and still further to manifest my deep interest in the prosperity of the city of Boston, I now propose, if agreeable to the city government, in addition to the fund of fifty thousand dollars already constituted, to purchase and present to the city a considerable number of books *in trust*, that the same shall be accessible, in a convenient and becoming library building, to the inhabitants of Boston generally."

This "considerable collection of books," given to the city of Boston, to be held by it *in trust* for the people, was not entirely completed until the year

1858. It had all been purchased abroad by Mr. Bates from lists prepared in Boston, and numbered 26,592 volumes, costing above fifty thousand dollars. The two donations of Mr. Bates therefore amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars.

Not only one of the noblest patrons of the Public Library, but the one to whom more than any other it is indebted for its permanent success, is Mr. George Ticknor, the eminent scholar and citizen, who from the earliest day of its inception has been its earnest, faithful servant, and who, as author of the report of the year 1852, gave to the institution shape and being.

In connection with the second donation of Joshua Bates, Mr. Ticknor visited Europe in the summer of 1856, where he remained, the unpaid servant of the library, until the autumn of the following year. While absent on this congenial duty the entire resources of the trustees were placed to his credit, and he personally employed his energies and vast erudition in obtaining for the library the most valuable works in all languages purchasable, and also appointed purchasing-agents for it in all the chief cities of Europe; so that to-day it is in receipt of every work of value published either here or abroad.

Mr. Ticknor was also empowered to negotiate for the renowned Tozzetti Library of Florence, then on sale, but previous to his arrival it had been offered to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Four years after the Honorable Jonathan Phillips had made his will giving twenty thousand dollars to the library, and two years before the second gift of Mr. Bates, he gave to the institution the sum of ten thousand dollars, which was funded. But he was still silent concerning that clause in his last testament which would after a while show him to be the real founder of the Free Library.

After that letter of the London banker in September, 1855, the friends of the library evidently thought they had enough books, for the trustees record in their annual reports for the next three years only a few scattering gifts to the

institution of large value, the largest being that of a woman, Mrs. Sally J. R. Shepard. It was the first gift the institution had received from a woman, and it seemed like a graceful acknowledgment from her to it on behalf of her sex, for from the earliest hour of its conception the treasures of the library were as common and free to the one sex as the other. It took the Apprentices' Library of Philadelphia twenty-one years to emerge from the Mohammedan darkness which covered it, and in which women blindly grope, with no souls to be saved or minds to be cultured. We are strongly reminded just now that this darkness still lingers over a portion of our continent, for even as we write the wise men of Canada are gravely discussing the import of the word "pupil"—as to whether it can be applied to females, and will permit these Solons to allow to girls the privileges of the public schools, from which they are now excluded.

It was not until the year 1858 that the present noble edifice was completed by the city and made ready to receive the collection from Mason street. Indeed, the increase of books had been so great that it overflowed the old school-house, and filled, with its boxed-up treasures of the second Bates' donation, sundry dark cellars and warerooms. This munificent gift was completed in that year and placed on the shelves. It was in 1851 that the whole collection, stored away in a locked room in the City Hall, consisted of only two thousand volumes, and now, in November of 1858, just seven years later, the library contained 70,851 volumes and 17,938 pamphlets. There was never before such growth as this from private munificence.

The building and appurtenances had cost the city the sum of three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, and was intended to accommodate two hundred thousand volumes—more, the builders thought, than any of them would live to see in it. They built, as Wagner composed, for the future, but already the present calls for a larger temple.

It is necessary here to explain the plan of the building in reference to the

bestowal of the collection. For this purpose two rooms are used—one above, and the other below. After the death of Joshua Bates, which occurred in London in September of 1864, the upper room was formally designated, in honor of the largest giver to the library, Bates Hall.

This hall is magnificent in its proportions, having three tiers of alcoves for the reception of books, divided by very beautiful fluted columns with Corinthian caps and connected by ornate arches, the clear space inside of the alcoves being thirty-eight by eighty-six feet. Here are kept all works coming under the title of *restricted books*, which are encyclopædias, dictionaries and other reference-books; also all such as could not, on account of their rarity, be replaced, or such as the trustees might deem unsuited for general circulation, as medical or law books, gazetteers, biographical dictionaries, bibliographical works, maps and charts, together with all volumes given upon the express condition that they should not be circulated. While most of these books are not permitted to be taken from the building, any one wishing to use them within it is provided with the largest and freest facility for doing so, during all the secular days of the year, from nine in the morning until ten o'clock at night, and, as we have said, without charge or expense of any kind. But under certain—not onerous—conditions many of these so-called restricted books are permitted to circulate, the number lent for home use from among them, during the year 1867, being 13,696, or over one-sixth of the whole; the total number of the Bates Hall collection being in that year 87,656 books, exclusive of the Parker, Bowditch and Prince libraries, which have separate alcoves assigned to them and are kept together, and also exclusive of the two hundred and eight periodicals. The mere fact that 91,832 readers used the Bates Hall collection in two hundred and seventy-seven days of 1867 will show that there is no restriction placed upon its treasures inside the building, and that the widest liberty con-

sistent with their preservation is allowed outside of it.

Those books upon which no restrictions are placed, and which are allowed to circulate free as the air through all Boston homes, are kept in the Lower Hall, and numbered, in 1867, 25,199 volumes, 1411 of which were lent out in one day.

To properly understand the workings of this great charity, it will hereafter be necessary for the reader to bear in mind the above distinctions between Bates Hall, restricted in its circulation, and the Lower Hall, altogether free.

As if the full capacity of the Public Library for doing good had not been felt until it was properly bestowed, now that the edifice was complete donations of incalculable value began to pour into it once more. The lull had lasted for three years, during which time it depended principally upon its funded property to supply the necessary yearly increase.

The first of these offerings came from the sons of the late eminent Nathaniel Bowditch, LL.D., who presented their father's library of twenty-five hundred and fifty volumes, besides manuscripts, maps, etc. Since the death of Dr. Bowditch, in 1838, his children had maintained his collection open to the public, but in consequence of the city extending Devonshire street into Otis Place, the building in which the library was kept was obliged to be destroyed. This collection was a mine of scientific wealth, containing as it did the materials which Dr. Bowditch had spent a lifetime in gathering, and which were the efficient aids to those researches and productions which placed him among the benefactors of his kind, and gave him a position in the front rank of the philosophers of his age. It included twenty-nine volumes of his own manuscripts, besides whatever was rare or valuable in mathematical science.

Another acquisition was secured to the Public Library this year—the value of which it is not easy to estimate, though its mere pecuniary cost was over ten thousand dollars in gold. We refer

to the *Specifications of English Patents*, the gift of the English government. The series of this work completed included the "specifications" entire, accompanied by full drawings and plans of all inventions for which letters patent had been issued in England from 1617 to 1860. The series consisted of about five hundred volumes of text in imperial octavo, and five hundred volumes of plates in folio. Only two hundred copies were printed, and but four of them came to America. The indexes alone to this superb work, which is without a counterpart in value to those connected with the industrial arts, comprise nineteen volumes imperial octavo, and are so complete as to enable any one to find any English patent he may seek if he is acquainted either with the name of the patentee, the date of the patent or its subject-matter.

In the year 1859 the receipts of the library were increased by legacies of the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, who left ten thousand dollars, and Miss Mary P. Townsend, who left four thousand dollars; both of which were funded. The institution had now a yearly income of nearly five thousand dollars to devote exclusively to the purchase of books, and could feel reasonably sure of being able from that source alone to maintain a constant supply of the current literature of the times, and have something to spare for rare and choice works of the past.

But the year 1860 was altogether the one which, apart from the two donations of Joshua Bates, gave to the library its most valuable aid. The Rev. Theodore Parker, dying in Florence in the previous year, bequeathed his whole collection to the Public Library, a destination he had anticipated for it for many years. The bequest was, however, made contingent upon its ratification by Mrs. Parker, who was authorized by the will to retain for her own use the whole or any portion of her husband's books. This privilege Mrs. Parker, with a magnanimity and public spirit equal to that of the testator, waived, and the whole collection, numbering 11,061 volumes, passed to the

library. It covered the most important branches of theology, intellectual philosophy, Scandinavian antiquities, the civil law, the classics, the Oriental languages, history and miscellaneous literature. It was deemed so valuable by the trustees that they gave it an alcove to itself in Bates Hall, and placed its treasures among the restricted books.

This noble collection was scarcely received before Mr. George Ticknor, the always consistent friend of the institution, presented his large reference collection of Greek, Latin and Italian classics; his total donation being upward of three thousand volumes, many of which were valuable beyond a pecuniary computation. Indeed, any library possessing works of the character of those presented by Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Parker is not to be valued so much by the extent of its collection as by its rarity and usefulness.

In 1861 the Hon. Jonathan Phillips died, and then that old clause in his will made in 1849, leaving twenty thousand dollars "to establish and maintain" a public library, came to light, and the library was that much richer for it, and gave him some little credit, too, for being the first founder of the institution.

In 1862, Mr. George Ticknor presented a rare collection of books relating to the life of Molière. It consisted of one hundred and forty-three volumes, and was made especially interesting from the fact that it was begun by the historian Prescott, who, in the winter of 1837-'38, entertained the idea of writing a life of Molière, and wrote to his friend Mr. Ticknor, who was then in Paris, to obtain for him such works as would best assist him in his design. Mr. Ticknor, aided by Mr. Jules Tachereau, who had some years before published a very complete life of Molière, and who was, at the date of Mr. Ticknor's visit, at the head of the Imperial Library at Paris, fulfilled Mr. Prescott's request. But the great success of the *Ferdinand and Isabella*, which was just then issued, induced its author to abandon the idea, and to confine his attention strictly to Spanish history. About a dozen years

later, Prescott presented his Molière collection to Mr. Ticknor, hoping that his friend would undertake the work he had abandoned. And indeed it was Mr. Ticknor's wish to do so which, as opportunity occurred, led him to add very considerably to the original collection. But the old scholar and patriot, weighed down with his many honorable years, and oppressed with the troubles that fell upon his country, himself concluded very regretfully to leave the task unaccomplished. He had been twenty years in bringing this curious collection together, which, he said in presenting it to the library, might be "useful to some scholar in the dark future." Only twenty of the volumes were Prescott's, and they bear his book-plate.

During the year 1866 the deacons of the Old South Church presented to the institution the books of the Rev. Thomas Prince, once pastor of that church. This precious collection, containing 1899 volumes, had long been known throughout the United States as the "Prince Library." It was especially rich in books and pamphlets relating to the history of New England. Mr. Prince began to form the collection in 1703, and he diligently enlarged it by purchases at home and abroad. It included American books of great rarity and of vast historical importance, which, until their acquisition by the Public Library, were almost hidden treasures. It contained the *Bay Psalms*, the first book printed in America, and *Eliot's Indian Bible*, both editions—a copy of which latter work sold in New York during the present year for over thirteen hundred dollars.

In connection with the library a central idea in the minds of the trustees was, that a good book was never so much in the way of its duty as when it was in the hands of a reader, and that a bad one had no duty at all except in the hands of the paper-maker.

In acquiring books by purchase during those early days of the institution, the trustees chiefly consulted the wants of the *mass* of the reading public, not especially considering the requirements

of mere scholars or literary men. In some desultory cases, where they found it possible to secure at a cheap and reasonable price a really rare or valuable work, it was done, even though it might have been of such a particular character as not to meet a popular demand. But with few exceptions the original plan of the early friends of the institution was to acquire only such useful books of a general and attractive kind as were printed in the English language, plainly and durably bound. All works in the learned and foreign languages, books or editions of them which had little value outside of their rarity, mere works of luxury, splendidly illustrated and sumptuously bound, had little space devoted to them on the shelves of the old Mason street school-house. They aimed to make a collection that would attract those who, having imbibed a taste for reading in or out of the public schools, could have their taste gratified and directed to useful, helpful results by the library, it being intended for substantial use rather than for curiosities and show.

But the rapid growth of the institution in wealth and position enabled the trustees at a comparatively early day to send their agents into every book-mart of the world to compete for whatever was useful, rare or valuable. From being a collection in a single language, its treasures soon represented the literary wealth of all tongues. The interest of the funded donations to the library was spent in securing books of the most permanent value, while the twenty-six thousand volumes presented by Mr. Bates in bulk embraced the rarest and costliest issues of all Europe. It had never been the idea of the trustees to compete with the proprietary circulating libraries in pandering to the lowest taste by affording to the citizens of Boston free access to all the trashy and ephemeral publications of the Minerva press. Good novels there were obtained in abundance, but they did not crowd out more useful and instructive works; the bulk of the collection being to-day such books as are considered standard authority upon all subjects.

Boston taste may or may not be a pe-

culiar one, but it must occur to the reader that it is a remarkably cultured public which demands that such works as De la Rive on Electricity, Muschet's and Overman's Treatises on Iron and Steel, the various volumes of Bailliere's Library of standard and scientific works, the writings of Jonathan Edwards and of Leighton, of Jefferson and Hamilton, should be placed in the Lower Hall, where the greatest number of readers could most readily procure them. Yet Boston taste required it to be done.

In books of reference, such as lexicons, vocabularies and grammars, bibliographical dictionaries, gazetteers and atlases, in science and art, the library is especially rich, and in the single collection bequeathed by Mr. Parker there are more than fifty lexicons of various languages. To mention the individual treasures of the institution, such as make it in the estimation of scholars and philosophers second to none in America, would require more space than there is between the covers of this Magazine. As early as 1858 the agent of the trustees in Leipsic stated in one of his communications that the purchases he had been able to make embraced volumes which the best-provided public libraries in Europe would deem themselves fortunate to possess.

The population of Manchester, England, is about double that of Boston, and the public library of the former city is little more than one-third the size of the Boston institution. In both establishments the character of books most popular is determined by experience, and not by any theory. Experience shows that the demand for the following books requires the trustees to place upon their shelves—of

	At Manchester.	At Boston.
Homer	6	118
Dante	4	93
Goethe	11	38
Shakespeare ..	40	175
Lessing	1	44
Muratori	13 vols.	92 vols.

The popular demand for such books is not an unfair test of the culture of the people of the two cities.

But if we take the records of the loans of the Lower Hall for a single year, we will obtain not only an idea of the literary taste of the Boston public, but of the character of the books which are permitted to circulate with the greatest freedom. In remarking the large proportion of fiction and juvenile books read, it should be remembered that children above the age of sixteen years, or, if pupils of public schools, above the age of twelve, are entitled to all the benefits of the library. The number of loans were for 1867, from Lower Hall, of books in

Science, Arts and Professions	12,250
History	5,425
Poetry, Drama	8,750
Biography	7,245
Voyages and Travels	8,837
Periodicals and libraries (like Böhn's)	11,480
French, German and Italian	5,064
Fiction and juvenile books	124,663

In 1867, out of 25,199 volumes in the Lower Hall, there were but 7165 volumes of fiction and juveniles combined; while Mudie's circulating library of London, intended for the gratification, and presumed to represent the taste, of the higher classes in England, had in 1860 of fiction alone 44 per cent., or nearly one-half of the whole. The Boston Public Library, it will be remembered, represents the *people*, and not a privileged class.

The efforts made by the trustees to secure a collection of books which would be perfect in the possession of everything of permanent value published, were remarkable. As early as the year 1855 they promulgated in every possible manner the following request: that all persons who could not obtain from the library any book which they might want, either because it was not in the collection at all, or because there were not copies enough, should ask that such book be obtained for them by the library. Among other means employed by the trustees to make this request public, they had several thousand notices

of it printed and put into the books, but so complete already was the collection that only twenty-five books were asked for which were not already on the library shelves. Subsequently the trustees obtained the services of some of the most eminent bibliographers in the country to make lists of books of permanent value, that they might be secured.

Dr. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, New York, officially asserted that in New York a free circulating library was impossible, and that in five years any collection of books for that purpose would be scattered for ever, beyond the hope of recovery. We must suppose that Dr. Cogswell's position enabled him to speak advisedly about this matter, but he had not yet spoken at all concerning it when the Boston Public Library was started; and, moreover, New York is not Boston.

Nothing could be freer than the system of loans in the first years of the institution. Its treasures were free to circulate among all the people of Boston who chose to ask for them: the borrower had only to sign a card applying for the privilege and to register his name and address upon the book kept for that purpose, and the whole ceremony was performed. During the first five months of the library's existence in Mason street, 6590 persons had entered their names for the enjoyment of its privileges, and the number of volumes borrowed by them for use at home was 35,389, besides several thousand used in the reading-room. All the books of the then small collection had temporary covers placed on them, and at the end of those five months of use it was ascertained that not a single volume out of the whole library had lost this slight and perishable covering, and only *twenty* were missing from the shelves; and of this small number all but three or four were subsequently returned. So that out of a circulation of 35,389 volumes, lent without the slightest restriction or pecuniary security for their return, only four volumes were lost to the institution during those first five months of its career.

But about the year 1857 the trustees began to complain of the loss of their books, of disgraceful mutilations; and grave doubts arose in their minds as to the propriety of continuing the unrestricted license given to borrowers. But when we examine closely their losses, and compare them with the circulation of the library, the alarm of the trustees does not seem well founded. In that year of 1857 there were one hundred and fifty volumes lost from the shelves, but the circulation, exclusive of books used in the reading-room, embraced ninety thousand volumes and fourteen thousand borrowers. Surely the loss of one hundred and fifty volumes out of ninety thousand was not a serious one! At the close of 1858 the library had been in operation nearly five years, its total circulation having been more than three hundred and sixty-four thousand volumes, and its total loss of books was under three hundred volumes. This seems incredible honesty, and prophetic of the millennium; especially incredible when we come to consider how many of the 15,765 borrowers of those five years had in that time either died or removed to great distances from Boston, and might have been unable, either by reason of death or change of residence, to return what they had borrowed. But during that same period there were additional readers of the *restricted* books, who numbered over seventeen thousand, and who, united with the borrowers, were thirty-four thousand strong. If we admit that every one of the two or three hundred books charged to loss was stolen, the number of honest men left among this vast host of book-worms is absurdly out of proportion, even allowing, too, that each individual thief stole but a single volume. But it is likely that a few baddish boys, seeing how easily it might be accomplished, were guilty of all the mischief; for it must be remembered that this library was the common property of the poorest and most tempted even more than it was of the better-conditioned.

But after the year 1859 the loss of books became a serious matter, and the

shameful mutilation of them even more serious. This condition of affairs continued until the close of the year 1866, when the evil was partially remedied by the old application-cards being called in and new ones issued. But many investigations and inquiries had in the premises went to show that the loss was the result not so much of fraud as of carelessness, though in many instances it was found that the borrower had given a wrong address, with the evident intention to defraud. It is not easy to arrive at the exact losses of the library from the accidents of death, removal, carelessness and fraud during the fourteen years of its existence, but the total number of *missing and worn-out books* has been about sixty-seven hundred; and this on an average yearly circulation of two hundred thousand volumes, exclusive of more than one-half that number of restricted books. But this is exactly the same loss as the Mercantile Library of New York sustained during its career, and it is a *joint-stock concern*, where each borrower possesses a sort of proprietary claim on the whole collection. How many of these sixty-seven hundred volumes were worn out, and how many lost, we do not know, but that in fourteen years of constant service more than the whole number were not rendered unfit for use is a cause of surprise. What have been lost in the Lower Hall we are ignorant of, but the exact number of books missing from Bates Hall since 1862 is the small number of fifty-one.

The freest circulating public libraries of England, which had their rise in the acts of Parliament of 1850, required of the borrower some pecuniary security for the preservation and return of books; and in 1867 the trustees of the Boston institution, if they did not contemplate adopting some such scheme, evidently had the possibility of doing so in their minds. But they never did it, and today the noble charity, standing on the margin of the beautiful Common in Boylston Place, extends its hospitality to all who seek its always open doors, and demands no fee from any whom it may entertain. This, however, it asks of all

its guests, be they low or high: Whoever would borrow of its treasures must, before their application is granted, have it signed by two respectable citizens.

With the constant fear before us of overrunning our allotted space, we have endeavored to give as complete an idea of our subject as that circumstance permitted. But in doing so we are conscious of the crude incompleteness of our sketch. It has omitted many things which have their separate and certain interests, but none omitted are so important as the services of two friends of the library, viz.: George Ticknor and Professor C. C. Jewett, the latter the late librarian of the institution, to love of which he owed his early death, for if ever a man died from stern love for and unflinching service to an idea, that man was Professor Jewett. When the history of this library is written, it will be incomplete without a life of its former superintendent and the author of its catalogue. A library without a catalogue is simply chaos, or a collection of gems hidden in the Valley of Diamonds. No more perfect system of cataloguing exists than that invented by Professor Jewett, and substantially it is now used in all the important libraries in this country.

But we cannot close this altogether imperfect resumé of the library without mentioning, in the briefest possible space, a list of the works of art which are not its least attractive features: Among them are Duplessis' portrait of Franklin; Story's marble statue of "The Arcadian Shepherd Boy;" a model of the Monument to Columbus; The Holy Family, in marble by Troschel; The Webster vase; a bust in marble and a portrait of Joshua Bates; a bust in marble of Everett by Ball; a bust of Motley by Greenough; and a bust of George Ticknor by Martin Milmore. These are all free gifts to the same noble idea.

By such aids the Public Library of Boston has grown to be the largest on the American continent, having its wondrous and useful development almost entirely from the generous spirit of the citizens of that city. But they manage

these things better there than here. It seems to us that the time has come when we can afford to be just to the old Tri-mountain City : to acknowledge that its spirit is the heaven that has leavened the loaf ; that we can all, East and West, North and South, not grudgingly pay respectful duty to the one city of the republic in which Literature has a permanent abiding-place and is held in great honor among men—to the city that erects statues of marble and fountains of bronze to IDEAS ; that protects even its old historic trees with girdling bands of iron ; that when it builds a temple to one art, as to Music, calls in

all the other arts to assist to honor it ; that diverts large sums to maintain public gardens, which bloom through summer sweet as Eden to the citizen's weary sense ; that founds a library second to few in its extent and value, and throws it open to the humblest and poorest. A great city, though its greatness may be dim to us sometimes, seen through its mote of isms and our beam of prejudice.

L. CLARKE DAVIS.

NOTE.—To the labors of Mr. George Ticknor and Professor Jewett (late Superintendent of the Public Library), as well as to the large courtesy of Mr. Justin Winsor, the present librarian, I am greatly indebted for material used in this article.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN LONDON.

IT was on a bright Sunday morning of June, the haze for once having cleared from the atmosphere, and the sunlight falling brilliantly on the slopes of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, that some American friends joined me in attending worship at the Foundling Hospital Chapel in Guilford street. The services were devout and the sermon orthodox, but the singing was perfect. Except the Dom choir at Berlin, I never heard anything to equal it. Three hundred voices of children, whose ages were from nine to fifteen years—voices selected for their fitness to appropriate parts, cultivated by the first masters and trained every day—accompanied by a judicious performance upon the most melodious organ in the metropolis, rendered the chants and hymns of the Church of England in a way that was marvelously exquisite. The contralto voices that make the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, on the last evening of Passion-week, a wonder and joy for ever in the memory, are different. *There* the sense of pain never escapes you. The wail of the Virgin Mother, childless and desolate, harrows the soul. But the glad

voices of these children, joining in a chorus of thanksgiving to produce the melody Handel conceived when he composed anthems expressly for their use, which in originality, musical expression, richness and propriety have no rivals, are joyful as the morning song of the English lark. They are what Mendelssohn called them, after his first visit to the Foundling Hospital—"the jubilate welcome at the gates of Paradise."

There are eight hundred children in the Foundling Hospital who know neither father nor mother. For seventeen years Thomas Coram, a retired sea-captain, labored to achieve this great success. His picture by Hogarth, as it hangs in the hall, represents him in a scarlet coat and knee-breeches—a stout, strong-boned man of fifty years, with a florid complexion, and a face very far from philanthropic in expression. Whether a likeness or not, it belies him. No more sincere benefactor of his species ever lived. His business led him into town early in the morning. Passing through the east end of London, then as now the resort of the poorer classes, his "feelings were harrowed," to use his

own words, "by seeing young children exposed, sometimes alive, sometimes dead and sometimes dying." He began to make it a subject of conversation in the city counting-rooms; at first from compassion and shortly from enthusiasm. He won adherents. Even those who doubted success gave encouragement. He abandoned all business, and devoted his time and fortune to providing a home for foundlings. His sphere of operation enlarged. Noblemen gave him their subscriptions; ladies of quality circulated his appeals; Sterne preached a sermon in behalf of the charity; Hogarth opened an exhibition of his paintings, and presented them, together with the moneys received, to the cause. And when at length, after years of untiring perseverance, on the 20th of November, 1739, a charter was obtained from Parliament, there was scarcely a man of distinction in England who did not hasten to lend his aid. Commodious and ornamental buildings, designed by Jacobson, the architect of his day, were erected upon spacious grounds purchased in Guilford street, toward which, among other large private subscriptions, George II. gave three thousand pounds. No greater success ever crowned the efforts of a philanthropist.

Meanwhile the hospital was opened in temporary buildings, in 1740. A basket was hung at the gate, in which children were deposited, and a bell was rung to give notice to the officers in attendance. No questions were asked, no clothes or memoranda received, no person accompanying or bringing the child admitted within the walls. All identity was thus for ever destroyed. On the first day one hundred and seventeen children were admitted, for whom nurses, food, clothing, beds and medical attendance had been previously provided. Bills had been posted in the streets, notices read from the pulpits and advertisements inserted in the *Gazette* and other newspapers, apprising the public of the privileges of the hospital. Within three months 3727 new-born infants had been presented at the gates. Many died from previous exposure, from in-

herited disease and from sudden change of food, but still the house was kept full. Often there were a hundred children offered when only twenty could be received, and riots consequently were not infrequent among the women who crowded outside the entrance. To prevent this, lots were drawn every morning from a bag containing white and black balls, the number of the former corresponding with the number of vacancies in the hospital, and the drawing of one of them entitling the drawer to deposit her child in the basket. One poor woman, after drawing a black ball for nineteen mornings, was so overjoyed at seeing a white ball in her hand as she drew it from the bag, that, with her child in her arms, she fell lifeless upon the pavement.

The consequences of this indiscriminate admission of infants to the hospital had not been foreseen. They were deplorable beyond description. The easy means of disposing of illegitimate children broke down one of the great barriers against immorality, and criminal intrigues fearfully increased. The statistics collected in proof of this are almost incredible. Parliament at last interfered, and an act was passed which, whilst permitting children already received into the hospital to be retained, forbade further indiscriminate admissions. The extraordinary proportion of deaths helped also to bring about legislative interference. Notwithstanding a grant of ten thousand pounds by the government, added to the large amount of private subscriptions, the means of the hospital had been found insufficient to meet the extraordinary demands made upon them. New-born children packed in boxes and baskets, and sent by public carriers from all parts of the country, others laid naked at night by the gates, and still more left at the doors of the residences of the governors, contributed to these fearfully fatal results. Of the 14,934 children received within the period of three years, 9876 died.

After a trial of various expedients, the present plan, now in successful operation for more than one hundred years,

was adopted under the sanction of Parliament. Since the year 1760 the requisitions for admission have been illegitimacy, the previous good character of the mother, and poverty. As before, all that would lead to identity, when once a child is admitted, is destroyed. The infant parts with its natural relatives for ever. The date of admission only is registered. It takes a new name, is dressed from the hospital wardrobe, enters the nursery, sees no visitors until old enough to take its place at the "ordinary" (and then only for an hour on Sunday noons), and knows no history beyond the Foundling walls.

From this date (A. D. 1760) the Foundling Hospital met with no check. From the purchase of the estate in Guilford street of the Earl of Salisbury, it became a fashionable rendezvous. With the settlement of its difficulties its popularity increased, until it grew to be the most favorite resort in the metropolis. Hogarth established an annual exhibition of paintings in the great hall, from which started the Royal Academy. Dr. Burney founded here an academy of music. Handel gave for several years the profits of the public performance of his compositions, and his *Messiah* alone produced seven thousand pounds for the charity. He also selected and presented the organ as a gift, composed the chants and anthems still used in the chapel service, and originated and perfected the Foundling choir. Lord Chief-Justice Tenterden became a principal patron, made munificent gifts to the funds, and composed the hymns still sung at the exhibitions. A visit to the Foundling was the most fashionable lounge of the first twenty years of the reign of George III. The picture-gallery during week-days and the music on Sundays drew crowds of spectators in stylish equipages from aristocratic parts of the metropolis. Queen Charlotte, once attended by Mr. Pitt, but more often by Lord Bute, was a frequent visitor. The ample grounds in front of the handsome buildings became the fashionable promenade of the Londoners, and brocaded silks, gold-headed canes and laced three-cornered

hats formed a gay bevy in Lamb's Conduit-Fields.

Of course all this has changed with passing years. The fashionable world has moved far westward, and Belgravia and the Horticultural Gardens have superseded Goswell street and Russell Square. But the Foundling Hospital remains the same. Its surroundings indeed are metamorphosed: palatial mansions have been converted into shops and warehouses, the quiet thoroughfares are noisy with laden vans and lumbering drays, and its outlook over green fields and flower gardens, far off toward Highgate, is shut out by residences and public buildings. But the noble charity remains a monument of the marvelous success of a philanthropist of moderate means and still more moderate abilities.

At the present day the revenues of the hospital are adequate to the support of between eight hundred and nine hundred children and for the relief of aged destitute persons who were once inmates. These revenues exceed nine thousand pounds per annum. Of the fifty-six acres included in the original purchase, twenty are enclosed within the walls, the rest being leased for residences and for the purposes of the vast traffic of that part of London. The grounds are still open daily to the public, but the children are to be seen on Sundays only—in the chapel during service, and afterward at dinner. Unlike other philanthropic institutions in England, the governors have no power of presenting applicants for admission. That depends on compliance with the conditions and the proven misery of the case. When once admission is obtained, the child is separated from its relatives for ever. No matter what may be the desire of its parents to recall it, even though a subsequent marriage should give it legitimacy, or confer upon it property, or endow it with titles, or make it the heir of a line of noble ancestry, the gates once closed upon it can never be opened. Its name and race and identity are lost for ever.

The throngs of visitors on Sunday

are always large. The anxious and earnest faces of many of the women who are to be found after service in the dining-hall, waiting the entrance of the children, are suggestive enough. The latter enter from the parlors, two by two, in orderly procession, the boys in the antique dress of the last century, the girls with coifs and white pinafores, to take their places, with bowed heads, while grace is said, and then with hands folded until a signal is given, around the long, neatly-arranged and covered tables. From the wives and sisters of mechanics and laborers, up to the lady the panels of whose equipage waiting at the gate show the armorial bearings of a countess, there are scrutinizing looks at each little occupant of a seat as the crowd passes around. Although identity cannot be established, it can hardly be doubted that recognition often takes place. "I am certain it is he," whispered a well-dressed female just before us to her companion, stopping before a boy of six or seven years whilst the throng moved onward: "I am certain it is he! It is her nose and chin and hair and brow, and very toss of the head! I know it is he!" That touch of nature which a woman's heart only can experience made the face of the speaker beautiful as the Madonna of Rubens in the "Descent from the Cross." But she could not speak to the boy whose curl-shaded brow and glorious eyes marked the family likeness. The tie, whatever it was, had been severed for life, and neither devotion in sickness, nor pride in the expanding graces of mind and person, nor joy in the return of lavished love, was ever for her. Such recognitions, supposed or real, are not uncommon. A close observer cannot fail to detect them at any Sunday dinner at the Foundling.

It is but just to say, however, that the governors and masters have no faith in these recognitions, or rather perhaps think it wise to discourage them. Several years ago a banker of wealth in the North of England, who had been raised in the Foundling Hospital, being desirous of ascertaining his origin, was assisted

by the late Sir Robert Peel in his efforts to trace out his family. The governors afforded every facility. The attendant who received him as an infant was still living at the hospital, and also the nurse who first took him in charge. The records marked the day of his admission. His history as an infant, child and youth, the name given him at baptism, his weight, appearance, health and probable age when received, were all put down. But beyond these there was nothing. Every clue to his parentage was lost, and all that the old attendant remembered was, that he was taken naked out of the basket at the entrance.

Savage, the unfortunate son of Lady Macclesfield, in that poem which Dr. Johnson characterized as containing "a refinement of sarcasm unequaled in the English language," claims that, as a race, foundlings are superior in gifts of mind and graces of person to those who in other respects are more fortunate. Whether there be truth or not in this claim, it is certain that the personal appearance of the eight hundred children in the Foundling Hospital at the time of our visit, corroborated by visits of my own subsequently made during a period of several years, was remarkable. No thoughtful observer could fail to notice it. Out of the three million population of London I doubt whether the same number of specimens of perfect form and promise of future beauty could be selected. In England there still exist, separated as widely as in the days of William the Conqueror, the Saxon and Norman races—the blue eyes, fair complexion, ruddy cheeks, small bones, rounded joints and short stature of the former, and the dark hair, long eyelashes, graceful form, tapering limbs, and tall and erect bearing of the latter. The people who crowd the city—the men and women at service, the shopkeepers and seamstresses, barmaids, laborers and hucksters, the market-gardeners from the country and the draymen from the breweries — are as different, in all that constitutes the type of race, from the dwellers in the princely mansions of May Fair and Belgravia as the North

American Indian from the Nevada squatter. Now in breadth of forehead, contour of face, exquisite cut of chin and mouth, large, liquid eyes, aquiline and Grecian noses, and *pose* of head on the shoulders, these children were very unlike the children of the laboring classes of England, or even of the lower middle classes. The face and figure, bearing and carriage, hair and skin, which are so much the pride of the "finest race in Europe," are singularly reproduced in the larger part of the foundlings. It is not an idle fancy. Every observer sees it; and to those who have made the transmission not of mental qualities only, or of traits of character, but of those peculiarities of hands and feet and chest and gait and color and form which mark classes, a diagnosis, there can be no doubt either that the theory of James Savage is true, or that there flows through the veins of a large number of these children the blue blood of the British aristocracy.

It is folly to call this conclusion scandalous. The prurient taste of the present century, which, for what are falsely called moral reasons, has forbidden the revelation of the true social condition of the upper classes in England, has done a thousand-fold more, on what is called the *laissez-faire* principle, to deprave morals than all the fictitious works of Fielding, Smollett and Richardson. The morganatic connexions of the sons of the royal family, excused in them on account of the Marriage Act of Parliament prohibiting the descendants of George II. from contracting marriages, if under twenty-five, without the consent of the sovereign — if over twenty-five, without the consent of Parliament — and the same left-handed connexions, without the same excuse, in ducal and other noble families — connexions by which the wife neither enjoys the rank nor inherits for herself or her children the possessions of her husband — have been and still are an example fruitful of immorality in the United Kingdom. This Marriage Act, still in force, is the key to the unwritten memoirs of the royal family during the

last seventy-five years. The lives of that brood of nine sons, issue of George III. and Queen Charlotte, would furnish a chapter in the *Chronique Scandaleuse* unsurpassed in villainy by the private memoirs of Louis XV. or the Regent Orleans. When the Princess Charlotte, then heiress-apparent, died in 1817, not one of the seven sons of George III. then living had any legitimate children. The Prince of Wales (afterward George IV.), her father, was separated from his wife, the unfortunate Queen Caroline, whom he had received in a fit of drunkenness and discarded on awakening to sobriety, and had returned to Mrs. Fitzherbert. The Duke of Cumberland, king of Hanover, a country detached from the English dynasty by Salique law when Victoria ascended the throne, was not then father of the blind son who has recently lost his crown. The Duke of Clarence was allied by morganatic marriage to Mrs. Jordan, whose oldest son, as Earl of Munster, afterward became governor-general of India, and whose other children, under the name of Fitzclarence, still hold, they and their descendants, high official positions under government. The Duke of York—who, though guilty of every crime forbidden by the Decalogue, and whose death made bankrupt a thousand tradesmen, received the honor of one of the most conspicuous and costly monuments in London, which,

"pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies"—

was selling commissions in the army to satisfy the demands of his imperious paramour, Mrs. Clarke. And the Dukes of Kent, Sussex and the rest were only less notorious in immorality. The decease of the Princess Charlotte awakened these debauchees from their indifference. The hope of issue from the king in the line of the Prince of Wales was dead. Not a descendant from George III. in the male line of the third generation was living. The succession was on the point of extinction. Urged on by the clamors of the people, who dreaded another German sovereign, and tempted by the expectation of parliamentary grants, five of the royal dukes abandoned their mor-

ganatic wives and married princesses of foreign birth.

Nor is the present generation of the royal family free from the same alliances. The Duke of Cambridge, cousin of the queen and commander-in-chief of the British army, formed a morganatic marriage many years ago, and has a large family of sons and daughters. His wife, unknown of course in society, is a woman not only of rare accomplishments, but of real worth. When the duke went mad after the battle of Inkermann, she followed him to the Crimea, brought him home and nursed him with all a woman's devotion through his long and dangerous illness. It is well known in the London clubs that the present heir-apparent to the throne and his more sprightly brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, have not been slow to avail themselves of the excuses afforded by the Royal Marriage Act for following the examples set by their predecessors. It can be scarcely called ungenerous, therefore, or far-fetched, to recognize in the foundlings affinity as well to the privileged as to the middle and lower classes of England.

The education of the children of the hospital is eminently practical, directed to the single purpose of fitting them for self-support. Music, however, is thoroughly taught, and composers of celebrity, such as Mr. Printer, Miss Thetford, Jenny Freer and others, have been educated at the institution. No public charity of London has less deviated from the purposes of its founders or accomplished within its sphere more solid good. The privilege of presenting children to vacancies, which has totally changed the character of many of the old charitable foundations in England, has never been given to its managers. The simple Christian purpose of that "master of a trading vessel," beautifully stated in his own words, "to hide the shame of the mother as well as preserve the life of the child," enforced by guards and enactments upon his successors, has preserved the Foundling Hospital in its purity. At an apprenticeable age the girls are put out to service and the boys

to trades. No inmate has ever been expelled, and so far as is known no graduate has ever been convicted of crime. The good health of the children, attributable partly to the salubrious situation of the hospital, and partly to the system of regimen adopted, together with the excellent discipline to which they are subjected, commands for them good places. No one is ever thrown aimless or unprovided for upon the world.

There is a picture-gallery in the hospital, which, however, contains no modern works, and is valuable mainly as a representation of British art of the first half of the eighteenth century. There are paintings by Kneller, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Haytley; "Christ's," "St. Thomas's" and "Greenwich Hospitals" by Wale; the "Presentation of Children to Christ" by West; and "Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter" and the inimitable "March to Finchley" by Hogarth. Among other fine pieces of sculpture are a bas-relief by Rysbrach, and a bust of Handel by Roubiliac.

Captain Coram died poor. His benevolence exhausted his means. His friends therefore arranged to raise a subscription to provide him with an annuity, but before carrying it into execution, in order not to offend him, he was informed by a friend of the plan. His answer was characteristic: "I have not wasted my little wealth in self-indulgence, and am not ashamed to confess that I am poor." The annuity was purchased, but he enjoyed it less than two years. He died at the age of eighty-four, and was buried under the communion-table in the chapel of the hospital.

The hospital is famous, even to this day, for its annual dinner to the governors. The wines stored in the vaults have a reputation that ensures a full table, even though the cookery were less *recherché* than it is. It was at one of these dinners that Sheridan made what Sydney Smith called "the best *improvisé* but one" in the English language. Somebody had said there was no word which rhymed with "silver." "Nor to porringer," added John Wilkes,

who the more he was hated by the government was fêted by the city people, and was sure to be present at every grand dinner. "Will you bet on that?" asked Sheridan. "Yes." "What amount?" "Fifty pounds against a sovereign," replied Wilkes, who, being somewhat heated with wine, was nettled that his statement should be doubted. "Done!" responded Sheridan; and, throwing himself back in his chair, in a moment he slowly repeated the following:

"The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
So now, John Wilkes, just pay the bet,
For there's a rhyme for porringer."

The impromptu which Sydney Smith gave preference to over this is the famous one made at Cologne by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, when Dr. Gilman, to test the former's rhyming powers, as well as to avoid the infliction of the usual evening monologue, remarked that Hayley, Cowper's friend, in one of his minor poems, had celebrated the grandeur of the cathedral with a very happy choice of words, but had failed in producing perfect rhymes to "St. Gereon Church," and to "Rudesheimer" wine — two things one has often on one's lips when in Cologne. "It's very easy," remarked Coleridge: "Hayley should not have faltered there. See here:

"Since I am a rhymér,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer,
And the church of Gereon,
Are the only two things that are worth being known
In this body-and-soul stinking town of Cologne."

It was at a dinner at the Foundling that Tom Moore felt himself aggrieved at the abrupt departure of Sydney Smith. Moore, as is well known, was famous at singing his own songs, but had failed to do his best after this particular dinner, and had written Sydney that he was sorry he (Smith) had gone away so soon, as his voice had improved afterward, and he was one of the few he always wished to do his *best* for. The answer was characteristic and is worth preserving:

"MY DEAR MOORE: By the beard of the prelate of Canterbury, by the cassock of the prelate of York, by the breakfasts of Rogers, by Luttrell's love of side-dishes, I swear that I had rather hear you sing than any person I ever heard in my life, male or female. For what is your singing but beautiful poetry floating in fine music and guided by exquisite feeling? Call me Dissenter, say that my cassock is ill put on, that I know not the delicacies of decimation, and confound the greater and smaller tithes; but do not think or say that I am insensible to your music.

"Yours, very sincerely,
"SYDNEY SMITH."

It was at this same dinner that the great wit met with a retort that he was never tired of referring to afterward. He had been conversing, in the half-bantering manner in which he was inimitable, with his *vis-à-vis* at the table, a Swiss gentleman of education connected with his country's embassy at the Court of St. James, upon the relative merits of Swiss and English soldiers, and urged the superiority of the latter, inasmuch as *they* fought for honor, while the Swiss fought for money. "The fact is," answered the Swiss gentleman, "*we each of us fight for what each most wants.*"

The question as to the benefit, on the whole, of foundling hospitals to the community at large is still open. They are an institution of modern times, although even in Athens and Romè the State, two thousand years ago, made provision for the preservation of exposed children. That they diminish not only the exposing of children, but also render infanticide less frequent, that the foundlings are better nursed and educated than they would be at home by bad parents, and that most of them are by the means of the hospitals preserved from destruction, would appear sufficiently to answer the charge that they contribute to the corruption of public morals.

N. E. DODGE.

OVER YONDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MAM'SELLE'S SECRET" AND "GOLD ELSIE."

CHAPTER V.

THERE it lay before her—Bluebeard's moon-illuminated castle, and all the mysterious, alluring enchantments behind which, in the awful legend, blood-streams were trickling.

Magic seemed rising from the strange-shaped flower-cups—magic seemed hovering around the shimmering sheaves of water that sprang heavenward, and then floated back to earth in silvery vapor.

There, from the dusky thicket, gleamed a marble statue: the slender female figure stretched forth its arms imploringly, as though seeking to shun the embraces of the ivy which had ensnared it.

The moonlight rested in a thousand quivering sparks on the troubled surface of the water: it shone full and glorious on the windows of the tower: it gazed boldly through the silken curtains, and perhaps smiled on the lovely eyes, of which no one knew whether they shed tears of sorrow or beams of happiness. Did the fountains know, ever rustling and whispering? Or the bright-colored flowers, whose closed mouths seemed to guard the secret? Perhaps the light foot of the jealously-watched one had wandered by them, and they had looked up into her downcast eyes.

Lilli had mechanically pushed the shutter more and more open. On her shoulder lay the giant leaves of the aristolochia which partly covered the back wall of the pavilion, and in whose green chalices the last drops of the storm were rolling and shining: then a shower of them slipped down from the twigs of the trees, disturbed by the moving of the shutters. A frightened peacock flew from among the branches, and, expanding its wondrous plumage, stepped noiselessly and majestically across the moonlit grass-plat. Intoxicating odors floated in the air, the fountains murmured and the brilliant bird wandered on. The

whole looked so unearthly and ghost-like that it seemed as if evoked by a magic spell, only to vanish again. And now the melody in the tower-chamber rose once more. Lilli seated herself on the parapet of the window, clasped her hands on her knee, and gazed enthralled at the wondrous, forbidden world within. But did it not seem as though the marble figure had suddenly stepped from its pedestal and was wandering down the silent, leafy path? No: the white, cold arms are still stretched forth, and the moonbeams and the soft night air glide carelessly over the motionless features. But in that form approaching nearer and nearer life *was* pulsing: a sigh floated to Lilli's ears. That must be the beautiful young captive of cruel Bluebeard. The apparition paused for an instant and listened to the adagio. It was a tall, almost regal figure, but the flowing, airy robe hung around a slender, graceful form. The right hand lay in the bosom, as if to hush the stormy heart—the left hung carelessly at her side. There was an indescribable grace in the attitude, but something, too, of the helplessness and resignation of the willow when it droops its tender branches to the earth. Surely even in this moment tears must be flowing over that bowed face. What form, what expression had those features which seemed to shun even the moonlight? That could not be guessed, for a black veil fell over the head and shoulders like a dark cloud, and down on either side, concealing the face.

In Lilli's brain fairy-tales and reality whirled in confusion for a moment longer, but she felt instinctively that she would not for the world be seen, and endeavored to slip noiselessly from the window-sill, her eye still resting, spell-bound, on the apparition "over yonder."

Why didn't the prisoner make her escape if she was wretched and unhappy?

To climb over the hedge and flee into Aunt Bärchen's garden and protection was, in Lilli's opinion, no impracticable enterprise: she herself would have dared far more to set that tyrant over yonder at defiance: nay, she would rather die than live in such captivity.

That this oppressed woman might, perhaps, bear her yoke voluntarily, because she loved her jailer, did not occur to Lilli for an instant, simply because she had never experienced the feeling of love, and consequently had no idea of its inconsistencies and contradictions. Her heart swelled at the thought that perhaps she might be able to aid this unhappy one; and therefore she did not leave the window, but leant her lovely little head far out, full of heroic decision, and allowed the moonlight fully to illumine her light figure, which hung like a swinging elf-child among the broad-leaved vines.

A piercing shriek echoed through the air. The unknown tore the veil over her face, held it fast with crossed hands on her breast, and fled like a hunted creature across the grass-plot and up the stone steps leading to the house. A door on the terrace was thrown open from within, and in the full glare of several lamps the negro appeared on the threshold. The lady almost sank to the ground on reaching his side, but recovered herself, and, stretching one arm back toward the pavilion, she vanished in the hall. Lilli had gazed as if petrified at this scene, but now she caught eagerly at the shutters and drew them close, for the negro was rushing madly down the terrace steps.

She had just pushed in the bolts with trembling hands when the gravel under the window was crushed beneath his footsteps. He struck his fist against the shutter until the old wood groaned, and poured forth a volley of curses and imprecations in broken German. The young girl's fingers grasped the lower bolt convulsively and pressed it down. Through the slats, close by her ear, sounded the hoarse voice of the angry black: she seemed to feel his hot breath on her face. An unspeakable

terror came over her, but she remained motionless at her post of defence in the pavilion.

Fortunately, her heroism was put to no further test: a commanding voice, apparently proceeding from the tower, ordered the negro back to the house. He was instantly silent and withdrew with hasty steps.

It was the first time in her life that Lilli had been the cause of trouble to Aunt Bärchen. Every nerve in her body had thrilled at the clamor of the furious man, which surely must have pierced to the Hofrätin's bed-chamber; and to-morrow—yes, to-morrow—Bluebeard would avenge himself for the attempt to penetrate his secret.

She left the pavilion, reproaching herself bitterly, and stole back to the house. Sauer and Dorte were standing with outstretched necks and unmistakable curiosity on a garden bench, endeavoring to get a peep over the implacable hedge. The uproar in their neighbor's garden was evidently very interesting to the two old eavesdroppers. Their backs were turned to Lilli, who succeeded in gaining the house and her bed-room unperceived.

Now, indeed, she was willing enough to close both shutters and windows, and drawing the motley calico curtains, she buried her eyes deep in the pillow. The shriek of the flying woman and the imprecations of the dreadful negro sounded through her dreams. She had had enough for the present of the magnificence "over yonder."

But where were all the terrors of the night when Lilli stepped out into the garden next morning? Fled before the sunlight, that, like immortal Truth, had chased with its fiery sword the children of darkness, the doubtful images of twilight. "Over yonder," the tower reared its gleaming pinnacle against the deep blue of the morning sky: the sunbeams fell as gayly and fearlessly on the bright-colored stained glass as on Aunt Bärchen's chamber windows. It did not look like a prison or the dwelling-place of crime.

On the other side of the hedge, as

well as on this side, the dewdrops sparkled pure and clear on the points of the leaves, and the beech wood wafted its fresh, heart-strengthening perfume impartially over both gardens. Ah, how refreshingly did it stream through the wide open door into the old hall! And when one stood on the deeply-worn stone steps before the door, how Eden-like lay the valley below, deeply embedded between the two forest-crowned mountains, blooming and rosy in the morning-light, like a child in its cradle opening its young eyes smilingly after a sweet slumber!

All fears and anxieties had disappeared from Lilli's heart; only the wondrous violoncello tones still lingered in her ears: they had made an impression on her like a look from deep, melancholy eyes.

She went to the arbor, in which, in fine weather, Aunt Bärchen generally breakfasted. The Hofrätin was walking up and down on the long gravel walk before the entrance. She stooped now and then to pull up an impudent weed from the vegetable beds, or lifted the branch of a currant bush and examined the clusters which hung, not yet quite matured, but in large quantities, thereon. Aunt Bärchen's currant wine was renowned among all her friends and acquaintances.

Within the arbor, on the white garden-table, the New Testament lay open: she had been accustomed for years to read her morning chapter here. She said not a word of the occurrences of the night before: perhaps she had slept so soundly that she had not heard them. So much the better. But there came Dorte with breakfast, and—oh woe!—the stiff strings of her white linen cap were unfastened and hung loose down her back! That was the unfailing sign of a tempest with her: whenever she was angry or provoked she always tore open the neatly-tied knot beneath her chin, threw the strings boldly over her shoulders, placed her right arm akimbo, and then the storm burst.

Her "good-morning" sounded so vexed and excited that the Hofrätin

asked, with a smile, if she had slept badly.

"Oh, Sauer is so stubborn!" replied she, grumblingly, placing the plates on the table with a trembling hand. "He thinks, because he takes the *Dorf Zeitung*, that he is the cleverest person in the world, and one daren't open their mouth before him. But I'm not of that opinion, I can tell him. It happened in Erfurt, and my godmother, who told me about it, lived in Erfurt; and she wouldn't tell me a lie! Such a woman as she was! So resolute! Worth ten men like Sauer! Once upon a time there lived a general in Erfurt who was an out-and-out heathen: he drank and played from early in the morning till late at night, and moreover did some wicked things which a respectable person cannot repeat. One night he gave a ball; and such goings on! But just as the clock struck twelve there stood before the ball-room door a tall black man. No one knew how he had got in. He had the general called, and then such an awful thing happened! The windows flew open of themselves: there was a stamping and tramping, as if wild horses were galloping over the stairs, and the general shrieked piteously, but when the guests rushed out, they had both disappeared, and were never seen again. The coal-black man was—begging your pardon—the devil, and had carried the general off. I told it, in all innocence, to Sauer, and the old fellow was so rude! He threw the boots which he had just done polishing on the ground, and said I had better go to the old woman's asylum at once, for there they might still believe such trash."

The Hofrätin suppressed a smile with difficulty, for Dorte was really hurt.

"But how on earth did you get on such a frightful subject, Dorte?" asked she.

"Why," said the old cook, passing the corner of her blue linen apron over her heated face, "because I thought the noise last night sounded exactly as if the Evil One was carrying off some poor soul."

"What noise?" inquired the Hofrätin

thin, in surprise. Lilli bent her face over her cup: the thunder-cloud was about to burst upon her head. She did not fear Aunt Bärchen's reproof: on the contrary, she would have received it most humbly, for she knew she was in fault. But the thought was painful in the extreme that her motherly friend should suffer annoyance through her disobedience.

"Don't say, Frau Hofrätin," cried Dorte, striking her hands together above her head—"don't say that you didn't hear that heathenish uproar last night! Over yonder everything was turned topsy-turvy! Sauer thinks maybe the lady was trying to run away, and they caught her. Poor thing! I wouldn't like to stand in her shoes. It's dangerous to cross him over yonder."

"Is he really such a wretch?" asked Lilli, considerably relieved and inwardly amused at the comical explanation of last night's adventures.

"Ah, fraulein, you ought just once to hear how he scolds his servants. Why, I can hear him plainly even in my kitchen. But scolding and abusing don't satisfy *him*: he must see blood. Believe me, that's the only reason why he went to the war. Sauer thinks so too."

"He may have had other reasons, Dorte," said the Hofrätin. "He was badly wounded at Oeversee, and had to be brought home here in a dreadful condition. For the rest," added she, sternly, "this quarrel between you and Sauer is a well-deserved punishment for you both. How often must I repeat that I positively forbid your concerning yourselves in any way about what goes on over yonder?"

Dorte replied, considerably cast down, that "one could not always have cotton in one's ears," and withdrew.

CHAPTER VI.

LATER in the day the Hofrätin went to the town to visit a sick friend. Lilli improved this opportunity by roving all over the house and garden, not forget-

ting the pavilion. It was fortunate that Aunt Bärchen had confined her morning walk to the gravel path before the arbor, for the pavilion door was still wide open, and doors and windows open during the night were her especial horror. Lilli opened both the windows that looked on the Hofrätin's garden. The bright light fell on the dear old walls and furniture: everything was just the same: nothing seemed to have been moved during the three years' absence of the young girl. When she was last at Aunt Bärchen's, Lilli had still played with dolls very diligently. The day before her departure she had arrayed all the inhabitants of her doll-house in holiday robes to attend a grand farewell festival. There they were still, with stiff, outstretched arms, induced with difficulty to assume a sitting position around a great round table—a merry company. A huge Harlequin cowered sorrowfully in a corner of the room, banished from the coffee-drinking circle of ladies; and the fat baby in the cradle waited for its nurse as helplessly as ever.

The maiden felt herself suddenly borne away from the present. She crouched down on the ground before the puppets, and recalled, laughingly, all that her fancy had made these little hollow-headed creatures feel and experience. She had been obliged to learn much since then—horribly much!—to improve her mind, but her feelings had remained unchanged.

And there, too, stood the old furniture that she loved so dearly. It had descended from the days when the members of the two families met so happily and affectionately in this very room. On the walls hung oil-paintings, all done by the hand of Erich Dorn, Aunt Bärchen's grandfather. They displayed only a moderate amount of talent; and the subjects reflected the gloomy feelings of the artist. He seemed to have found most pleasure in the representation of dark, gloomy scenes from history and mythology. Directly over Lilli's play-corner hung a large picture that in early years often and often, in the gathering twilight, had struck panic to her childish

heart. It was "Orestes pursued by the Furies." Painted with flying pencil and a certain degree of haste, many of the figures were strikingly out of proportion—a fault which would have rendered the picture somewhat ridiculous if it had not been redeemed by the head of Orestes. The face had something overpowering in its expression. It was not alone the intense horror in every feature that chained the eye of the observer even against his will: deeper still seemed to gnaw the bitter pangs of remorse, which the painter, generally so stiff and awkward, had portrayed with a truly masterly hand upon this countenance.

Shortly before his death, Erich Dorn had hung these pictures with his own hands. He lingered long and gladly among his creations, and on his sudden departure from this world the last words which he with difficulty had murmured forth had been, "The pavilion." Therefore his wife had looked upon the little old house as a sacred legacy, and had always insisted on the pictures being kept in the exact positions in which the beloved hand had arranged them, and required, both from her son and from Aunt Bärchen, repeated promises that they would guard the pavilion and its little collection of paintings from injury, as far as lay in their power.

Lilli remembered this as she stood thoughtfully before the "Orestes." She could well imagine that the Hofrätin would heartily dislike the man who was endeavoring to force her to break a solemn promise. But perhaps if Aunt Bärchen would conquer her hatred to the other branch of the Dorns sufficiently to represent calmly to her neighbor wherefore she desired the preservation of the pavilion, he might perhaps, in spite of his fierceness, be induced to forego his plans of destruction. This train of thought was suddenly broken in upon by a noise in Bluebeard's garden. She heard several men walk up to the pavilion and halt before it. Through the slats of the shutters she perceived a workman in a leathern apron and with tools in his hands. Beside him stood

the negro and another servant in livery. What were they going to do?

"Now, you shall see," said the workman, laughing, to the others: "I'll make a hole in the old nest quick enough. It sha'n't have much longer to live. We'll teach the old woman over yonder that Herr von Dorn is not to be trifled with."

At this moment the wall on which the "Orestes" hung trembled under a tremendous blow. Lilli tore down the painting, and drew the bench on which the family of dolls resided farther into the room. The stifling clouds of dust that arose at the same moment forced the young girl to fly to the door. But only for an instant did she hesitate: the paintings must be saved before the Vandal outside continued his work of destruction. She was on the point of returning to the room when a voice was heard from afar: "Stop! stop! that is enough!"

It was the same voice that yesterday evening had ordered the negro back to the house—a deep, manly voice, and one evidently accustomed to command. It must be Bluebeard! He apparently intended to oversee his work of vengeance in person, for a quick, firm step approached the pavilion. Should she fly? No! She was deeply indignant at the violence of this man. He should feel that he was despised—that others had the courage to oppose his brutality and presumption. She stepped to the table that stood in the middle of the room, placed an empty box upon it, and began with great outward equanimity to pack the scattered playthings therein.

"Jacques," said the voice, now directly behind the window shutters—and stern and imperious indeed did it sound—"I gave orders that this window should first be opened, and that you should see there was nothing in the pavilion that might be injured. Why was this not done?"

"Ah, sir," replied the mason, in place of the servant-man, who was hesitating for an answer, "what could there be in there? The old woman wouldn't keep anything valuable in this lumber-room."

There was no reply, but a man's figure appeared in the opening in the wall, and he looked in. Involuntarily Lilli lifted her downcast lids. There they stood face to face—the terrible Bluebeard and the young lady, who at this important moment needed the whole of her not inconsiderable stock of pride and strength of will to enable her to keep up her self-imposed rôle of heroine. She called herself inwardly “a miserable coward,” because she could not repress the rebellious tide of blushes that surged over her face under that piercing gaze. She had only glanced up for one moment, but nevertheless knew perfectly that yonder stood a tall, powerful figure, of elegant and graceful bearing; and, moreover, that to this figure in the simple brown jacket belonged a remarkably handsome, youthful head, with features sufficiently demonlike to justify his not very flattering sobriquet. He stood still for an instant, seeming petrified with surprise, and then leant into the room to examine the destruction caused by the mason. Without raising her eyes again, Lilli saw that he stamped his foot slightly.

“This is too bad!” he murmured, glancing back at the three men, who stood outside, looking very awkward and down in the mouth. “I hope, however, that I have come in time to prevent greater injury,” he continued, with a slight bow to Lilli.

No answer. He turned away and tossed the lighted cigar which he held between his fingers over on the grass-plot. The men withdrew silently. Lilli hoped he would follow their example, for nothing would have induced her to be the first to quit the field: that would have looked like flight; but she was forced to confess to herself that she would love dearly to jump up and run away as quickly as possible.

But there he stood again in the gap: he folded his arms and leaned against one of the bare beams with as much ease and assurance as though he were in a friendly territory, instead of on the threshold of the enemy's country.

Lilli felt that his eye rested fixedly

upon her. She was almost in despair with impatience and embarrassment; but now it was doubly necessary to get out of her disagreeable position with calmness and dignity. She did not vouchsafe him another glance, but placed in the box a large doll, whose long blonde locks escaped from under a baby's cap.

“A charming little creature,” said he, suddenly breaking the painful silence. “I should like so much to know if it can cry.”

What irony lay in his voice! He was trying to insult her by treating her as a child. Deeply hurt, she gave him a glance full of indignation.

“Ah, good!” cried he, laughingly. “I only wanted to find out if you understood German. Of that I have no longer the slightest doubt, and so venture to hope that you will at least answer me one question: Will you forgive me that through my fault you have been disturbed and alarmed?”

“I am not so easily frightened—therefore think any further reply unnecessary.”

A kind of lightning-flash passed over his face, but he did not make the slightest movement to quit his post.

“I am forced of necessity to declare myself satisfied,” said he, half laughingly. “But tell me, do you think that when Moses heard the first sweet ripple of the silver stream which flowed from the rock at his touch, he remained satisfied with that one hearing? I am in just that position, and prefer having a little more, even though some bitter drops accompany the sweet waters. I know that I have not the slightest claim upon your kindness, but nevertheless venture to propose a treaty of peace. Be like that good fairy that granted three wishes to the poor mortal, and answer me three questions.”

She had need of all her self-command not to be infected by his good-natured manner. She felt like bursting into a laugh at the original proposition, but that she did not dare to do in the presence of the malignant neighbor. He must be repelled and taught his position with gravity and coldness. She turned her back to him, took down a picture

from the wall, and, endeavoring to brush off the dust from the frame, replied indifferently:

"And what do you offer in return, should I consent to grant your request?"

"Well, perhaps—the expression of your face leaves no doubt as to what would please you—perhaps the promise that I will go then and leave you alone."

"Good!"

"But the promise is only to remain in force for to-day, however."

"I do not think there is any likelihood that we will ever meet again."

"Will you not let that be *my* care?"

"That is as you choose. I shall know how to prevent it."

Dorte was right: he *was* extremely quick-tempered. He flushed crimson and pressed his lips tightly together, as though to repress a storm of hasty words. Then striding back into the garden, he tore two roses from a bush near by, crushed them in his clenched hands, and then let them fall upon the ground. Lilli gazed at him frightened. She had wounded him deeply: how foolish of her! A repentant feeling came suddenly over her for having replied so roughly; but the man who had caused such trouble to Aunt Bärchen was surely undeserving of any consideration or forbearance. And, besides, even judging mildly, it was very thoughtless of him to endeavor to entrap her into a conversation—her who necessarily must espouse the cause of his harassed and insulted neighbor. By means of this reasoning she succeeded in regaining her former dignified bearing, and took another painting industriously from the wall, as if she had not the slightest idea that he was still standing outside. But he was not to be frightened off so easily. He seemed to have conquered his anger: at all events, the eye that met her quickly-withdrawn glance was no longer sparkling with indignation. He approached and examined the inside of his strong but well-formed hand: a drop of blood was trickling over the white skin.

"There you see," said he, drawing a thorn from the flesh, "though the worn-

out proverb, 'No rose without thorns,' is no longer admitted even into copy-books, the moral application still holds good. But who would suppose"—his eye rested upon the assembly of dolls upon the table, and he smiled sarcastically—"that, while the hands are so innocently and childishly employed, a hidden sting could lurk behind the lips? Perhaps you are surprised that I should waste more words after your last declaration; but the three questions were much too dearly bought for me to release you so quickly. I will be reasonable in my demands. You have already answered me the first one: for number two, please tell me if you are related to Hofrätin Falk, and, consequently, to the Dorns?"

"No."

"Then why do you take up the family feud as zealously as though you were old Erich Dorn's blood relation?"

She looked up in amazement. This barbarian seemed unconscious that he had committed an unpardonable rudeness only a few moments before.

Enough: he stretched forth his hands imploringly, as if to ward off the reply that was hovering on her lips.

"No, no! don't speak!" cried he hastily, but endeavoring to give a jesting turn to his words. "It was foolish of me to ask that question: I was like a child venturing on unsound ice. You were about to say that you did not in the least require the aid of the mouldy old traditions to see in me a horrible example of masculine arbitrariness and brutality—that here lie the proofs before your little feet, etc., etc. I live a kind of hermit's life, and have until now never troubled myself about what went on on the other side of yonder hedge: therefore I do not even know in what relation you stand to the house over there."

Lilli laughed inwardly at the slyness with which he was endeavoring to gain information about her affairs.

"Does that belong to your three questions?" asked she, without looking up.

"No! indeed no! I must be economical. But you would render a great

deal of my pleading unnecessary if you would tell me how long you have been at the Hofrâth's?"

"Since yesterday afternoon."

"Ah, then I must beg that you will hear me for a few moments longer. I have become convinced, after long wanderings through the world, that the best part of my life—that is, the part when the soul is in complete harmony with all its fellow-mortals, and consequently full of peace itself—had been the first six years of my existence. I came to this painful conclusion in consequence of numerous disappointments, and hoped in the land of my birth to find a spell, a treasure that would restore the happiness of my early years. So you can understand why I set out for Thuringia without further delay."

He had spoken lightly, but a slight trace of bitterness in his tone did not escape Lilli's keen ear.

"I can understand that perfectly," she replied; "but I *cannot* understand how you expect to find your inward peace in embittering the existence of others."

"That is a mysterious question to me, as well as to yourself—as mysterious as that these 'others' should base their happiness upon so frail a foundation."

He glanced scornfully, as he spoke, at the old walls of the pavilion, which, it must be confessed, were very weak and time-worn.

"You see," he continued in his former jesting tone, "that I came here with the most peaceable intentions. I had forgotten that the old lady over yonder—whom all the children in the town had already named 'Aunt Bärchen'—for me alone, of them all, had only stern, cold glances, which made me, a hot-blooded youngster, so furious that I used to throw stones in her plum trees. She has indeed held fast the family feud: her glance has not grown warmer since those days. Nevertheless," continued he, more gravely, "it was far from being my desire to treat her as an enemy. I determined to purchase her property, so as to be able to remove this miserable caricature of a pavilion from my new pleasure-ground unhindered; not alone

because my sense of beauty was painfully outraged thereby, but principally because a certain circumstance made it my duty not to suffer this outlook on my private property."

"This 'certain circumstance' is no secret to us, however, respected Herr Bluebeard," thought Lilli, and she allowed, for the first time, her large, dark eyes to rest full and firm upon his face. Had she forgotten the demonish enchantments of that hero of the fairy-tale, which drew the maiden's soul onward, onward within his reach? But how should she remember it? This danger lay so far. Though the handsome, manly features were inscrutable to her inexperienced eye, yet the dark blue tint around the chin and lower part of the cheeks might have recalled the warning token of the fairy-tale.

Ah, then, his conscience was not entirely blunted, for his piercing gaze had a singular effect: he was suddenly silent in the middle of his speech, and it seemed as if his eye dilated and flamed up. Was it the confusion of conscious guilt? She could not tell, but there lay something in these circumstances that seemed to react chillingly on herself.

"Ah, the solution! the solution!" cried he, with an entirely altered voice: it almost sounded as though he were awakening from a dream and were talking to himself.

"Yes, the solution of the mystery was not so difficult: even old Dorte penetrated it," thought Lilli, but in spite of this bold inward observation she cast down her eyes. He walked up and down once outside, and then resumed his former position.

"I am a bad advocate," said he, smiling, and endeavoring to assume the light tone in which he had first spoken. "In the midst of my well-arranged speech I lose the thread of my argument. But I have suddenly made a strange discovery. Something lay like a dark prophecy in my soul, and that something has, with the quickness of lightning, all at once been realized."

He passed his hand over his brow, as if to collect his thoughts, but Lilli pre-

pared to leave the pavilion. An inexplicable dread came over her, his behavior was so singular. And it also occurred to her that it was totally contrary to custom and propriety for her to permit a longer interview with an entire stranger, and, moreover, one who was an acknowledged adversary of Aunt Bärbchen. She had allowed the charm of his original manner to influence her: that was foolish of her, and must be remedied as soon as possible.

"May I not finish my defence?" asked he, imploringly, as she approached the door.

"I can tell you the conclusion myself," said she, half averting her face. "You went to law about it; you got judgment against the Hofrätin Falk; and because your unreasonable wish was not at once carried out, you became angry, had this breach made in the wall, and now doubtless are awaiting the effect of these violent measures."

"Unreasonable, angry, violent!" repeated he, with mocking pathos, but the expression of deep chagrin in his face and voice was not to be mistaken. "A few more touches, and the portrait of a tyrant is complete. But, in spite of all this weight of wickedness, I can assure you that I am a friend of truth, and therefore will not disguise from you that I *was* angry. The old lady provoked me bitterly. Several days have already passed since the expiration of the appointed eight days, but perhaps I would not yet a while have resorted to these measures had not fright and excitement been caused yesterday among my people by nocturnal apparitions at this window."

And so her unpardonable folly had been the immediate cause of to-day's catastrophe! This discovery troubled the young girl extremely. The fault was irreparable, but she could at least make some atonement by freely acknowledging that she was the guilty one. She had just opened her lips to reply when the deep but far-sounding voice of the Hofrätin was heard calling her name from the house. Why was it that the thought suddenly became intensely painful to the young girl that Aunt

Bärbchen might meet her adversary here and express all her anger and resentment undauntedly? She hurried, therefore, with a slight bow, out of the door, and really found that the Hofrätin was on the point of coming to the pavilion to look for her.

Rapidly and with suppressed voice she recounted what had happened. Aunt Bärbchen's strong, dark coloring paled somewhat, but she remained outwardly calm, and called to old Sauer:

"Bring the pictures out from the pavilion, but take them down very carefully from the nails. They can be taken into the green room for the present, until I have decided where they had better be hung. I can't see them now: don't let me see them, Sauer. It is so dreadful to me that they should be turned out of their old place, and I cannot prevent it."

Lilli followed the Hofrätin to the sitting-room, put her arms around her neck and acknowledged her fault. Her eyes were buried in Aunt Bärbchen's huge tulle ruff, and therefore the suppressed smile escaped her which, at the beginning of her confession, flew around the corners of the Hofrätin's mouth.

"Be ashamed, Lilli," said she, when the maiden had finished her self-accusation. "You come here from the great city; you behave like a grown lady with your crinoline and your trains, which sail off the sand from the floors and steps, much to poor Dorte's vexation; you've learned English and French, and stuck your nose into chemistry and other high-learned things; and yet you remain so childish that before long I shall have to hang the school-rules up again, yonder beside the clock. For the rest—you don't deserve it, but I will give you a piece of comfort—the charming gentleman over yonder would have carried out his heroic intentions to-day without your assistance. I expected nothing else. I knew he was aching to get at the poor old house."

"I don't think so, Aunt Bärbchen," replied Lilli, raising her head quickly. "He did not in the least impress me as a malignant person. I am perfectly cer-

tain that if you had represented to him calmly—”

“So the egg wants to be wiser than the hen,” scolded the Hofr  thin, now really angry. “‘Represent calmly!’ I—one of the Erichs—to those over yonder! My grandmother would rather have fired the pavilion with her own hand than have wasted a good word on the Huberts about it. Never come to me again, Lilli, with such expressions. I’ve grown old in the knowledge that the Huberts have cast a blot upon our line, and the pain and anger it has caused me I take with me to the grave. Listen to me, child: I don’t want to hear another word about him over yonder—not even his name—whether in jest or in earnest. And one thing more, Lilli: when I have closed my eyes on this world, then you are mistress here, and all that has belonged to the Erichs from time immemorial will be yours. But if I thought for an instant that after my death any of my former property, if it were only an inch of the garden, would come into the hands of those over yonder, I would rather give house and grounds for a poor hospital for ever. There! you have my unalterable determination; and in conclusion I must say that I highly disapprove of your conduct of to-day. How could you permit yourself to engage in a conversation with a perfectly strange man, and moreover with a man who— Have you forgotten what Dorte said yesterday about him? Such a person is not worthy that a woman of reputation should address a word to him, for he thinks habitually ill of women, and considers them all of the same description.”

A deep glow rose over Lilli’s white face up to the dark, gracefully-rippling hair-waves; but she threw back her head, and her mouth assumed the proud expression which often gave to the gentle, childish face a look of intellectual superiority and maturity. All that she had said to Herr von Dorn passed quickly in review before her mind’s eye. The rule of behavior which her English governess had again and again repeated to her—which forbade any conversation

with a gentleman not formally presented—had indeed occurred rather late to her mind: at the same time, had she not, by her replies, kept him within the limits of complete indifference as fully and decidedly as if she had only turned her back silently on him? The thought of how rough and unamiable she had been, which a few moments before had given her pain, now became a real comfort. The handsome figure of Bluebeard, which had impressed her against her will, was no longer before her, and the warning and observation of the experienced Hofr  thin had so much the greater influence. She made a firm resolve that she would not approach the pavilion again as long as no solid dividing wall was erected between here and “over yonder:” she would show Bluebeard that she did avoid that meeting with him, and he would soon see that she was not to be classed as one of the aforesaid “description.”

Not a word more passed between the Hofr  thin and the girl about these occurrences. The pictures and furniture were moved quietly from the pavilion to the “green parlor,” and Lilli arranged a corner in her little room for the accommodation of the dolls. In the evening an old friend of Aunt B  rbchen’s came to see her and remained to tea, which was drunk in the breakfast-arbor. And as the night gathered the two old ladies sat there and talked together of days long passed, of dreams and disappointments, of hopes and resignations. Lilli sat in a low garden-chair, with her hands clasped around her knees, gazing out into the deepening twilight, a touched and attentive listener as one faded picture rose upon another.

Her wandering eye was suddenly chained by a white object which seemed to detach itself, as it were, from a faintly gleaming rocket bush, and slowly moved forward. She soon recognized the little night-wanderer: a white hen had escaped from the poultry-house, and was walking about in the most complete tranquillity over the cucumber bed, pausing here and there to scratch in the loose earth. Fortunately for Dorte, who

had charge of the poultry, the Hofrätin did not observe the scraping delinquent. Lilli rose quietly and unobserved, to ward off, if possible, the threatening storm from the head of the neglectful old cook; but the creature, at her approach, ran over the beds as if possessed, vanished in bushes and hedges, only to emerge in a few moments, like a mocking Kobold, in the most distant corner of the garden. All efforts to drive the hen toward the house were useless: suddenly she rose, and, flying heavily for a short distance, seated herself on the roof of the pavilion. Calls and coaxing were of no avail. She crouched down, and in the most provoking security turned her head gravely first to one side, then to the other. Her white plumage shone mysteriously over the dark entrance. The inside of the old house was dismally gloomy: only through the hole in the wall stole in the doubtful twilight. The young girl stood once more in the doorway. Dim and ghostly lay the white

house "over yonder"—an indistinct picture, framed by the jagged outlines of the ruined wall. The tower pointed, like a giant finger, threateningly in the air. The fountains plashed on ceaselessly, it is true, but they stood yonder like motionless, shining pillars: their graceful veils of mist and million down-falling water-pearls were absorbed by the gloom of the evening. In the house all seemed dead—nowhere even a lighted window or an open door. Perhaps the master had gone with his domestics to his estate of Liebenberg, and had there placed his jealously-guarded treasure to protect her from further alarm. But at this moment a door was opened—the door from which the negro had come the evening before: a broad stream of light gushed from the brightly-illuminated hall, and spread over the orange trees, the stone steps and a portion of the grass-plot. With a beating heart Lilli saw the Unknown appear on the threshold.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

OUR PROVINCIALISMS.

BY an *Americanism* is meant a peculiarity of the English language as used in this country. Reserving the name for a word or idiom peculiar to the whole country, we distinguish from it the *provincialism*, which is limited to a section of country. Americanisms are of two kinds: they may be outlawed as vulgarisms, or they may have attained a currency as good English through the sanction of the best American writers. The time when the combined sanction of American authors had no such power has passed away, for this country has ceased to be, in literature, as truly as in civil affairs, a dependency of a foreign empire.

Among the outlawed Americanisms are our provincialisms. Though the provincialisms of a country are below the

plane of its literature, their study, apart from its entertainment, has its uses. They mark the civilization of a people: they teach much concerning the philosophy and the history of language. A proper regard to the subject would save public speakers and others from the disadvantage of faults of diction. In rhetoric, purity of style forbids the provincialism.

The subject opens, in many ways, into the field of authorized literature. Some of these vagrant terms, now thrown over the pale of good English, were once in as good repute as any others. Pegge, in his *Anecdotes of the English Language*, speaks of this class of terms as "old, unfortunate and discarded words and expressions, which are turned out to the world at large, by persons of edu-

cation, without the smallest protection, and acknowledged only by the humbler orders of mankind, who seem charitably to respect them as decayed gentlefolks that have known better days."

On the other hand, words are sometimes elevated from their low position as vulgarisms and honored with a place in respectable English. Many words and idioms once sectional have become national. The fact cannot be denied that the section that has projected the greatest number of unquestioned provincialisms into the national speech is New England.

It must not be supposed that all the provincialisms classified in this article are in general use in the sections to which they are attributed. The educated classes have outgrown them and cast them off: many of them are found only in the most rural and secluded localities. The speech of our educated classes, all over the land, is the same. There is nothing in the English language as spoken here that can be compared with the English dialects, or with the French *patois*, differing in various localities and widely diverse from the pure French of Paris. There are two causes for this unity of tongue among English-speaking people in America: popular education, inducing a universal habit of reading; and intercommunication or emigration. Nearly every family has branches in other States and Territories, and what is printed in one section is read everywhere.

In the course of an ordinary conversation none but a practiced observer can discover to what part of the Union an American belongs. During our late war a visitor might go through one of our military hospitals, in which lay men hailing from every part of the North and West, and thence he might pass into the ward where wounded Southerners were cared for, and the diversities of speech would be so slight that unless he were accustomed to notice such matters, or unless he should light upon an unusually verdant specimen, he would hear nothing to remind him of a local origin.

Some may deem it a striking fact that

in our land, settled by so many different races and nations, the English language has not been perverted, and that a patchwork of strange words and idioms has not resulted. The Low Dutch of Holland has disappeared from the banks of the Hudson; no one ever hears the Danish and Swedish in New Jersey; the French of the Huguenot settlers was short-lived in the Carolinas; and the German in Pennsylvania, the French in Louisiana and the Norwegian in Iowa are surely passing into decay. The language vanishes: it may leave a tincture behind it in some provincialism, but it will do no more. This tendency to unity of language, like our great rivers and mountain ranges, makes us, as a people, one and indivisible.

Many of our provincialisms are relics of that venerable tongue, the Anglo-Saxon, the early fountain of our English, and for which, as for a mother however poor, we do well to entertain an affectionate respect. These provincial remnants are gold-dust washings, driven down with an undercurrent from the old language, amid the sands of time. How interesting to know that many words which for hundreds of years the intelligent classes have ignored, except as they may meet them in some old English book, are still in vogue among the humbler classes, the present representatives of that Saxon race which yielded to the superior power and culture of the Norman—words that have been transmitted from fireside to fireside. Enter the cabin of some lowly family in the pines of New Jersey or among the mountains of Pennsylvania or New England, and as you hear its occupants conversing around their rustic table, you may almost imagine yourself in connection with the times of Alfred and Dunstan, and picture an unbroken succession from those days to the present—a rustic channel of simple poverty, through which the old-fashioned phrase has come down. These are the people who still say *ax*, for ask; *holped*, for helped; *afeard*, for afraid; *afore*, for before; *clean gone*, for entirely gone; *again the house*, for against the house; *housen*, for houses.

NEW ENGLAND.

We begin with the provincialisms of New England, and thence pass Southward and Westward, premising that the effect of education is ever to soften down, or more generally to remove, local forms of speech. The peculiarities retained by the educated are for the most part words that are allowable though rare, and sometimes diversities in accent.

New Englanders pronounce the consonants more distinctly than others, and are said by the English to utter their words too deliberately. This may be owing to the fact that they, and the Americans generally, learn their words more from books than from persons. In England, the reverse is true—words are acquired more through the ear than the eye.

The New Englander often accents the last syllable of the word "afterward." In New England we find—

"Admire," for "wish"—"I admire to know," that is, "I should like to know."

Instead of "beating the eggs," the women often say, "cutting the eggs," or "braiding" them.

"Desk," for "pulpit."

The exclamations, "Do tell!" "I want to know!" equivalent to "Is it possible?"

"Does" is pronounced "doos."

"Elm," as if written "ellum."

"Emptyings" and "barme," both meaning "yeast." Barm is provincial in England, and is met with in Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher.

"Crock" is employed as a verb, signifying to soil with soot or smut: provincial in England.

"Heft," for "weight" (from "heave"). This word, like the last, is good English, though local in America.

"Hadden't ought," a barbarism not altogether confined to the New England States.

"Haul," for "pull up," as to "haul weeds."

"Hum," "stun," for "home," "stone."

"It warn't," for it "was not."

The exclamation, "I know it!" where others would say "That's so," or "It's a fact."

"Meeting," for "meeting-house"—
"The meeting was three miles distant." This accords with English usage.

"Sight," for "multitude;" once authorized, but now, in England, provincial.
"Sozzle," a lazy, slatternly woman.

"Slosh," for what we call "slush," or snow in a soft state.

"Slump," to fall or sink through ice or mud. Common in the North of England.

"Slip," for a pew in a church. In New York, "slip" is an opening between wharves.

"Society," for "congregation."

"Stake" and "staky," for "balk" and "balky."

"Staddle," an English word, meaning sapling or young tree (from *sto*, to stand). It is local in New England and New York.

"Sugar off," a reference to the custom of eating maple sugar poured in a heated state on snow. Sugar parties are common in Vermont and other sugar-making States. The gatherings of young people in the maple grove to eat warm sugar are called "sugar-licks."

"Town" is used in New England where we would say "township." Miss Leslie says it will explain Jonathan's perplexity:

"He said he couldn't see the town,
There were so many houses."

"Ugly," as an adjective signifying "not handsome," is applied to the disposition. An evil-minded, ill-tempered person is said to be "ugly." It sounds strange away from New England to hear one say, "She is good-looking, but ugly." A writer says, "A British traveler, walking one day in a suburb of Boston, saw a woman out on a doorstep whipping a screaming child. 'Good woman,' he asked; 'why do you whip that boy so severely?' She answered, 'Because he is so ugly.' The Englishman walked on, but put down in his journal that 'American mothers are so cruel as to beat their children because they are not handsome.'" This use of the word is provincial in England. See Baker's *Northamptonshire Glossary*.

The letter *u* in such words as "par-

ticular," "calculate," "manipulate," is often omitted, as "partic'lar," etc.*

Many words and phrases are current as New England shibboleths which, on examination, will be found prevailing elsewhere. Thus, to quote from a writer who enlarges upon what he calls the Yankee dialect: The Yankee says "I guess," when he means "I think;" uses the word "awful" in the sense of "very great;" "ary" for "either;" generally "goes the whole figure," and "holds on till the cows come home;" "has considerable spunk;" "is plaguey 'cute in making curious notions;" he readily "gets the hang of things," and "the way he goes ahead is a caution, any how you can fix it; there's no two ways about it."

NEW YORK.

The State of New York, having been so largely settled from New England, and inheriting many of its peculiarities, will not present, in its language, many distinctive features. Here prevailed, in connection with the New England emigration, the Dutch element, the banks of the Hudson, from the city of New York northward, having been first occupied by Hollanders. From these Dutch settlers New Yorkers have learned to say—

"Stoop," for "porch," or the steps leading to the front door. In portions of New York and New Jersey occupied by the denomination popularly styled, until lately, Dutch Reformed, ministers are called "Döminies." In Scotland the title is applied to schoolmasters, but there the first syllable is pronounced short—"Döminie."

From the Dutch, New Yorkers have

*As an example of relics of English provincial dialects, see the transformation of the vowels *i* and *a* in Marblehead, Massachusetts:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women of Morblehead."

"Here's Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead."

"Skipper Ireson's Ride"—*Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1867.

inherited "cruller," a sweet cake boiled as a doughnut; "rulliches," chopped meat, stuffed into bags, sliced and cooked; "pinky," the little finger; "scup," a swing; and "snore," the string, with the button attached, used by boys in spinning tops.

The New Yorker, if he be a peddler, professes to *dicker* in tin-ware, rags or tobacco; that is, to buy and sell.

"Skesicks," an idle or unprofitable fellow.

In Western New York they use the pleonasm, "I presume likely."

NEW JERSEY.

North Jersey, or the mountainous part of the State, was settled by the English, with a few Hollanders and Scotch-Irish.

The writer has known many instances in North Jersey in which the good wife, no allusion having as yet been made to her absent husband, speaks of him, not by name, but with the pronouns "he" and "him"—"When *he* comes home I will see what he says."

What is called "saw-horse" in the books, the frame on which wood is sawed, is styled in North Jersey, "saw-buck." Farther south it is often called "wood-horse."

"Into" is improperly used for "in," as, "I take no interest into that subject." "There is good land into that farm." (New York, also.) "There's twa fat hens into the crib." (Scotch piece.)

"Offal," or refuse meat, is pronounced, commonly, with the accent on the last syllable and in the plural, "off-falls." This may be the original form, the word being compounded of "off" and "fall."

Besides these, there are several words which may be found in other localities settled by the Scotch-Irish, as "dare," when permission is asked, instead of "may"—"Dare we go and see Cousin Mary?" The pupil asks the teacher, "Dare we have a holiday?"

"It is all," for "We have no more," or "It is all gone." The waiting-girl says to her mistress at the table, "The toast is all," or "It is all any more."

A tin bucket is called a "blickey."

A cold meal handed or prepared at short notice is called a "piece." In time of harvest the women at the farmhouse send out to the field at ten, and again at three, a "piece" in addition to the regular meals. The "piece" consists of hot coffee, bread and butter, cold meat, and whatever a generous talent for providing may furnish.

In both North and South Jersey a little dog is called a "whiffet." Found, to a small extent, in Pennsylvania.

The southern part of this State was settled by Puritan emigrants from New England and Long Island, with a few English Quakers. The population is thoroughly English, retaining many of the peculiarities and excellences of the old time. There one may hear—

"Jag," for a small load, as of hay or wood. "Jag" in this sense is local in the North and Middle of England.

"Brash," or "water-brash," a sudden sickness, with acid rising in the mouth. The word is common on the border of England and Scotland.

"Budge," for "intimate"—"She and your sister are quite budge."

"Put" for "turn"—"It is not your put."

"Mux," for "disorder," or what is called by the English, colloquially, "mess," and by Americans, not in good taste, "muss." *Germ.* "mus," a hashed mixture. "Mix" is not uncommon in New England. "Mux," dirt, West of England.

The third person is used instead of the second by bashful, ignorant people. In talking with you they will say, "Is he well?" "Will he take a chair?"

The coupling-pole of a wagon, or what is called in North Jersey the *lang*, is styled in South Jersey the "sword." A gentleman saying to his friend, who was visiting him, that he was unable to use the wagon because he could not get a sword, the latter wondered what the getting of the weapon had to do with the use of the wagon.

The entertainment given at the house of the bridegroom after the marriage, styled in the Southern and Western

States an "infare" (Anglo-Saxon), is in South Jersey always called a "home-coming," and in North Jersey a "home-bringing."

Some say "tomats" for "tomatoes."

"Marsh," for "marsh." An old English form is "mas," as in the proper name "Masbrough," and "marsh," for "marsh" is to be found in various English dialects.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Extending from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to Hagerstown in Maryland, is the fertile and populous Cumberland Valley, whose continuation in Virginia is the famous Valley of the Shenandoah. Here, in early times, settled numerous Protestant emigrants from the North of Ireland, of Scotch origin. Many Germans have since penetrated the Valley, but they have made no impression upon the language as previously spoken. Western Pennsylvania and portions of Ohio and West Virginia, likewise settled by the Scotch-Irish, betray many of the same peculiarities of speech.

Apart from the history of this class of our people, whose industrious habits and attachment to civil and religious freedom have rendered them a valuable element in our population, a glance at their peculiarities of speech will convince the student that their origin was not far from the Scottish border, and that the identity of name between the Cumberland region in Pennsylvania and the Cumbrian in England is not accidental. In no part of England is so much of the Anglo-Saxon retained, while just beyond the border, though bearing the name of Scotch, live a people of the same origin, whose dialect in former days differed but little from that spoken at the time in the North of England.

In the Cumberland Valley many of the uneducated say "Aprile," with *i* long, for "April."

All, including the educated, say "bealing" and "bealed," in speaking of a common sore or boil. The noun "bealing," and the past tense "bealed," suppurated, were once authorized, but they

are now obsolete, except in Durham, England.

"Be to be," for "ought to be" or "will be." For "I will be there," an uneducated person may say, "I be to be there."

"The cold," for "a cold," taking the word definitely, as we say "the tooth-ache," "the measles."

"Fist" (*i* long), a little dog.

"Further," in an improper connection, for "as far as"—"This is all the further the lesson goes."

"Horsebeast," and sometimes "beast," for "horse." A woman, visiting, said, "We shall have to be getting home before dark, for we have a wild beast in our carriage." Brockett, in his *Vocabulary of North Country Words*, says: "In some parts of Scotland the horse, by way of eminence, is denominated 'the beast,' no other animal receiving that designation."

"His lone," for "alone"—"The child cannot sit his lone" or "walk his lone."

"Hate," for "the least bit"—"There is not a hate of truth in that report." Webster gives, under *ought*, *awiht* as the Saxon; also *ahht*, "the smallest thing." Compare with this *whit*, in the sentence, "He is not a whit better than before."

"Hallowe'en," or "All-Hallow Eve," anciently the vigil of All Saints' Day. This is observed by young people in the North of England, who attempt various devices for foretelling their fate in matrimony, such as dipping for apples afloat in water. In Pennsylvania, besides sport of this kind, the boys perambulate the streets throwing shelled corn at the windows, and the more mischievous delight in transferring one's cabbages and beets from the garden to the porch, and in moving gates from their hinges.

"Jag," "to prick," "to pierce," as with a pin or thorn.

"Lift," as to "lift a collection," where others would say "to take up."

"Lives"—"I would just as lives go as not." This colloquialism is not uncommon in New England. The adverb "lief," willingly, is said to be derived from the verb "love."

"Long"—"Don't you *think long* to be at home?" This provincialism is valuable as showing the probable derivation of the English verb "to long," as in the expression, "I *long* to see you." Some think there is a connection with the root *lag*, to delay, and Latin *langueo*. Horne Tooke supposes that this word originated in the idea of stretching ourselves out—that is, in making ourselves *long*—for the sake of some desired object. But our Cumberland Valley phrase—a relic doubtless of English in the Middle Ages, for "think lang" is still common in the Cumbrian district of England—better supplies the intermediate link between the adjective *long* (Lat. *longus*) and the verb. We long for the object when we think it long before we attain it.

"Mind," in the sense of "remember:" Scotch-Irish, unquestionably, the word being so used in Scotch vernacular phrases. In a translation of a Confession of St. Patrick is the sentence, "I minded me of my sins." A "month's mind" is a series of ecclesiastical services specially relating to one subject.

"Middling smart" and "right smart," meaning a pretty large quantity, as "middling smart of bread," "right smart of wood."

"Mosey sugars," molasses candy with the meat of nuts mixed with it. May it not have been originally "mosaic sugars," from *mosaic*, a species of inlaid-work which the candy, when cut, resembles? "Mosey," mealy, Gloucestershire dialect.

"Machines," constantly applied to vehicles, covered wagons, hacks, etc. The common use of this word by the middle classes probably originated in a facetious purpose to employ a high-sounding word. In the same way, in New York City the firemen call a fire-engine a "machine."

"Outcry." Handbills sometimes read, "Will be sold at public outcry," instead of "vendue." The word was formerly used in this sense in England, and is probably the old Saxon name for a custom that in the more civilized hands of the Norman-French became the ven-

due. We find the word in glossaries of North Country words.

"Poke," a bag. Local in the north-ern and other parts of England. Poke is old English for pocket or bag. It is strange how an obsolete word will live in a maxim or cant phrase. To "buy a pig in a poke" is a common expression in America and England for making a bargain without knowing what you are buying. In Cumberland Valley common people will say, "Put the feathers in a poke."

"Should have," for "did"—"I was told that you should have called him a thief." Here the indicative is not used, evidently because the speaker is reluctant to indicate or declare what is unpleasant or uncertain. Of Scotch-Irish origin.

"Sots," common yeast.

"Snits," slices of dried fruit—dried apples, etc. "Pear snits."

"That," for "so"—"I was that scared I knew not what to do." This is an English vulgarism. In one of Reade's novels a rustic says, "I was that eager."

"Till," for "to"—"Going till town." Common in the North and Middle of England. *Till*, in the sense of *to*, is found in the Danish, Swedish and Scottish. It is also Irish, and Chaucer has "Home till Athens."

"Said," pronounced "sayed." Maryland, also.

"Severals," for several or a few. "Severals came and told us."

"Yammer," for "whine" or "whimper." North of England.

A cold dinner, or a meal hastily provided, is sometimes called a "check."

"Loss," as a verb—"Did you loss it?"

"A fall," for a descent of rain or snow—"He thought there would be a fall soon." "Falling weather" is common for the same thing.

"Ishes," for "ashes."

"You'ens," for you, whether singular or plural. A variation is "you'enses." "Us'ens," for "us" or "we," is sometimes heard.

"Stop," for "object to" or "hold

back from"—"I would not stop to go myself;" *i. e.*, "I would like to go."

"Race," for "chase," as "racing the chickens."

"Once," at the end of a sentence, for "only"—"Come here once," equivalent to "Just come here."

"Come back," meaning, "Come and see me again." A lady not accustomed to this complimentary phrase, when on leaving the house of her friend she hears her say, "Come back," is apt to turn round and come in, supposing she is wanted in the house again.

"Redd," as to "redd up a room"—that is, to put it in order. This is one of the most marked of the Pennsylvania provincialisms, and from Pennsylvania it has passed into Ohio. It is a Saxon or Gothic variation of *rid*, and is common on the English and Scottish border. In an old collection of nursery rhymes we find the couplet,

"A seamstress that sews, and would make her work
redde,
Must use a long needle and a short thread."

In *Margaret Maitland*, by a Scotch author, we find "a well-redd-up house." Charlotte Brontë, in *Jane Eyre*, has this expression: "You are redd up and made decent." "Redd," however, is obsolete: it is banished from the dictionaries, and ought never to be used.

"Shut of," or more frequently "shet of"—"freed from." This is not peculiar to Pennsylvania. In the North of England they say "to get shot of;" in the midland counties, "shut of." A woman, besieged and importuned by a man to marry her, at last married him, as she said, "to get shut of him." From the root of *shut* and *shed*, to throw off, to get rid of.

"Take up"—"Is the meeting taken up yet?" "They take up school at nine."

"Tell on you," for "tell of you;" "wait on you," for "wait for you."

In some parts of Pennsylvania they say "sun-up," for "sunrise." The Americanism "sundown," for "sunset," is common throughout the United States, though it is not palatable to the English.

"What *ails* you at him?" that is,

"What feeling have you against him?" "What has he done to you?" A preacher once said in the pulpit, "What ails you at the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Want out," "want in," for "want to go out," "want to come in." Says Dr. J. A. Alexander, in his Commentary on Acts iii. 3: "Tyndale and Cranmer have the singular and now obsolete ellipsis, 'would into the temple.'"

"Smitch," the least thing—Carbon county. In Dorsetshire, South-western England, "smitch" means fine dust, stirred up like smoke.

In Western Pennsylvania some say "bor" for "borrow."

In Pennsylvania, India-rubber shoes are sometimes called "gums." A gentleman from Philadelphia, with his wife, was on a visit in New York, and on returning to the house of their host one evening the gentleman entered the parlor alone. "Why, where is Emily?" some one asked. He answered, "Oh, Emily is outside, cleaning her gums upon the mat." At this there was a momentary look of astonishment, and then a peal of laughter.

SOUTHERN STATES.

New Jersey and Pennsylvania differ from New England in the flattening of the vowel *a*: in the former we hear psalm (sam), while in New and Old England such words are pronounced with *a* as in *far*. But passing into Virginia and the South, we return to the proper sound of *a* in this large class of words, though often the vowel is unduly broadened, thus, "sawm." The unschooled Virginian says, "hond," for "hand;" "yer," for "year;" "thar" and "whar," for "there" and "where," and even the "old mar,"* for the "old mare;" he threatens "to pull your years for you;" he says—and here again he coincides with the people of Maine—"gyrl," "kyars," "gyarden" and "heouse;" he says "Jeems," "right much;" "find him," for "fine him;" "intrust," for "interest;" "I'm a fa-

* "Thar's as fine a mar' as ever wore ha'r: I'll bet you a pa'r o' boots or a bar'l o' flour on it."

vorite of that fruit," for "I am fond of it;" he calls a running brook sometimes a "branch," but most frequently a "run;" and he speaks of a "sorry horse" when he means a poor one. Wishing to know where he is, he asks, "At where am I?" This is an English vulgarism. Hood has a picture of a traveler at the town of Ware. The man asks, "I am at—where?" and another answers, "I see you are." Many of these peculiarities may be credited to Maryland likewise. Also, "Cast away," for overturned in a vehicle—"Did you know that we were cast away in coming home?"

The Virginian in war-time, meeting one of our Northern men unceremoniously invading the sacred soil, says to him, "This yer General Lee has got a heap of mines and batteries at Richmond, and a right smart chance of men too, and if you Yankees don't look out, he may interfar' with your plans."

In the Carolinas, besides many expressions that are common to them and to Virginia, one often hears "crap" (crop), and "crapping" (cropping); "biscake" (biscuit); "mout" (might); "fout" (fought).

In the late war our soldiers received such information as the following: "A likely lad he ar tu; he's gone a troopin' it with his fader: they warn't to be ahind the rest. One of our boys can lick five of yer Yankees, shore."

In the latitude of South Carolina they say *put* (*u* as in *tub*); "How-dy?" ("How do you do?"); and in calling they use an emphatic *oh*, as "Oh, George!" Our army found the words "you'ens" and "we'ens" all the way from Pennsylvania to the Gulf.*

They say "tote" (carry); they apply the titles "uncle" and "aunt" to elderly negroes; they say, "I done come for you" ("I came for you"); "I done made the fire" ("I made the fire"), and "of no account" (good for nothing).

* In Tennessee a Yankee soldier asked an ancient lady if she had seen any Federals in that neighborhood. "Well," said the dame, "thar was some of you'ens over thar, 'cross the road, but some of we'ens come 'long, and them'ens got up and dusted."

In the same State they call the groundnut or peanut, "grunpy," groundpea.

A young Southerner described his dog as "the no-accountest dog he ever saw." "Evening" is applied to the afternoon, from twelve o'clock.

Some Spanish words have been retained in Florida. "Maroon" and "ma-rooning" are words of West India origin, meaning originally a "free negro," and then a runaway negro. To "ma-roon" is to live like a runaway negro, or away from the haunts of men, in Robinson Crusoe style.

Louisiana has added to the language a few foreign words, such as "bayou," "crevasse," "levee" and "picayune."

In the South-west we may hear "gwine" (going); "season," for "shower"; "the rise of a hundred," for "above a hundred"; "shuck," for "husk." Shuck is an English word. Of a good-for-nothing man the Southerner often says, "He is not worth shucks."

A Tennessean will astonish you by saying "sho" (sure); "calomy" (calomel); also "fotch" and "cotch." From the Virginian he has learned to speak of throwing a *rock* at your head as big as a potato; he has a *misery* in his head, *i. e.*, a pain; he promises to come "an hour by sun" (an hour after sunrise); he will bring a "stand," by which he means an oil-can. When intending to throw clods of earth or bits of wood at a dog or a weasel, the Western Tennessean says he will "chunk" him, there being no stones in that alluvial country bordering on the Mississippi.

The Tennessee lady says, "Do you think I didn't see Cousin Bell this morning?" meaning, "Don't you think I saw Cousin Bell?" and to a friend, as she bids her good-bye, she says, "Won't you all come and see me?" or, on meeting her, "How do you all do?" meaning only the one addressed. An hospitable farmer will say to the equestrian traveler, "Light and warm," intending that he shall dismount and warm himself by the house-fire.

THE WESTERN STATES.

What is chiefly noticeable in the speech of Western people is the use of

high-flown, intense or grandiloquent expressions. The Western man delights in an exaggerated style; he touches the high keys of conversation when he speaks of "condiments," sugar and cream in coffee, and "propelling," or walking. He says his neighbor speaks *judgmatically*; he talks of going out *prospecting*; when he wishes to know how much he has to pay, he asks, "What's the damage?" or, not so charitably, "What's the swindle?" He talks about your "plunder," meaning your baggage, and about the "betterments" on his farm, or the improvements.

In Ohio they speak of "building" a pair of shoes; of a "fresh," for a "freshet," which is likewise familiar on the Susquehanna and Delaware; they begin their sentences with "Well," and in traveling a hilly road will "reckon they have some smart pinches of hills about here."

The Indiana man says he will have to "git" to catch the stage: if he does not, he will be "plumb wet, sure." Within a very few years the Westernism "git" has passed to nearly all parts of the Union.

An Illinois farmer says he does not believe in so much *cahorting* and *skylarking*, referring to the frolics of young people; the Iowa farmer will invite you to partake of his *slapjacks* (all sorts of griddle-cakes), and will ask you whether you take with your coffee *short sweetnin'* or *long sweetnin'*, meaning by the former *sugar*, and by the latter *molasses*. (Formerly molasses was called *long sweetening* in New England, and *long sugar* in North Carolina.) "Stranger," says he, "when I came out to these *diggin's*, I had to *pitch in*." To *pitch in* is a term used constantly on the frontier by settlers when they speak of going to work themselves: "I had nobody to help me build my house, so I concluded to *pitch in*." "I want to get my well finished: what shall I do?" "Why, pitch in!"

"Heap," much used in the West for "a great many," or "very much," has naturally passed to the Indian tribes be-

yond the border. "He is a big man—heap big," says the Indian.

In Western Missouri your host will invite you to "a good bait of fresh fish" (a full meal): he asks you if you will "have more of the *pone*," or the raised loaf of corn or wheat bread. In the South, *pone* is bread of Indian corn, *not* raised. Or he thinks you may prefer some of the *dodger* (unleavened corn bread; also Virginia); talks about going out to attend to the *cow-brute*, only he has been *chilling* (suffering attacks of fever and ague).

In California we may expect after a while not a few localisms, so many immigrants from other parts of the world centring there. Some Chinese vernacular words have already found their way into the language as spoken in California.

In a review of sectional peculiarities there are some other differences that might be named, such as the designations of *coins*. What is called a *flip*, or a *five-penny bit*, in Pennsylvania, is styled a *sixpence* in New York, a *fourpence* in New England, and a *picayune* in Louisiana. In Alabama and Mississippi a twelve-and-a-half-cent piece is called a *bit*; in New Orleans an *escalon*; in Pennsylvania, a *levy*; a *shilling* in New York, and a *ninepence* in New England and Virginia.

Known by divers names is the friendly old gentleman who is supposed to favor the children at the holidays—St. Nicholas, Santa Claus, Kriss-krinkle, or Kriss-kringle, and Belsnickle. The German is *Krist-kindchen*, or the Christ-child.

There is a great variety, too, in the names of some utensils and implements. In different sections of our country the same article is called *sad-iron*, *flat-iron*, *smoothing-iron*, *iron*, and *heater*. From the shape of this utensil a triangular piece of ground is called in South Jersey a *heater*. The resemblance in figure to a *dog* has earned, in some quarters, for *andirons* the name *fire-dogs*. New England housekeepers sometimes speak of buying a "pair of dogs," meaning *andirons*.

What is generally called *leaven* or

leavens, in North Jersey is better known as "dried yeast;" in the Cumberland Valley, as "rivels;" and in New England and New York, as "turnpikes."

Sometimes the same word is rare, poetical or bookish in one section, and colloquial in another; for instance, *tramp*. There is also a disuse of a word or phrase in a section while common everywhere else throughout the country. As an example of these local blanks we may mention "cutting up" (for uproarious or mischievous amusement), a term which is foreign to Northern Vermont, where "carrying on" is the common phrase. "Crock" and "piggin," an earthen and a wooden vessel, are not known in some quarters; in North Jersey, for instance. "Crock," the primitive of *crockery*, is set down in the dictionaries as obsolete.

Akin to the sectional is the class phrase, not geographical, but peculiar to those of the same trade or calling. Nautical phrases are common to English and American sailors, as *nor'-west*, *sherk* (shark), *drudge* (dredge), *taut* (tight).

Thus have we endeavored to find savory juice in these chips. We have seen that the provincialism, even when clearly a vulgarism, is often by no means an unmixt evil: it is a remnant of a departed good, or perhaps it is a glimmer of a coming one.

The reader will perceive that many of the variations above given are honorable localisms, growing up, as language itself grows up, out of the necessities of the people and the institutions and physical peculiarities of the country. They are not occasions for ridicule: on the contrary, they are instructive, especially to the philologist.

It ill becomes English writers to deal disparagingly with American modes of speech. These having, to so large an extent, their source in the English and Scotch dialects, belong to Britain full as much as to America.

The Saxon character of the provincialisms spoken among the descendants of our Scotch-Irish settlers, taken in connection with the fact that so large a number of these words and idioms are

still current in the North of England, illustrates what has been asserted by English writers, that the language of England and Scotland (the Lowlands) prior to the union of the two crowns was nearly identical.

We have likewise a demonstration that a foreign language, largely imported, gradually melting away in the prevailing English, does not combine, but disappears—working no change, either in the essential words or idioms of our speech, leaving nothing elementary, but only such words as are transient and mutable, because expressive of ideas for which there is no corresponding name in the English, as utensils, articles of food or customs brought in from abroad. In the Cumberland and other valleys of Pennsylvania the descendants of the Scotch-Irish and the Germans dwell side by side: both classes use the words and phrases, and even the tones, which came over from Protestant Ulster, but more remotely from Scotland.

The greater part of the Pennsylvania Germans still adhere to their national speech, yet the scholars from Germany who have visited them observe with deep regret that their beloved language is yielding before the might of American nationality and unity. The German tongue in Pennsylvania, already a hopeless departure from the pure German standard, and shockingly barbaric to the ears of an educated Teuton, is destined, in a few generations, to complete extinction.

The two most prolific sources of provincialisms, as is apparent to the reader of this article, are the Puritan immigration of the seventeenth, and the Scotch-Irish immigration of the eighteenth century. These two races—voyaging hither under stress of persecution, similar in their aims and origin, Anglo-Saxon more than Norman, tenacious of their rights and even of their peculiarities, under no humiliating necessity of sacrificing their mother tongue, sharing most largely in determining the institutions of a future empire—have left as the heritage of a mighty people not only thoughts and deeds, but *words* peculiarly their own—

good English, nevertheless, as American dictionaries attest.

Among the causes of change in which words become obsolete, two may be noted. Where there are modern synonyms within reach—and the Latin and French have furnished many such—the short, expressive Saxon word has too often been abandoned for the statelier term. We may readily imagine on what trivial grounds a word as well as a thing may become old-fashioned. We may speak of the change as an affectation of refinement, but there is no use in stemming the current.

The other cause of change is not, like the former, to be deplored. If we conceive of society as consisting of two divisions, the educated and the uneducated, each with its own vocabulary (though having much, of course, in common)—if we conceive, too, that words are signs of ideas, and that the vocabulary of a people is a fair index of their moral and intellectual condition—we may readily see that in the elevation of the common people many of their words may well be spared. The study of a full glossary of English provincial words reveals a deplorable state of backwardness in the tone of popular thought. Man's lower relations are seen standing prominently forth—his round of plodding, material, worldly cares, his animal wants and characteristics. Upon these his thoughts dwell and his tongue expatiates, till education carries him above them. Hence, in a comparison of extremes, it is to be noticed that among an unschooled, rustic people a multitude of objects capable of giving pleasure or pain have every one its own word to express it; while the educated and refined, disregarding the idea, ignore the word, whose destiny, as society improves, is to drift out of sight. When superstition, poverty and ignorance give way before the cleansing tide of human progress, there is carried along with the débris a mass of words now altogether useless.

The question whether local peculiarities of language are diminishing among us must be answered in the affirmative. Ignorance and seclusion contribute to

their maintenance, and these causes operate less powerfully from year to year.

Education and an increasing demand for reading must tend to correct the evil, counteracting the influence of illiterate companions, parents and servants, and eradicating bad habits of speech dating from early childhood. Intelligence brings together, in thought and speech, the millions of our countrymen. Whether, in the progress of the world toward its millennium, all nations will learn to speak one language, we need not decide, but without doubt many minor differences of dialect and sectional voices will cease to exist. And much more may be realized. The Old World began with its Babel,

but Christianity began with its gift of tongues, unlocking the partition-walls of nations; and there is yet time, we think, for another gift to man, the highest triumph of language in the new dispensation — channels of speech which once branched apart uniting, tongue answering tongue, and idiom returning to idiom; one bond, a common education; one interpreter, Christian love; one brotherhood, humanity.

HENRY REEVES.

NOTE.—The writer will be obliged to all readers interested in the subject who may send to him, in care of the publishers, the results of their experience in provincialisms and local peculiarities generally, where the facts are unquestioned.

THE DOUBTER.

HOW often, though the sunshine gleams around,
And lights the earth-path with a golden glory,
Do doubts arise, like ghosts from out the ground,
And haunt our thoughts as some old spectre-story!

It matters not how fair the prospect lies,
Nor how bedecked the fields with fragrant flowers,
We farther look, while doubting heart descries
A mocking mirage, tempest clouds and showers.

The hopes we clasped yestreen, away they go,
Like "castles in the air," before the Real,
And earthly loves to Dead Sea apples grow,
As morning mist dispels the soul's Ideal.

Whate'er the gorgeous glories dawning o'er—
Whate'er the joy around us gently glowing,
We think not of the wise man's words of yore,
But look for ill from every wind that's blowing.

O doubting heart! O doubting soul! how long
Will ye, instead of roses, gather briers,
And, choosing thus, go chanting that old song,
"Ah woe is me!" like hooded nuns and friars?

Tear down the tempter from his tottering throne:
Whate'er there is of sunshine, bless the Giver:
Look at the beauty by the path-side strown—
'Twill make earth's Eden bud and bloom for ever.

THE CASTLE OF THE TAIKUN.

VICTOR HUGO described the Exchange of modern Paris as a beautiful straight line, broken here and there by stove-pipes. Yedo may be most briefly, and perhaps best, described as a vast parallelogram, broken here and there by gardens. Its immensity at first sight oppresses one. It covers a surface of eighty-five kilometres, or thirty-six square miles. Nestled in a broad valley, girdled with green woods, and crowned by undulating hills, which slope with a gradual descent to the edge of a sheltered bay, into which the Pacific seeks in vain to pour its stormy waters, fair is the once proud capital of the Taikun for the eye of traveler to rest upon. The epithet *rus in urbe* will apply with perhaps more truth to Yedo than to any other city in the world, for it is less a city than an aggregation of populous, shady, rural villages. In this respect, as in many others, it is totally unlike any other city of either ancient or modern times. It is not *walled*, like Pekin; nor *boulevarded*, like Paris; nor *paved*, like Berlin; nor *docked*, like Liverpool; nor *lighted*, like London. In fact, it is much easier to say what it is not than accurately to describe it.

Yedo of half a century ago was a well-defined, historical architectural fact, somewhat indistinct in its outline perhaps, but in its general features and aspect perfectly familiar. Yedo of to-day is an anomaly—an aggregation of anomalies—a problem—a puzzle. Look at it from what quarter you will, it is equally original, unique and *sui generis*. Take Canton, Calcutta and Chicago, a piece of Pekin and the whole west end of London, throw them in one, and then scatter the composite mass broadcast over hill, dale and plain—here furrowed as the ocean and there level as the surface of a lake—and you will then have a fair bird's-eye view of this singular city. The Bay of Yedo washes its eastern border, and the river Ogava di-

vides it into two nearly equal parts, yet so vast is its extent that the eye of the spectator standing at its centre loses sight of both ocean and river in the general view. As seen from the bay, it is certainly a beautiful city. Situated for the most part on gently-undulating ground, and covered with fine old trees, it spreads out under a sky which rivals in transparency and lustre that of Naples itself. The numerous temples, their great roofs surmounted by gilded globes and covered with colored tiles and metallic plates dazzling in the gorgeous sunlight, produce at once a most striking and most pleasing effect. The pagodas, the temples, the long rows of yamaskas (yashkees) or daimios' palaces, and the quays and fortifications in the spacious harbor, present together a somewhat imposing *tout ensemble*. But Yedo, like Washington, is a city of magnificent distances; and distance, as we know, often lends an enchantment which a nearer view dispels. Upon closer inspection and more intimate acquaintance, these objects, which at a distance impart to the whole picture such a charm of novelty and interest, cease to challenge our admiration, though they lose none of their strangeness. The temples disappear mysteriously behind the dense foliage with which they are surrounded; the palaces are found to be little better than extemporized sheds or storehouses; and the dwellings of the merchants and trades-people, though scrupulously neat and clean, are small and shabby-looking. No handsome shops like those of New York; no triumphal arches or fountains like those of Paris; no squares like those of London; no statues or monuments like those of Edinburgh; no great public buildings like those of Washington: in short, nothing of what constitutes the beauty and attractiveness of our Occidental capitals greets the eye. Stately temples, surrounded by extensive enclosures and gardens; canals and moats,

the latter not unfrequently overgrown with the flowering, broad-leaved lotus, spanned by wooden bridges and shut in by overhanging tea-houses; with an occasional pagoda, the summit of which can be seen piercing the clear sky like a shark's jaw, relieved here and there with a glimpse through the intervening trees of the *Soto-Siro*, or Taikun's palace, surrounded by its triple wall and moat—make up the external aspect of the Japanese capital. Viewed as a whole, it is impressive, and the impression is pleasing; but piecemeal and in detail, it gives rise to disappointment, and the disappointment is lasting. But if Art is poor in Yedo, Nature is rich. Nothing can exceed the clearness of the sky, the buoyancy of the air, the brightness and densify of the foliage, the picturesque effect of the street costumes, or the air of quiet repose which rests upon everything and everything.

But Yedo, to be seen to the best advantage, must be viewed from an eminence, and the higher the point of observation the more impressive the *coup-d'œil*. Come with me to the summit of *Atango-Yama*, dedicated to the god Atango, and I will show it you in all its glory. A long flight of steps conducts to a level site, where stands a small temple nearly surrounded by tea-houses. The picture here presented will not soon be forgotten. The hill fronts to the bay, but between these two a long stretch of valley intervenes, thickly strewn with streets and temples. The city, like a vast chequer-board of earth and water, stone, brick and wood, lies before you. To the left, north-easterly, another interval, two miles in extent, is, in like manner, filled up with a dense mass of houses, until the eye rests on a range of hills surmounted by massive walls and towers. Behind these walls—shut out from the sight of all save his own immediate attendants and retainers—once resided the Taikun, now deposed and a wanderer. The whole *enceinte* of the official quarter within a triple line of moats is there; not only the official residence of his court, but the yashkees of the feudatory daimios. Beyond this

range a still more extensive section stretches away into the country on the other side, and may be traced from the point where the spur of the hill ends abruptly toward the bay, winding round the edge of the coast-line and backward up the valley, until nearly lost in the distance. Backward, yet another large quarter of the city is hid from view by a broken series of hills and dales, amidst which, here and there, a group of temples can be distinguished, a daimio's residence and park, or a few streets straggling irregularly over the crests and down into the broken billows. Seaward, the eye looks out upon the point which conceals Kanagawa, and across the line of batteries a couple of miles from shore on to the distant line of coast and mountain, some two or three leagues off, which form the boundary on the opposite side.

Yedo is divided, as before stated, into two nearly equal parts—into two distinct and separate cities, we might have said—each having its own physiognomy, individuality, manners, customs, privileges and history. The easternmost is called Hondjo, to distinguish it from that which lies to the west, and which is known more especially as Yedo.

Let us look at the body of the giant first. It is itself in three pieces, but so cleverly put together that, like a well-moulded *plastique*, the joints and connections cannot be detected. First is *Siro*, the Castle; next, *Soto-Siro*, literally, "Outside the Castle;" and, lastly, *Midsi*—town and suburbs. *Siro* has a circumference of nearly five miles. It contains the palace of the ex-Shogoon, the palaces of the three gosankios or brothers of the emperor, the palaces of the members of the Council of State, and about twenty palaces of high daimios. There is not one public temple nor one habitation of a simple citizen within this enclosure. "Such divinity doth hedge a king" in Japan that not even the shadow of his earthly tabernacle may fall across the dwellings of subject humanity. The walls are thick, in many places covered with creepers and parasites, and mounted near the gates with small guns. Eighteen public and a large number of smaller

private bridges span the moats which surround the different palaces. These are even more striking than the buildings themselves, which are quite ordinary structures, having little of the magnificence which several writers have attributed to them. The public walks and drives round the castle are most picturesque, and the processions, not unfrequently met with there, serve to render them among the most desirable resorts for foreigners visiting Yedo. Such is the Siro—a palace, a castle, a tower, a fortress, a Bastile, a city within a city.

The Soto-Siro has a circumference of nearly ten miles. It is separated from the Siro by the canal which surrounds the latter, from Hondjo by the Ogava, and from the rest of the city by a large canal known as *Chori*. Eighteen bridges, as already stated, connect it with Siro, four others with Hondjo, and thirty more with the rest of Yedo. In the interior of Soto-Siro there are twenty more bridges, among which is the celebrated Nippon Bass or Bridge of Japan. This bridge is considered the geographical centre of the empire. It is drawn on almost every piece of lacquered ware made in Japan, and has thus become almost as familiar to foreigners as sacred *Fusiyama* itself.

Of the five square miles which form the total area of Soto-Siro, not less than three are occupied by daimios' palaces. These and the temples, which number fifteen, occupy almost the whole available building-space. The rest is known as the mercantile quarter, and is very densely inhabited. This division contains five longitudinal and twenty-two transverse streets, cutting each other rectangularly, and forming seventy-eight districts, separated from one another by wooden gates, ordinarily kept open, but always guarded by a small police force, who at any moment can isolate any given portion of it. Throughout its entire length runs the Tokaido, the highway of Japan, communicating with inner and outer Yedo by fifteen bridges, of which the middle one on the north is the Nippon Bass. These streets are very animated, though the total absence of car-

riages makes them less noisy than the great arteries of Western capitals. The aristocratic quarter and the environs of the temples are extremely quiet, wearing almost an air of desertion.

Under the general name of Midzi, or town and suburbs, is comprehended the whole of Yedo exclusive of Siro, Soto-Siro and Hondjo. It has a circumference of twenty-four miles, and covers a surface of nearly thirty square miles. It is divided into three parts, known, for the sake of distinction, as North, South and West. Hondjo, it will be remembered, lies to the eastward of the castle. In the northern suburb is situated the beautiful mausoleum of the Taikuns, surrounded by its thirty-six temples, and covering a space of two square miles in extent. Here are also the temples Quanon, Amida, Confucius, and of Kanda, the tutelary deity of Yedo. In the portico of Quanon hangs an enormous lantern, the largest, it is stated, that was ever made. All else north of the castle is paddy-(rice) fields and little villages, of which Ogee, the St. Cloud of Yedo, is the most attractive.

West and south of the castle are no less than one hundred temples and palaces, the most remarkable of which is the *Tera* of Megara and the palaces of Prince Ovari and of Kiusiu. The palace of the late Gotario, the murdered regent of Japan, is also in the western district. This palace affords a glimpse of the melancholy aspect of the capital. Fire and the sword have devastated and lain waste many of the fairest spots in this once lovely imperial city, and this among the rest. Civil war and the torch of the incendiary have desolated and wellnigh depopulated it. Of the two and a half millions of people who once thronged its streets and ample *yashkees*, not more than six hundred thousand now remain: the rest have either been killed in the numerous fights which have taken place in and around the capital, or have left it to follow the fortunes of their respective daimios or lords. Entire quarters of the city are deserted. Lines of *yashkees*, empty and despoiled of their bronze and brass ornaments and rich carvings, mark

the exodus of many a once proud and wealthy daimio and his band of trusty adherents. The number of vacant and dismantled residences is still further increased by the order of government, issued about four years ago, releasing the princes from the obligation formerly required of them to spend six months of every year at the imperial capital.

Fire has continued the work of destruction which civil war commenced. The city, it is estimated, repeats itself septennially. It is impossible to ride through the streets without noticing this striking and constant feature of the city. Large gaps, where charred timbers and rubbish mark the scene of a recent fire, everywhere confront the traveler. Nothing is more common than to see whole streets leveled by this terrible enemy in a single night. Yedo of the past was a city of stone and clay—Yedo of to-day is a city of wood. Water is scarce in Yedo, though the Pacific washes its feet, and until some efficient plan is devised to secure an adequate supply, the frequent and severe conflagrations to which it is subjected will retard, if it does not altogether prevent, its return to anything like its former scale of magnitude and magnificence. Cheap booths and shanty-like buildings, looking more as if they had been dropped down than built up to meet the exigencies of their owners, and strongly reminding the American traveler of the familiar mushroom squatter settlements of the West, line the streets and thoroughfares of the mercantile quarter. The Tokaido itself, the finest road in Japan, and perhaps in the world, in passing through this district has caught the general infection of neglect and decay. Ruts and holes betray the steps of the unwary traveler into danger, while the gloomy and oft blood-stained execution-ground, passed in entering or leaving the city by it, will unpleasantly recall this familiar feature of Japanese justice. *Sed siste viator!* miss not the famed Tokaido—the *regia via* of Japan—with its princely processions of daimios, its swaggering, two-sworded *samourai* and saucy *yaconin* guards, on horseback, on foot, in *norimon* and in

cango. Witness its feudal pageants, its motley groups of hooded lonins and jolly beggars, its pilgrims and penitents, its shaven, saffron-robed priests and painted courtesans. All “the pride, pomp and circumstance” of this wonderful empire outside of the Mikado’s sanctuary and the triple-walled palace of the Taikun are here. As well go to Rome and miss St. Peter’s, or visit Naples and forget Vesuvius. Next to Fusi-yama and the Bay of Nagasaki, it is the finest show in Japan. Siro, Asaxa, Quanon, Oshora, the Taikun’s fishing-ground, the Satsum, a palace, and Ogee, are all fine, but all combined are inferior in interest to the Tokaido.

Voila, c’est coup de grâce! The Mikado now occupies the Taikun’s capital, but the northern rebels, as the followers and troops of the ex-Shogoon are now called, are waiting for the winter, to which they trust for starving the Mikado’s troops out. There is a strong probability that in the event of a severe winter the latter will abandon it altogether. If they do, they will probably leave it in ashes, and future visitors to Japan will only be shown the spot “where Yedo was.” On the other hand, if the Mikado and his followers are able to sustain themselves in the capital, and be in turn sustained by the foreign element, there is yet a bright future for Yedo. Neither the strife of contending factions, the lawlessness of hireling, ill-fed and unpaid soldiery, nor official apathy and intolerance can wholly destroy the city or drive the hated *tojin* (foreigner) forth. The representatives of the Treaty Powers still occupy several of the smaller temples in the southern part of the city, and forth from them native guards still conduct the anxious visitor, trembling but triumphant, through the city.

A spacious hotel, built and conducted on the American plan, forms one of the most prominent of modern edifices; and in spite of the cry of *pigge, pigge!* (get out, get out!) which is always raised when the black-coated “foreign devil” makes his appearance, foreigners go and return in safety almost daily from the once jealously-guarded capital of the

Taikun. The Japanese officials, though they still most cordially unite in hating us, have nevertheless learnt to respect us; and when the political questions and strife which now distract the land are

settled, the germ of that new and better civilization which has already taken root there will bud and blossom forth into vigorous and healthy life.

E. HEPPLE HALL.

MY GRANDMOTHER—THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"I SHALL never forget that night, nor that loveliest of all the faces of women: those deep, tender and almost tearful eyes haunt me in my sleeping, and, alas! in my waking dreams; and sometimes, as I walk abroad, those soft, gleaming tresses drift like a sunlit mist before me, and shut out all that is real from my vision. Not that I would undo anything that has come to pass, and not that I am not blessed beyond my deserts, and almost beyond my desires. Ay, ay, I am happy, very happy, but, after all—"

Here the sentence in my grandfather's diary broke off abruptly, and the book had evidently been closed with haste, for the ink was plashed up and down and across the writing.

I had been spending a week with my grandfather, who was now an old man, when I happened one day to find a dust-covered diary packed away, among other useless books, on the high shelf of his old oak desk, whose mystical compartments and locked drawers had always possessed wonderful attractions for my young imagination. I had been idly turning the yellow and faded leaves for some time, reading a note here and a note there—now about a skirmish with the British, in which he was both wounded and taken prisoner (he had gone to the war at fifteen); now a brief account of his three months' confinement, with seven fellow-soldiers, in a miserable log pen on the bank of the St. Lawrence, near Montreal; and now the story of his escape, with a single companion, effected by paddling across the river one stormy night on a rudely-con-

structed raft, formed by tying together some floating pieces of rotten and worthless timber with strips of bark cut from a hickory sapling with their jack-knives. A perilous piece of business, to be sure, for the guns of the red-coat sentinels gleamed before their eyes with every flash of the lightning.

I read, all summed up in a few lines, how their frail, tumbling fabric went to pieces among the sands near the shore, how they thus lost the few necessary articles and scanty stock of provisions they had been able to secrete, and how, wading ashore, they fell upon their knees, drenched, starved, destitute as they were, and gave God thanks for all His protecting love, all His manifold mercies.

I read with what brave hearts they struck out into the wilderness, and how, day by day, their regimental garments fell to rags; how their shoes went, piece by piece; and how, finally, with bare and bleeding feet and forlorn habiliments, they struggled on—now feasting upon wild berries, and now dividing a frog or toad, saying grace before meat, and afterward resting in some swampy thicket—the one watching while the other slept, for the woods were full of hostile Indians, skulking, hungry beasts and poisonous serpents.

I read of their ultimate deliverance from all these perils, and how, beneath the still stars of the midnight, they came to the door of the blessed homestead from which, six months before, my grandfather had set out so bravely, his musket on his shoulder and his broadsword at his belt.

The Continental uniform was all bedraggled and faded to a dull mildew gray; the cocked hat was a flabby mass of felt; the stout young legs were thin and feeble—one of them halt for life; the ruddy face was pale and worn: only the eyes flashed with the old fire, for what eyes that had ever been blinded with the smoke of British guns could cease to flash while those guns yet held and menaced us at every point? But he had come home—the soldier-boy had come home *alive!* and the smoky rafters of the old homestead rang with the joy. The young children fluttered out of their beds like birds out of their nests at day-break; a great fire was kindled; the neighbors called in; and before sunrise (for no one had come empty-handed) a feast was spread, and our patriotic fathers and mothers—God bless their memories, every one of them!—sat down together; and be sure the one white loaf and the one comb of honey were broken for the lost that was found—for the dead that was alive again.

There is a great deal said and sung about those days of bitter conflict, when men and women periled all—life, fortune, honor—and stood by the peril even to the death, bequeathing to us the inheritance obtained at so great a price; but how much of it all is nothing but words, words! We use the suffering, the sacrifice, the broken and bleeding hearts to round our numbers and to ornament our rhetoric—to elect this man and to defeat that—to make a President or fill a vacancy in Congress; and whether we succeed in our little ambition or whether we fail, we put away these awful treasures, just as if they were so many holiday trinkets, and think no more of them till another official vacancy requires that they be flaunted in the public eye once more.

But to return to my grandfather's diary. I had, as already said, turned the yellow leaves, lingering a little over some note here and there, now smiling and now with eyes grown dim, mayhap, when all at once an interest of quite a new character took possession of me. I came upon the passage which I have

transcribed at the beginning of this story. I read it over again and again, but was none the wiser for all the reading.

What face could be referred to? Not that of my grandmother, surely. Whose, then? That of my grandmother that might have been? If so, who was she? and what of her? And suppose she *had* been, instead of *might* have been, what then? And with what modifications should I have existed? Would my hair have been gleaming too? Would my face have been lovely? and would I have come to honor and distinction through my splendid inheritance of beauty? My real grandmother—asleep yonder among her friends and neighbors, with a sheet of daisies over her face—had been a very good sort of grandmother, humanly speaking; but, dear me! the other might have been divine; and whereas I had simply had my pinafore filled with sweetcakes, plums and red-cheeked apples by the one, I might have been loaded with pearls and diamonds by the other. Who should say?

"What are you doing here, you little chit? Some mischief, I'll be bound!"

My grandfather had come in unheard by me, and, stooping over the old leather-cushioned chair in which, with my feet gathered under me and the diary in my lap, I was seated, uttered the foregoing exclamations.

I protested that I was not at all in mischief—that I had been reading all about the breaking out of the war (we had but one war then to talk about), and how he went for a soldier and got wounded and taken prisoner, and all about his peril in the wilderness.

"Well, well, child! shut up the book and put it away. I haven't opened it these ten years, as I know of. Let me see the date of my last entry."

He took up the diary, wiped his silver-bowed spectacles, and glanced at the page by which my attention had been so engrossed when he came in. "Lord bless me!" he said, his sallow cheek brightening like a withered rose in the dew; "I had forgotten that I ever set this down.

Poor Merial! I wonder what has become of her?"

"Who was Merial, grandfather?" says I. "Tell me all about her, and how it happened she was not my grandmother, for what you have said of her here makes me very curious, and I'm sure there must be a story to tell."

He was seated in the leather chair by this time, and I, standing on one round, was hanging over the carved back, with both bare arms about his good, gray head.

He had closed the diary now, but with two fingers between the leaves where Merial was mentioned, and was looking through the window away and away, his vision seeming to be fixed on nothing.

"It was a good while ago, wasn't it, grandfather?" and dropping my arms to his neck, I rested my cheek on the gray head.

"Yes, my child, it was a good while ago—a good while ago;" and still his eyes strained away across the misty hills and rested on nothing.

"It was before you came to live in Cincinnati, was it not, grandfather?—before you crossed the great wilderness and the mountains, and cleared the land in this beautiful valley, and planted the orchard and digged the well?—before you killed the wolf down where the pear tree is now? Long before all that, wasn't it, grandfather?"

"Ay, ay, child—long before all that;" and still he was looking away and away, and seeming to see nothing.

"Not so very long before, neither, was it, grandfather? Because I have heard you say you were quite young when you came here. Let me see: I saw something about your first landing, in the diary this afternoon." He did not heed nor seem to hear me, and, slipping to the ground, I laid the book open on the chair-arm, and read, in the hope of engaging his attention, as any reference to pioneer-times was pretty sure to do:

"Nov. 19, 1788.—Landed this morning in the town of Cincinnati, finely situated on the Ohio river opposite the

Licking, which flows into the Ohio from the Kentucky side. There is a small town called Newport at the junction of this river with the Ohio. The Licking is navigable for canoes and batteaux a considerable distance, but by reason of slavery the Kentucky settlements are less prosperous than the Ohio. Cincinnati is about five hundred miles from Pittsburg, and was once the capital of the North-western Territory, and is the largest town in the State, though not the seat of government; Chillicothe being the capital and the residence of the governor and legislative body. Cincinnati consists of about three hundred houses, frame and log, and is built on a plot of ground known as Symmes' Purchase. The public buildings consist of a courthouse, prison and two places of worship. It has two printing-presses, which issue papers once a week, and is on the line of communication with the chain of forts extending from Fort Washington to the far West. The garrison end of the town is now in a state of ruins, but, for all that, the place promises to thrive, and among the signs of prosperity is the land office for the sale of Congress land. Seventeen thousand contracts were made the last year. There is a good market held twice a week.

"The remains of Indian works, consisting of a barrow, a fortified camp and some mounds, are still to be seen here, and their examination will greatly interest me.

"On the whole, I propose to remain here for good and all."

His eyes had come back from their far wandering, for the night had closed in with a sudden flurry of rain, and the darkness and the fast-slanting drops together had, like a blinding curtain, shut out all the view. Still, my reading had made no impression, evidently.

"Only three hundred houses! Just think, grandfather, and a good many of them made of logs! and then all the mounds and barrows! Our beautiful city was nothing but a straggling village then, was it?"

"What is it you say, child? But, bless my soul! it's night all at once, and

hark how the rain dashes on the pane ! It was just about such another night as this that I saw Merial. She was not much older than you are now : you are fourteen, and she was about sixteen, I should say."

"Then you will tell me the story, grandfather?"

"Why, yes—all there is to tell. But you are a bad little housekeeper : you don't take after *her*, my child. The fire is almost out, and where are the candles and the tea?"

I bestirred myself now, and the ruddy glow of the firelight soon ornamented the rafters with a tracery of roseate gold, and flickered and danced on the wall-side, leaving no dim corner in all the wide, old-fashioned room : then the candles were brought, and directly the tea-things, and when the cheerful little bustle was over and the hearth swept clean, I drew the arm-chair to the chimney corner and said,

"Come, grandfather!"

I sat on a low bench at his feet, with one arm resting over his knee, and my eager, upturned face, I suspect, pleaded more earnestly than my words.

Gathering up a handful of my hair, and giving my head a gentle shake thereby, he said, smiling down upon me,

"Well, my dear, where shall we begin?"

"How did she look? Tell me that," I said.

Did I hope, in my foolish heart, he would say she looked like me? I am afraid so, but if so, I was doomed to disappointment.

"Suppose I had never seen a rose," answered my grandfather, "and should ask you to describe it, what would you say?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"What could you say, except that it is the sweetest and most beautiful flower in all the world, and that nothing else could be like it but just another rose."

"I think I should have to say something like that."

"I think so too, my dear;" and he wound my hair very tight about his fingers and gave my head another little

shake. One hope was left: perhaps my hair was like hers? I put my thought into expression in some shape, I know not what.

"Do you see those wild black vines blowing across the window? Your hair is as much like hers as those are like the streaming sunshine. No, no; there is nothing to liken her to in all the wide world—my bud of the wilderness, my beauty, my undying dream!"

He seemed to have grown twenty years younger all at once: his soul illumined his face, and he drew himself up so straight and appeared so handsome that I looked upon him with pride and admiration. Even his silver shoe-buckles shone with unwonted splendor, it seemed to me.

"What did she say when you asked her to be my grandmother?" thinking she could not possibly have refused if my grandfather was only half as handsome in his youth as he was now.

"What did she say? Why, my dear, I never asked her!"

"Never asked her?"

"No, my dear, but I think if I had, and if—and if— Well, I may just as well begin at the beginning, since you are determined to hear the story."

"Pray do, for I want to hear: it must be as good as a novel."

"It is not much of a story, but for that reason it will be the sooner told." He had his spectacles in his hand, and having rubbed the glasses for a minute through his great yellow bandana, he began:

"At the close of the war I found myself almost alone in the town where I had so many friends on its breaking out. I could count the headstones of half a dozen in the graveyard by the old meeting-house; and there were a great many others who died in the army, and whose graves had no headstones, poor fellows! and some that had been the gayest in our bear-hunts and skating-frolics had come home with a coat-sleeve swinging loose, or a leg pieced out with wood from the knee, maybe, so that there were sober times among us, compared with what had been. The people, too,

were impoverished, for more had been spent than earned during the long years of our struggle; so, if there had been any disposition for merry-making, there was nothing left with which to make merry. The old places, with the old familiar faces gone, were quite destitute of charm; and I resolved to emigrate to the Westward and try my fortunes in a new country, there being at that time great excitement with reference to the beauty and fertility of the North-western Territories. Passing over all minor details, let me say that the resolution, once formed, was soon pushed into execution; and one day, late in the autumn of 1786, I found myself, weary, worn and somewhat disheartened, resting in a wayside hut at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains."

I interrupted him: "The date set down in your diary is 1788."

"Let me tell my own story, my dear," he answered. "The journey I am now talking of was made while I was yet unmarried, and before I came for good and all and brought your real grandmother, who carried your father in her arms. It was, as I was saying, late in the autumn, and as wild, wet and cheerless a day as I ever remember to have seen. I was used to hardships, or I must have become homesick and turned back, for I was almost as tattered and woebegone as when, under the ramrods of the Hessians, I was driven a prisoner through the wilderness.

"It had been already raining two days and nights, and the wild mountain streams, raging and foaming over their banks, and choked with sticks, leaves and drift of all sorts, presented again and again almost impassable barriers. Now I was obliged to swim some black and frightful water, and now either to lead my horse or drive him before me through some thicket choked with undergrowth and trailing vines and branches.

"It was not possible to keep my seat in the saddle for half an hour at a time, for traveling in those times was not what it is in these days of turnpikes and stage-coaches.

"There's worse roads ahead, and you'll have to take a guide to-morrow," my landlord said to me, as we drew up to the blazing fire after a supper of parched corn, fried bear's meat and stewed pumpkin.

"A guide! I had never thought of the possibility: one could not readily be secured, I imagined, and, besides, I lacked the means necessary to the end."

"I should find my way: it was not the first time I had been in the wilderness without a guide. I said this with premeditation, for I had all a boy's vanity, and lost no opportunity of recapitulating the story of my imprisonment and escape. Of course I was called on to tell it now, and before I had gone far all the idlers about the premises were gathered round to hear—among them, a tall, copperish, wild-haired fellow, whom I suspected to be a half-breed Indian.

"At the conclusion of my story not a man in the group but would willingly have guided me for one day, at least—the half-breed among the rest, as I judged by his significant gestures when the British scouts by whom I had been captured were mentioned, and by the flashing of the snaky eyes; for as yet he had not spoken a single word.

"Here's the chap for you!" cried my landlord, pulling at his coarse hunting-shirt: 'he'll take you across hills and hollers as straight as the crow flies.'

"I glanced up inquiringly, but the eyes of the man suddenly fell to the ground, and he made no reply.

"I repeated my belief that I could find my way. 'Of course there are not many cross-roads in these mountains to mislead the traveler,' I said.

"No, sir, not that," says my landlord, 'but ye see these wind rains—and more 'specially if the wind comes up, as it's like to—*overslow* the track with swash and brush so dreadful that only a practiced hand can come anywhere's nigh keeping into it. This is so; ain't it, Gibbow?'

"The man addressed as Gibbow did not lift his eyes nor speak, but taking from his mouth a huge quid of tobacco,

ejected a quantity of juice upon the blazing logs—a performance which seemed to be generally understood to signify assent.

"He was not only a puzzle to me, but he impressed me disagreeably, and I turned to my landlord for some elucidation, but he was quite oblivious to my appeal, having, in a sudden burst of magnanimity, produced an earthen jug of whisky, with intent to treat all round in honor of the young soldier who had drunk General Washington's health in the face of the enemy (for I had left none of my exploits untold); and of course made me no response. It was not, indeed, in the nature of things that he should, intent as he was on princely hospitality.

"The stopper of the jug was made of a piece of corn-cob, and fitted so tight that, though he was stooping so as to bring all his force to bear, and twisting at it with might and main, he could not draw it forth. Gibbow, without lifting his eyes, had somehow perceived the difficulty, and stretching one leg out so as to hook his foot round the jug, dragged it to him, set his teeth in the cob and pulled it out in an instant.

"There was a general roar, with cries of, 'Trust old Gibbow for getting at the whisky: he's a snaky feller, he is!' together with other exclamations, which seemed to me to admit of no very fortunate interpretation for the half-breed, who still, with grave countenance and eyes on the ground, appeared totally unconscious of being the subject of remark.

"He'll talk fast enough when he gets a bite o' the critter," says one, with an eye upon me. 'There's come-out in him as a stranger wouldn't dream of. He's snaky, sir, to the backbone!'

"Then the landlord enlarged upon his excellent qualifications for a guide. 'I reckon he's showed a hundred travelers through these mountains, first and last,' he said. 'Hain't you, Gibbow? And you never once lost the track, did you, Gibbow?'

"The tobacco juice had not yet accumulated sufficiently for reply, and the landlord answered for him: 'No, sir;

he never lost the track, and he never will, other! He's been to my place now, off and on, for five years, and I can rickomind him—yes, sir, I can rickomind him at all pints.'

"'Specially at a pint o' whisky!' chimed in one of the listeners, and this was considered so bright a remark that two or three of the fellows, in an ecstasy of delight, threw their *coon-skin* caps at the rafters.

"I said a guide was out of the question, no matter what his qualifications. I had already confessed my poverty, and must find my way as I best could. I supposed, if the road was *overslowed*, the wayside trees were blazed, and I could find my way from one to another.

"Never mind about no money, stranger. Gib don't want no money: he can live on anything he happens to catch, and I'll bet that for two or three drams you can hire him for to-morrow, anyhow; and that'll take you to the Black Eagle, and over some of the blindest strips of road you'll have. You see, the young saplings and underbrush swashes down dreadful in these fall storms, and only them that's used to it can make much headway.'

"Oh, Gib'll go!" say two or three at once—"Gib'll go! Make yourself easy, stranger."

"For that matter, I'll furnish the liquor myself!" says the landlord, growing magnanimous as he drank from time to time. 'And you're our man, ain't you, Gibbow?'

"The response, communicated as before, was of more than ordinary liveliness, but the eyes, gleaming through black knots and tangles of hair, rested steadily on the back-log. I could not but marvel as to what sort of person this Gibbow was, who in his very presence was talked of as freely as though he were deaf or dumb.

"My bed that night consisted of a bundle of straw and a buffalo hide, and after I had rolled myself up—for I slept in a corner of the room we had occupied—I continued for a time curiously to observe him, he still remaining impassive in the chimney-corner.

"His dress was made up of a variety of tags and patches and odds and ends, and it was difficult to determine what was what; but a noticeable feature was the abrupt contrasts of high color. He wore rings of carved bone in his ears, and bracelets on his wrists which seemed to have been made of skins of some kind, highly dyed, and plaited. His face was smooth, and for the most part half concealed by the strings and tangles of hair that hung right across his forehead and eyes, down to the chin. He had not spoken first or last, but his appearance did not certainly commend him; and if I had met him for the first time in the wilderness, I should not have been inclined to accept his guidance. As it was, I was by no means anxious to secure his services. His back was toward me, but by his shadow on the wall I could see that his mouth was vigorously working on a tobacco quid, as long as I saw at all, which was not very long, I suspect, for I was tired, and my bundle of straw was an inviting pillow. I did not wake till cock-crow, but there he sat, just as though he had been there all night: the fire was shining, and by the shadow on the wall I saw that his mouth was still diligently at work.

"He disappeared about the time my horse was brought from the stable, and I was half glad of it; but when I had proceeded three or four miles, and had drawn rein where a creek had overflowed its banks, and, raging far and wide, presented no fordable point that I could see, there he was, solemn and silent as ever. I soon discovered that he was as wise a guide as he had been represented; but for all that I did not care to make companionship with him, even in that dimmest of times. There are persons whom we instinctively recognize as aliens, and he was, to me, one of those persons.

"If anything could have drawn me to him, it must have been that terribly tedious and lonesome day, for the rain, cold and bitter as frost, fell and fell as though it were never to cease, and the wind, doleful and dreary, bent the young saplings as it came and snapped the brittle branches of the sturdier trees, sending

the wet leaves, red and yellow and brown, down and down in great flapping clouds; and sometimes the nest of a squirrel or crow, soaked through and through, came with them, making my jaded horse for a moment prick up his ears again.

"My guide in the course of the day developed qualities for which I had not bargained: in short, he proved to be a snake-charmer. Besides this, he possessed a wonderful art of imitating the notes of various birds, and this he did with such surprising accuracy as to bring them by the score, sometimes circling like rainbows, about his head. But the other gift, or sorcery, or whatever it was, was less agreeable to me. He would suddenly, when we reached favorable ground I suppose, by a peremptory motion of the rifle he carried give me notice to halt, when, after nosing among the damp and shelving stones like a bloodhound that has scented prey, he would begin a low mystical murmur of sounds, half whistle, half call, and directly some lithe, limber reptile would come wriggling out of its hole, fold after fold, and nestle in the hollow of his great hand, as though that were its natural abiding-place. It mattered not of what color or size—whether brown and shining like a dead leaf, whether striped with gold and black, or whether dull as putty, and printed with yet duller diamonds along the back—whether slender and worm-like, or clumsy and short—his terrible charming drew them all alike. He would shove one within the sleeve of his coat, and another beneath his shirt of red flannel and right against his bare bosom, with all the coolness imaginable; but these tricks were performed, I think, to excite either my wonder or admiration: perhaps both, for I observed that whenever I ceased to regard him he soon tossed the reptiles away.

"As the day wore on the wind blew more bitter chill, and the rain changed to sleet, and drove against my face like sand, cutting and freezing at the same time: my horse drooped along, stumbling and staggering through gullies of water, and over the dead and decaying logs that had washed across the road,

jolting me sometimes nearly out of my saddle, and making me wish with all my heart for the day's work to end, and the shelter beneath the wing of the Black Eagle to begin.

"At last I overcame my aversion to my strange guide sufficiently to make some inquiry about our destined haven. How far ahead was it? should we be likely to reach it before nightfall? and were its accommodations in any sort comfortable?

"I received brief, and in the main satisfactory, answers to these interrogatories; but with one curious exception—the house was haunted!

"Did you ever happen to see the ghost yourself, Mr. Gibbow?" I inquired, for it had seemed to me that his face had assumed almost a diabolical expression when he mentioned the ghost.

"A grunt and a downward stroke of his hand in the air gave me to understand that he had.

"What was it like, pray?"

"A woman!" and then he fell to beating the air and mumbling curses, from which I gathered nothing very definite; but, as nearly as I could guess, the ghost was really a mortal woman, and one who had in some way aroused his jealousy.

"He was tramping close at my horse's head now, and all at once I became aware, as he balanced his rifle on his shoulder, that a long, slender snake of golden green color was tied about the lock, and trembling and fluttering there like a ribbon.

"What are you going to do with that thing?" I cried. "For mercy's sake, throw it away!"

"No, I won't!" he answered. "I've got use for it: I'll teach *her* to stop her flittin' about the house at night, warnin' travelers to take care o' their money-bags, as if I was a thief! I'm goin' to put it under her pillar, that's what!" chuckling and leaning his face so close to the viper that the tangles of his stringy hair were caught in its writhing folds. Then he said, talking *at* me, and not *to* me: "Shouldn't wonder if she had a necklace about that purty swan throat of hern afore daybreak."

"You savage! Throw the thing away, or I'll do it for you!"

"I'm your guide, and not your servant!" he growled, without looking at me; 'and I'll do what I please with my own property! So look out!' And at the same time a little clicking sound at the gunlock warned me that I had better look out if I would listen to reason. Still, I was not to be bullied by a miserable half-breed, and drawing the knife from my belt, would have set the writhing prisoner free, once for all, with a quick blow of its keen edge, had not the wary fellow shifted the rifle quick as lightning; and the next moment a palpitating handful of green and gold was throbbing and undulating under the red folds of his hunting-shirt.

"Our conversation after this was confined to pretty frequent exchanges of defiant glances; and though I was still conducted by the carefulest ways, I felt that my guide was as much my enemy as he had been my friend the evening past.

"It was dusky in the woods long before the proper twilight-time, but the sun came out at his setting for a moment, and then the glorified mists went trailing after him down the west, and, fading directly, closed together in a tent of darkness: the winds died down to a lullaby, and nothing was heard but the steady drip-drop of the rain. After the brief sunset glimmer, the night fell all at once, and the darkness became speedily so dense that I could not see my hand before my eyes, much less my guide, whom I continued to hear tramping through the leaves and slush just ahead, now and then some brittle stick snapping under his feet, or some long, lithe branch trailing backward from his path, and scattering a whole shower-bath of water and leaves in my face.

"Not a word was spoken. I sat less upright in the saddle than a young soldier is supposed to do, I am afraid; and my poor beast, with the rein loosely dropping on his neck, his ears laid sullenly back, and his nose reaching forward and sniffing after the guide, crept along slowly but sure-footed; and by

and by I felt, rather than saw, that we had come into a bit of clearing and struck upon a better track.

"My guide started upon the run now, and my horse gathered up his mud-stiffened legs faster and faster, and finally got himself into a trot; and directly, from the top of a little rise, I saw the lights of the Black Eagle tavern shining out into the rain. My heart gave a great bound, as if I had come to the gate of Eden, and then, Heaven only knows why, sank down in my bosom, and lay there heavy as lead. Are there such things as premonitions, I wonder!

"We were soon under the creaking sign, and my horse had his mouth in the water-trough that, fed by a clear mountain spring, bubbled over and poured a considerable stream down the road. My guide had slipped the rifle from his shoulder, and was waiting, and, immediately on my sliding to the ground, stripped the saddle from my horse's back, and, directing me into the house, led him away to the stable, as though, for his part, he were quite at home at the Black Eagle.

"The building in which I found myself was, as novelists say, 'a low, rambling structure,' having a wing here, an extension there, a second story up yonder, and porches and windows as the architect had chanced to think of them. One of these porches—it could hardly be called a hall—led directly through the middle of the house, and here I was met by mine host, who with cheerful alacrity conducted me into what proved to be the general reception, sitting and dining room.

"A great fireplace, in which a heap of logs was blazing, occupied a goodly portion of one side of this room; and about the wide hearth of blue flagstones a lively group of persons, mostly young girls and boys, were seated, the girls knitting yarn or braiding straw, and the boys, with the exception of one, who held a violin on his knees, awkwardly enough knitting up their fingers.

"The circle at once broke and made room for me; and an elderly matron, who sat against the jamb, and whose

colorless face was all framed round with a stiffly-starched frill of white cambric, proceeded to entertain me by asking a good many direct questions. The young persons only joined in the conversation by exchanging glances with one another and by occasional bursts of laughter, or, at most, by such abrupt and brief remarks as, 'How it *does* rain!' 'How dark it is!' or, 'There's going to be snow!'

"I do not remember that any of the young women specially interested me: they were all rustics of the rustics in dress and manner, and were, as I learned, the daughters of the mountain settlers—hunters, trappers and road-builders, of whom there were quite a number round about—and had been gotten together for a frolic at the Black Eagle that night through the social enterprise of the mountain lads, having ridden on horseback behind them, over the wretched roads and through the wild wind and rain, a distance of six or eight miles—some of them, I was told. They all wore stout shoes, with petticoats of linsay-woolsey and short-gowns of homemade linen cloth, woven mostly in checks or stripes of blue and copperas color. They were timid, ruddy and sweet as the mountain flowers among which they grew. Some of them had sprays of crimson or gold leaves in their hair, and one or two had slender rings on their chubby fingers; but generally they were unadorned except by the brightness of their good-natured smiles.

"By degrees the ice of my stranger-presence thawed a little, and the lank youth, who hugged the violin to his neck as persistently as a young mother hugs her first baby, would 'brave a riotous heart' and give a little wavering scrape, causing a general convulsion of merriment; but still I could not but feel myself dreadfully in the way, for, the mirth once subdued, the girls resumed their plaiting and knitting as though quite ashamed of the late irregular proceeding, and the next year's hats and socks of their fathers, lovers and brothers went forward with silent rapidity again.

"I was not sorry, therefore, when

mine host, who had been to the kitchen, on hospitable cares intent, returned, and comprehending the state of things at a glance, resolved with wise generalship to disembarass his guests by removing me peremptorily to headquarters; a resolution which he proceeded to communicate to the matron in the frilled cap, whispering so loudly as to be heard by all the company.

"He also, in the same key, communicated the intelligence that *old Gib* had got back, and followed this information by the comment that my removal might perhaps serve to kill two birds with one stone—give the youngsters a chance, and keep the peace in the kitchen.

"The woman nodded, and then, holding at his button-hole, inquired with some trepidation whether Merial had yet seen Gibbow, and if he had come home drunk or sober, concluding with the wish that he had kept away for just one more night.

"Oh, no matter!" said the landlord in a reassuring way: "he'll help on the fun!" and then turning to me, we took up the line of march, and soon halted in an adjoining room and before a wood-fire blazing in just such another fireplace as we had left. The room was large and low, and at the end opposite to where I was seated there was another fireplace extending nearly across the whole side of the house. The ceiling overhead was ribbed with naked rafters, and the chinks of the walls filled and plastered, so that the latter presented alternate strips of white and wood-color, and were ornamented with bucks' horns, dried skins, vines of wild grapes and branches of brilliant leaves—the blood-red gum and yellow and scarlet maple.

"A small table, upon which a snowy cloth was laid, stood near the hearth before which I was seated; and, engaged in the preparation of supper at the farther end of the room, I was conscious of the presence of womanhood in some shape or other, but whether coarse or comely I was not particularly interested to know, being pretty much engrossed by the flavor of the broiling birds that I already sniffed in the thin smoke curling

about the rafters. I was sufficiently attracted, however, by the first words that reached me, or rather by the tone in which they were spoken, for the words themselves were indistinct. It was low, almost tremulous, indescribably sweet, and reminded me of the little musical noise a wild bird makes when fluttered in its nest. I half rose, instinctively, to protect the woman from what I felt to be aggressive rudeness; and as I turned my glance rested full upon the coppery face and snaky eyes of Gibbow, glittering through the strings of his black hair.

"I understood now that the words of the girl had been intended as a welcome, for the answer was (derisively spoken):

"Yes, much you're glad to see me!"

"Why should you say that, Mr. Gibbow?" and the wild bird seemed fluttering more wildly than before, and I saw one hand make a deprecatory movement toward me.

"'Cause you're Mer'l, and 'cause you ain't glad—that's why! Give me me supper—one o' them briled birds!"

"I understood her to say that she had orders to prepare them for the stranger's supper, and would make ready for him as soon as I was served.

"Some dreadfully coarse epithets, ending with an oath, were the reply to this gentle remonstrance.

"Hush! h-u-s-h! for mercy's sake!"

"No, I won't, nuther!"

"For your own sake, then, and for mine!"

"For your'n? yes, that's purty—you're in love with him, ain't you?" and the man indicated me by thrusting his tongue toward me.

"I have neither spoken to him, nor been nearer to him than I am now!"

"This seemed to mollify the savage creature somewhat, and the next moment I perceived that he had taken one of the broiling birds from the gridiron, and, tearing it with his fingers, was devouring it.

"The young woman quietly took the other from the coals, placed it on a pewter platter, and set it, with some bread and a tin cup of coffee, on a bench be-

side him. She then said something to him in so low a tone that the meaning did not reach me, but from his reply I judged that she had proposed to surrender some personal comfort in my behalf.

"Give it to him, 'stead o' me? At your per'l, and at his'n too, for that matter!" and he tossed the bones from which he had gnawed the meat rudely at her face, gulped down the pint of coffee all at once, and, rising, stood with his back to the fire and surveyed me, as I felt, with intensified hatred.

"The young woman approached my end of the kitchen now, and with a little curtsy—all the more charming for its embarrassment—apologized for the lateness of my supper, and gave me to understand that an accident had intervened.

"I will not attempt to describe her, but the very shadow of her long loose hair—golden, glorious and sprinkled over with rain-drops, for she was constantly passing out and in—was enough to drown me dead in love, to say nothing of the liquid light that overflowed her eyes. There was something of appeal in those tender orbs, or I fancied there was, and I hastened to draw from my pocket a little volume of Thomson's *Seasons* that I had with me, and, opening it at random, affected complete obliviousness to all that was passing. This seemed to be the only favor I could render. She hastened to place the candlestick on the side of the table nearest me, and as she did so I thought her blush illumined the page, rather than the candlelight.

"As she placed the tea-things in that pretty, housewifely way that is so comforting to a tired and hungry man, fancy was running riot and bewildering my senses with wilder dreams than come to us in sleep. She was my little wife—the wilderness was Eden—I was just come home from the war, and Gibbow was my Hessian servant, whom I proposed to dismiss with the early morning for saucy glances bent on my gentle Merial!

"Dear Lord! what a palpitating piece of folly the heart of a young man is!

"Mer'l! growled my Hessian, and

she had flitted away; but the pint cup was filled with something stronger than coffee now, and the savage was dwarfing into the imbecile.

"Some words passed between them, so guttural on the part of the man, so low on the part of the girl, that I but imperfectly understood: it was plain enough, however, that it was a quarrel, and that it referred to me.

"Meantime the music was being rasped out at a lively rate in the adjoining room, and was accompanied by such loud talk and such peals of laughter as showed that all was going merry. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and mine host of the Eagle, appearing with face all of a broad grin, beckoned Gibbow to him.

"You're wanted to give us the waltz," he said; 'so come 'long!'

"Gibbow tossed off the remainder of the cup and obeyed, to the evident satisfaction of little Merial, who, the door once closed upon him, became quite another creature. It seemed easy work now to prepare my supper: the table was soon arranged, and a pair of partridges, smoking hot, and a little shining pot of fragrant tea, were placed before me within a few minutes. There was white bread, wild honeycomb, golden butter, and I know not what besides. I only know it seemed to me a feast fit to set before General Washington himself, and that I thought the little mistress of the ceremonies, in her blue short-gown, striped petticoat and red stockings, must outshine any of the ladies of King George's court.

"She would have stood to serve me, but I would not allow it; and, with another of those brilliant blushes that set my heart aflame, she took her place and waited with downcast eyes. I was filled with angry curiosity concerning my guide, who not only seemed quite at home in the Black Eagle, but also to exercise some mysterious influence over the young girl, whose hand he was not worthy to touch.

"I could not but see that the mention of his name was painful to her, but this stimulated me only the more, and I asked

several direct questions, though I had no earthly right to be so aggressive. Did he live at the Eagle? Was he really a half-breed? and why, in Heaven's name, was he permitted to carry snakes about in his bosom? And then I added it were the less matter if they would only spit their venom wisely. To all these little Merial made the briefest answers, and all the while her shy, moist eyes and burning cheeks entreated me to desist. I did so, at last, with the remark that I should like to see him limited for about six months to such rations as I had had to accept at the hands of the British.

"Then you have been a soldier?" And the moisture in the eyes gathered to drops now, and glistened on the long lashes like dew on some willow spray.

"At length she said—her voice trembling from the first, and breaking down at last—'My father went to the war, and my two young brothers—all I had—and none of them ever came back.'

"And so you are alone in the world?"

"She did not reply quite directly, but, saying they had been very poor, and her mother having died through much suffering, she had been obliged to go to service, turned the conversation to myself again.

"I told my story anew, and Desdemona could not have listened to her Moor with more gentle tenderness than she to me; and whether or not she loved me for my sorrows, I certainly loved her that she did pity me.

"There was no abatement of the jollity among the evening's guests, and the music, and the murmur of happy voices, and the tapping of the sleet at the pane just sufficiently invaded our privacy to enhance the enchantment; and so 'the hours on golden wings flew o'er me and my deary!' The old clock ticked unheeded in the corner, the embers burned down, and the shadows among the rafters grew dimmer and dimmer, and by and by, as the episodes of dangerous silence grew more and more frequent between us, Merial lighted fresh candles and asked me to read from the beautiful book she had noticed in my hand before supper.

"I did so, and the volume happening to be illustrated, I often paused in the reading and called her attention to the pictures: this brought our hands in contact, and our cheeks nearly touched sometimes; and then every possible passage was made to do service by way of interpreting all that in my proper person I dare not express; so that nothing was gained by the subterfuge of the reading, and for another hour we drifted and drifted steadily toward the great fall.

"Some stir of unusual excitement in the next room seemed all at once to disturb, if not disenchant, my listener, and taking up the candlestick, she said she would lead the way to my sleeping-room.

"At the door she paused, hesitating, and it seemed to me there was something she would communicate, but when I took her hand to say 'Good-night,' I could not, for the life of me, help lifting it to my lips; and with eyes frightened wide she fluttered away without a word.

"The room was small, but neatly kept, the bed being especially dainty, and by the little feminine attempts at garniture here and there I felt it to be the one usually occupied by Merial herself. And was this then the favor she had proposed to do me, which Gibbow had forbidden with such violence? There were no means of settling this question just then, nor any of the others relating to that monstrous man; so I went straight to bed, and having resolved that I would remain a day or two at the Black Eagle, soon fell into that state of semi-sleep which is dreaming and waking at once.

"While in this condition it seemed to me, more than once, that I felt my pillow throbbing and stirring as if there was something alive in it, but the sensation was not positive enough to thoroughly arouse me, and thus, with a most disagreeable impression on my mind, I drowsed deeper and deeper into sleep. I had reached the last possibility of consciousness when a little noise at the latch, as if some one were trying to see if the door were fast, rather than trying to come in, arrested my torpor, and in a moment, the noise being repeated, I be-

gan to take possession of my senses. A gleam of light from some other part of the house shone through my uncurtained window and across my bed; but aside from this the room was in pitchy darkness.

"I heard the latch softly lifted, and then the door creaking on its hinges, as if being pushed carefully open. I raised myself on one elbow now, all my senses alert. There could be no mistake: somebody, with good or bad intent, was stealing into my chamber, and it seemed to me not likely with good. I listened close and could not hear a footstep, but I did hear a little rustle of garments. Could the intruder be a woman? The thought had hardly shaped itself when a muffled object passed the line of light falling through the window, and advanced toward my bed.

"I thought of what Gibbow had said about the ghost, but I was not much of a believer in ghosts, and, drawing myself up, extended my right arm for a blow if need were. The garments rustled closer—touched my hand; and then another hand touched mine—a friendly hand, as I knew by the gentlest of little pressures.

"*'Merial!'* I said—the extended arm had closed about her waist now. Her fingers touched my mouth. *'Speak low,'* she whispered: *'you are in danger. Gibbow is lying in a drunken sleep at your door: he means you harm when he wakes. Oh pray, sir, bar your door: if you have money, put it under your pillow, and keep wide awake. I came over his body to warn you, and if you knew what I braved, you would heed me.'*

"I would have drawn her closer—would have kissed her, but she loosened my clasp: her long hair trailed across my shoulder—touched my cheek. She was gone, and I had only, from first to last, spoken the single word, *Merial!*

"My first impulse was to spring out of bed, seize the man Gibbow by the neck and fling him down stairs; but my second thought restrained me. I must wait till she was safe. I did so, and when I knew that she was out of hearing, felt under my pillow for the dirk-

knife which I had shoved beneath it on going to bed. Great Heaven! what cold, moist, devilish thing did my hand close upon? I was on my feet in an instant, and as soon as flint and tinder could strike a light, had one. I was not long in turning my pillow, and there, all folded to a glittering heap, the slim white throat and nasty flat head uppermost, lay the very serpent Gibbow had brought home dangling at his gunlock! I looked about for something with which to despatch the thing; and finding in the fireplace an old pair of rusty tongs, caught up the snake, and, opening the door, dashed it in the face of the drunken half-breed. I then bolted the door between us, and having examined the bed-clothes, though it was not likely I should find a nest of snakes there, went to bed and slept till morning.

"Breakfast awaited me, and I partook of it in common with the family, but without having sight of *Merial*. It had grown colder during the night, and trees and ground were covered with a stiff, shining coat of sleet, and the branches rattled when the wind came like so many branches of steel.

"*'Your horse will hardly be able to keep his feet down the mountain slopes this morning,'* said my landlord, looking from the window.

"*'I don't mean to give him the trial,'* I answered: *'I propose to rest here for a day or two, if you will keep me.'*

"*'Most happy to keep you, but I see Gibbow has already got the saddle on. I will go to the stable-yard.'*

"I answered that I would prefer to go myself, for I wanted to meet Gibbow face to face, and have it out with him.

"He was just tightening the girth under the horse's belly, and with the back of my hand I gave him a smart slap on the ear, as I commanded him to take the saddle off again. He gathered himself up, and leaning against my horse, looked at me in such stupid wonder that I perceived he was not yet recovered from his drunken fit. I perceived, too, that the spirit was all out of him, and that he was cringing, weak and

beggarly. He winked the boiling water from his red eyes as he stammered,

"'Not goin,' do you say? Well, 'tain't nothin' to me, but my gal told me you was, and you'll gim me a quarter, all the same, I reckon, for saddlin' your pony?" He crouched before me and held out his greasy cap with shameless importunity. I was only alive to one suggestion. *His gal!* Who could he refer to—not Merial?

"'Who told you?' I said, all my attitude expressing defiance and vengeance—"Who told you, do you say?"

"'My gal, my squaw—*wife*, you call her! But you'll gim me the quarter?" and he held the cap, made of some sort of rough gray skin, still nearer, and the hot water boiled over his blank eyes and blubbered down his dirty face.

"'Your wife? You haven't any wife! or, if you have, who is she? Tell me, and tell the truth!'"

"'Why, gold-hair! Mer'l—her that briled your birds!'"

"My mind ran like lightning over all that had happened, and I saw in it all the possibility, nay the probability, of the relation. If I had been stricken with death, the world could not have seemed more strange and dark. The quarter dollar fell into the cap. 'Buckle the girth,' I said, 'and give me the rein!'"

"I rode away without once seeing poor little Merial, but when she laid the cloth that day for dinner, she must have found lying on the table, prefaced with a simple inscription to herself, the beautiful volume that had charmed away one of the happiest hours of my life—perhaps of hers."

"But tell me, dear grandfather, how she came to marry so?"

"Heaven only knows, my child! And why, indeed, any woman marries a man she does not love is among those mysteries that will only be revealed when the secrets of all hearts are made known."

Alice Cary.

THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA.

THE echoes of the guns of our own war for emancipation come back grandly. Brazil has already, of her own free will, unloosed the fetters which, although light perhaps, bound the limbs of millions; and now Cuba, whose very history is the epitome of slavery, and where slavery seemed to have reached its final culmination and the slave his final degradation, is rocking with a civil war into which human freedom has entered as a political and a military issue.

Need we ask to which side incline the sympathies of the people of this republic, who have themselves so lately passed under the furnace blast, or for what result their hopes and faith lead them to look?

Meantime, however warm our interest, we are confined for the present

mainly to hope and argument. The fragmentary and conflicting reports that come from Bayamo and Havana are even more vague and unsatisfactory than those which floated up from Washington and Richmond during our war. Let us see if, applying the few ascertained facts of the struggle to our knowledge of the forces in conflict and the history of the people, we may be able to find some good reason for the faith which is in us.

The population of Cuba may, in round numbers, be put down at one and a half millions—fifteen hundred thousand people. These are divided in color about equally. The black and white, again, are each divided into two classes, distinct and with no common interests. So strongly marked are the lines which separate these four classes of the popu-

lation of the island of Cuba that they might be called castes.

Of the white people, say two hundred and fifty thousand—and we purposely give a generous estimate—are Spaniards, mere residents in a Spanish colony. They are the merchants and planters, who come to get rich, or the favorites of the home administration, sent out to repair their broken fortunes. They do not intend to live in Cuba. They have no sympathies in common with its people or future. It is only a mine to be worked, and so far it has been a most profitable one. Unlike most colonial dependencies, Cuba has not only paid her own expenses, but figured handsomely in the revenue returns of Spain; and this, too, in addition to being bled at every pore by an immense and constantly-changing army of office-holders. Need we add that this class is heartily despised and hated by all the others? Fear and force form its only hold on the island, and that hold will be easily given up on the pressure of circumstances. From Santiago and other threatened cities whole families, in numbers as high as a hundred, have already sailed away. Why should they stay in time of trouble? They came originally to remain but five or ten years, or a shorter time if fortune favored, and then home to spend the wealth wrung from the flesh and blood of the negro and the taxed labor of the Creole.

The remaining half million of the white population are the native Cubans, the Creoles. These are the real producers of wealth in Cuba—the planters and merchants who nurture and develop the trade and agricultural resources of the island. To them by right it belongs to occupy and possess, and for this they are warring. The prosperity of the country—as we call prosperity—its internal improvements, commercial growth, the development of its own resources, all depend on this class. They have no share in the government: they pay the taxes, but do not enjoy them. They labor, and reap not. They are one of what Blackstone—who has so well perpetuated the fallacies of a past age—calls

“the governed classes.” Consequently, they are without the facilities of prompt and thorough organization. Hence their weakness, to counterbalance which they have the numerical superiority of two to one.

The military condition reveals the collision of these two classes. All the ports and the body of the Western Department, which is controlled by Havana through a network of railroads, are held by the home government: all the Eastern Department and the interior districts, where live the farmers and small planters, are in possession of the revolutionists.

The seven hundred and fifty thousand negroes and Chinese—the black half of the island—are, singularly enough, divided in similar proportion—about quarter of a million free and half a million slave.

The two hundred and fifty thousand free negroes are by no means a class to be looked down on. They comprise every shade of mixed blood, and are largely mulattoes, quadroons and octo-rooms. Many of them are wealthy and educated, as education goes in that part of the world. Their sympathies and influence and aid are unqualifiedly and unreservedly with the Cubans.

The unity of interest of these two classes gives the Creole cause the support of just one-half of the entire population of the island.

The last class—half a million of imbruted, savage slaves, wronged and degraded as perhaps even slaves never were before—is the problem of the island. So fearfully deadly has been slavery in Cuba, so literally has the gold of the Spaniard been drawn from the blood of the negro, that it has required an annual importation of nearly thirty-three thousand—fifteen per cent.—to keep up the slave population to its present standard; and to-day, of the half a million negro slaves who work and die on that fatal island, but one-sixth are females. With the better instincts of humanity and society designedly crushed out of them, imagination shudders both at their horrible fate and at the retributive vengeance which must fall somewhere.

For this angry mass of savages freedom, in partial form at least, has come—the spark struck from clashing sabres. How the letting loose of this vast herd of violence and imbruted passions may affect the general issue none can tell, and every one argues perhaps as his wishes dictate. Spaniard and Creole alike fear it, and with reason. Blood is on both their skirts. We, under the light of experience, can afford at least to hope. The intuitions of nature are strong, and even the dumb beast learns in time to know his friends. The goodwill of this class—one-third of the whole population—must be had. How true it is that the mysterious yoke of slavery presses equally on the master and the slave—that it is hard to tell which one owns the other—which is the prisoner!

So much for the field and the forces. Now for the moral causes—the rights to be gained and the wrongs to be remedied—which impel, and, if we believe in an overruling and intelligent Providence, will condition the struggle.

The Cubans, if we may credit their own story told officially and from mouth to mouth, are fighting for

Representation,

Severance of Church and State, and
General emancipation.

Every one of these are principles traditionally dear to the American people, and ends which we have been taught to believe just causes of war.

Cuba has to-day no representation in the Spanish Cortes, and never has had. She has not been offered even that constructive representation with which we were sought to be deluded in colonial times. She has no voice in determining the amount or the method of collection of the taxes which she must raise. These taxes, again, are not invested nor spent for her benefit, nor has she any power of any kind over them. She is simply the coffer of the Spanish throne.

The consequences of this disability are those which have always followed it, and are not few:

A burdensome standing army weighs down and impoverishes the island.

The rule of the captain-general is absolute and arbitrary.

The exercise of the right of petition has been followed by expatriation and imprisonment.

The corporate association of the people for the purposes of science, art or commerce has been discountenanced and impeded.

The ports of the island have been closed to foreign ships for the purpose of creating a monopoly for Spanish bottoms.

But why enumerate a lengthening list of evils? For this cause alone—taxation without representation—we went to war, and deemed the step well and prudently taken.

One form of faith—that of the Roman Catholic Church—is the established religion of Cuba. All the unexecuted or practically obsolete laws which have made the English Establishment in Ireland so odious in the eyes of history and humanity, are enforced in Cuba with rigid and intolerant zeal. A man may not hold worship in his private house, unless according to the Roman rites, under pain of imprisonment and exile. Now, according to every American idea, a man has the right at least to die in his own faith, whatever that faith may be; and if he is debarred from that right, it is generally thought he had better die on the battle-field in the attempt to gain it.

On the question of giving freedom to the slave as fast and as full as may be possible the position of the revolutionists is not equivocal. By official act, and the stronger testimony of private deeds, they have declared their intention on this point.

Don Carlos Manuel Cespedes, the leader of the revolutionary forces, and the provisional head of the government, has already set free two hundred slaves, his own property and all his wealth invested in that form. A lawyer, fully acquainted with his own rights, and the owner of large plantations which need labor to render them valuable, we must look on his solemn and irrevocable act as the result of mature thought and deliberate conviction. Don Francisco P.

Aguilera, the trusted lieutenant of Cespedes, and his main coadjutor at the beginning of the insurrection—a gentleman worth three million dollars in land and slaves—has freed the latter. Don Pedro Figueredo, the owner of the largest and finest sugar plantation in the district of Bayamo, the centre of the revolutionary operations, emancipated all his slaves as far back as two years ago. All the mechanics on this gentleman's estate are natives of the United States. Don Joaquin Acosta, Doctor Arteago, the Marquis de Santa Lucia, and others prominent as men of wealth and distinction in the ranks of the fighting Creoles, have done the same. The instances cited are enough to show the drift of sentiment and feeling.

The text of the proclamation of emancipation issued on the twenty-seventh of December from Bayamo—the provisional headquarters of the provisional government—is already familiar to every general reader. Bearing the impress of an earnest spirit, and breathing the fervent faith, and at times using almost the words, of the famous preamble to the Pennsylvania statute of emancipation, its terms are yet conditional; and the freedmen of Cuba, enfranchised by its operation, are for the time to be "utilized in the service of their country." Freedom is not given absolutely, nor to all—and it is perhaps well that it should not be—yet, as it is, how strongly this liberal and unequivocal grant contrasts with our own action under a similar exigency! A proclamation of emancipation has gone forth in less than three months from the hoisting of the revolutionary standard, granting freedom to the slaves within the lines of the insurgents. It took nearly two years—one of them of special disaster—before we were brought to the point of emancipation, and then we freed only the slaves within the insurrectionary States, the enemy's lines. It was not inaptly travestied at the time by a friendly hand as a proclamation announcing freedom to the bondmen in all the land excepting certain parts thereof in which freedom was practicable. So tardily, so reluctantly and with so

little faith we faced the issue. It hardly becomes us to cast a stone at Cuba.

While the Cubans are fighting for those great rights which the organic law of our race and nation declare to be inherent and inalienable—political, religious and civil liberty—Dulce comes from Spain bearing the promise of redress, and bringing with him fresh battalions of bayonets as guarantee of his good faith. Already the events of a fleeting day or two have proven that his promises are only those made to the ear, to be broken to the hope.

Cuba is to become an integral province of Spain, whether kingdom or republic, and allowed a full representation at Madrid; but no steps are taken to carry out these fair words. The elections have progressed in Spain, the votes are counted, the Cortes is chosen and its political complexion known, but not a ballot-box has been opened in Cuba—not even in Mantanzas or Cardenas or Havana, under the shadow of the Spanish flag and within the cordon of its steel.

Liberty of the press is declared, but a censor appointed over it—a kind of prosecuting attorney with irresponsible powers; and even from this illusory concession is excepted the right to discuss or attack slavery or the Roman Catholic Church, the remaining two of the three grand points in issue. And with this new captain-general false and fair comes back Bishop Martínez—a prelate obnoxious to the people, the embodiment of the reactionary ideas of a reactionary system, once already driven from the island by the fumes of peculiar discontent. Better Lersundi at once, with his rough brutality.

In closing, let us briefly recapitulate the salient elements of success which the Cubans would seem to have in their favor, and which, by all the teachings of modern history—the struggle being a fairly even one—ought to affect powerfully the issue.

They are intelligently fighting for Saxon principles—principles which have been steadily and surely evolving themselves in every great political struggle from Run-

nymede up. This is apparently not one of those ephemeral revolutions so common to our southern countries, which, like their fire-flies, illumine but a single night.

Creole and Spaniard, although of one blood and a common ancestry, are two sharply-defined classes, with no mutual interests, and consequently there is not that interlacing by marriage and social connections which generally makes the struggle between a colony and the mother country so painful and compromise so easy. There is no large and respectable class of loyalists, influential by birth and position and wealth, among the Cubans. Fealty to the home government has never been a trait developed in the descendants of the Spanish conquerors, and Cuba offers no exception to the historical rule.

For nearly five months now the revolutionists have held their ground with credit, evincing great powers of organization and resource, and a military vigor and efficiency which tell of settled purpose. On the eighth of last October, Citizens Cespedes and Aguilera declared the provisional government in existence, and placed a respectable armed force in the field to make good the assurances of their pronunciamiento. At Guantanamo, Trapiche, Alta Gracia, the troops of the insurgents have fully proved their right to be called an army. They have compelled the captain-general to hold negotiations, and to treat as prisoners of war any Cubans in arms taken by him. They control fully one-half of the territory of the island, and have literally driven the Spaniards to the sea-coast towns, where they have a water base. Long before the insurgent States during our recent war had held out for such a period, their belligerent rights were recognized by the leading powers of Europe, the Spanish government itself making haste to acknowledge them by solemn proclamation dated June 17, 1861, just two months from the firing on Sumpter. In view of this very pertinent precedent, our government, at least, need feel no hesitation or delicacy in making good toward the Cubans the generous words of the

twelfth article of the Chicago Platform, adopted by the people in November, declaring, publicly and officially, "its sympathy with all oppressed peoples struggling for their rights."

Lastly, a well-grounded hope for Cuba lies in the grand old history of that liberty-loving race, which, taking new life and a fresh start on our shores, has again blazed out in fierce defence of freedom. We are accustomed to look at and think of Spain in her decadence. The glories of her commerce and literature and power are in the past, and we are apt to forget them; but if there is anything in blood, in the proud lineage of centuries, in the traditions of great deeds well done, the Spaniard has it. His is the heritage not of centuries, but of ages and races. The Goths, the Romans, the Greeks, the Phœnicians, are his ancestry of history. The blood of the two greatest nations of soldiers beats in his veins. He can show a civilization reaching back a thousand years before Christ, when Phœnicia colonized the shores of the Mediterranean, and her travelers told of the Pillars of Hercules. For seven centuries of mediæval history Spain was the stronghold and only refuge of civil liberty in Europe. Every other land and every other people succumbed to feudalism: the Spaniard alone resisted, holding sacred the personal rights of the people, asserting at every cost the principles of elective monarchy and municipal organization; and it was his well-meant but intemperate and impracticable opposition to all centralization of power which finally laid his country a prey to the Moor.

For the regenerated children of such a people, so true to the elementary principles of human liberty, dowered with the best civilizations of successive ages, may we not pray? Let the red and yellow flag go down—the accursed colors of blood and gold, the dishonored colors of effete Spain, false to liberty and to herself. In its place shall arise the new flag of the Republic of Cuba, legended with the memories of Spain's better past.

W. W. NEVIN.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

ARRANGEMENTS have been concluded with Mr. Anthony Trollope for an original novel from his pen, to be published in this Magazine. The first part, it is expected, will appear in our July number.

The alchemists of the nineteenth century continue to be busily engaged at Washington in their laudable endeavors to effect a transmutation of credit into gold. Their faith in regard to ultimate success is as great as was that of their famed predecessors of the Middle Ages, and they have as good a prospect of obtaining a favorable result as those ancient worthies, while the whole nation is waiting in anxious suspense for the appearance of the golden treasure.

Our modern manipulators aim at a much higher achievement than those of olden time, who, through the crucible, would transmute the baser into the most precious metals; for while the latter strove to give additional value to that which already had some, the former, conscious of their superior enlightenment and the great advances that have been made in their occult science, attempt the more daring experiment of giving the highest value to that which has none at all. That credit can be converted into cash—that *value* can be confined by an act of Congress—these profound savans have not the slightest doubt. Hence the confidence with which they propound their theories, and the courage, not to say audacity, with which they bring forward their schemes. It seems to be no matter of discouragement to these wise philosophers that no two of them agree as to the process by which the result is to be attained, since all harmonize in the general opinion that the object, somehow or other, may be accomplished by the fiat of Congress.

Given six hundred and fifty millions of circulation and a like amount of

bank deposits, all of which are payable on demand, how shall this aggregate amount be made equal to gold? This is the work to be done. The means for doing it are—one hundred and fifty millions of specie in the nation, all told, and the "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives." United, these two are to accomplish the transmutation. Some of the learned doctors at the capital propose that a certain day be fixed by Congress when both government and banks *shall* resume. One would have it take place on the first of July next. But how could that be possible? Resumption might indeed be commenced on that day. The Treasury might disburse to its creditors what gold it had on hand, amounting, it may be, to one-fourth of its notes, and then—suspend. The banks, too, might pay specie for perhaps two hours. Having immediate liabilities, notes and deposits amounting to nine hundred and fifty millions, with twenty-nine millions of specie, they could continue resumption only long enough to be divested of the limited amount in their possession. If it be said that in view of resumption the banks would, between this time and the first of July next, take the precaution to contract their circulation and deposits to such an extent as to be in a condition to hold out, it may be replied that such an operation would be impossible. A contraction so sudden, excessive and violent would ruin all who had made engagements to pay money. It could not be endured by the business community; and indeed it would never be seriously attempted, whatever the action of Congress might be.

The popular idea—so often and confidently uttered by the press and in legislative halls—that "when the people can have the specie they will not want it," is a specious fallacy, which the experiment, if made, will speedily dissipate.

Were there only the normal amount of currency in circulation, or very nearly that, it would be safe to announce resumption, but when, as now, there is quite three times its natural volume, it would be sheer madness to attempt it, because all shrewd men—indeed we will say, all men of common discernment—will see that while there is a difference of 25 to 35 per cent. between gold and the notes promising gold, there will be a general rush for the payment of the notes while the specie can be had, and the resumption not being maintained, those who get possession of the gold will obtain a premium upon it; for it should be understood that no act of Congress can annihilate this premium while the redundancy of currency continues.

Another proposition brought forward is to postpone resumption until the 1st of January, 1871, and in the mean time compel the banks to retain the gold they may receive upon their bonds deposited with the Secretary of the Treasury as security for their circulation and public deposits; but as all these bonds amount to but about three hundred and seventy-six millions, the interest upon them for two years would amount to only some forty-five million dollars, or less than five per cent. of their immediate specie liabilities. The banks will not contract voluntarily. Of that we may rest assured. Suspension is immensely profitable, and will never be parted from but by the positive requirement of the law-making power. While it is a matter of choice with each of the 1628 existing banks whether to contract or not, it can be seen at once that they could never be brought to act in harmony, and the greater part of them would make no contraction whatever. They would do this, as they well know, with perfect impunity, because when the time arrived it would be seen to be a public necessity that they should not attempt a resumption they could not maintain, and Congress would be called upon to relieve them of their obligation, as the legislatures of the several States were often obliged to do in similar circumstances under the former system. Neither of

the foregoing projects, we may rest assured, will ever be carried to a successful issue.

The third and most objectionable plan presented to Congress is that brought forward by the redoubtable member from Massachusetts, whose "notes of value" (?) would bring us to specie payments indeed, but only through repudiation.

With idle schemes like these the attention of Congress is to be occupied until its final adjournment on the fourth of March. The one plain, practicable and indispensable measure—that of ordering by positive enactment the withdrawal of ten or fifteen millions per month of our superfluous currency until it is brought to par with gold—receives no notice from either branch of the National Legislature.

No subject was ever more free from all complexity or doubt than the condition of our currency at the present time. Congress, as a supposed necessity, authorized the issue of notes as money in excess of the natural volume of currency, and of course beyond the power of the Treasury or banks to convert into specie. This caused suspension and depreciation. All this is plain; and such being the cause of our difficulties, the remedy is obvious—contraction must follow expansion. There can be no other remedy *possible*. The project of accumulating gold sufficient to form a basis for the redemption—including the obligations of the government payable on demand—of thirteen hundred and ninety-five millions of immediate cash liabilities, is preposterous, while the idea of waiting a whole generation for the country to "grow to it," as is often contended, is absurd. The manufactures and trade of the nation cannot afford to do either, and neither is necessary or reasonable. But the difficulty is, our statesmen do not dare to pronounce the word CONTRACTION. The whole immense speculative interests of the nation are in hostile array against any movement in that direction. The people are fleeced of their hard earnings by the present system to the extent of some three

hundred millions per annum, and that is too large an amount of plunder to be quietly resigned. It cannot be repeated too often, or with too much emphasis, that *Contraction* is the 'only means by which the currency and the credit of the nation can be restored, and that contraction will never take place except by the compulsory action of Congress.

Privately printed books have an attraction not always accorded to those of greater notoriety. Two such, and each of great merit, have met our eye lately. *A Centennial Memorial of Christian and Anna Maria Wolff* is by the late George W. Fahnestock, a Philadelphia gentleman of modest merit, who, with an only daughter, perished in the recent disaster on the Ohio. It details the history of a worthy German family of emigrants, whose descendants rose by integrity and industry to usefulness and success in life. Without disguise it records the struggles of poverty, and discloses the merits of individuals in middle life, displaying virtues that would adorn the highest. Mr. Fahnestock is much lamented in this city, where he had formed a character for unimpeachable mercantile honor, combined with a love of literature. He bequeathed a valuable library of some eighty thousand pamphlets, collected at great cost of time and money, and particularly rich in Southern publications, to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. His book is his true monument.

Another volume just printed is in *Memory of Edwin Bartlett*, by our townsman, Dr. Ruschenberger. Its typography and binding are most creditable to Philadelphia art, while the graceful simplicity of the narrative shows the good taste of the author. Dr. Ruschenberger has succeeded in all points, and happy are the friends of a great and good merchant in such a biographer. The world is much indebted to the exertions and wealth of Mr. Bartlett for the Panama Railroad, and other great means of advancing civilization. His *Memory* is fitly and faithfully prepared for his immediate family, but it deserves a more extended circulation. A man of

such refinement, culture and high commercial honor should not be forgotten.

... Undoubtedly the best book of recent travels is *Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in the English-Speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867*, by *Charles Wentworth Dilke*. It describes a trip overland to San Francisco, thence to Australia, etc. The author gives a fair and graphic account of our country and people, philosophically accounting for many anomalies of the new settlements, and pointing out the progress of the English-speaking race throughout the world. His short and graphic stories are capital, as for instance:

"So fast do the headquarters 'cities' keep moving forward on the Pacific Railroad that at the California end the superintendent wished me to believe that whenever his chickens heard a wagon pass they threw themselves upon their backs and held up their legs, that they might be tied and thrown into the cart for a fresh move. 'They are true birds of passage,' he said."

An extreme Western editor "informed me he was the independent editor of the *Nevada Union Gazette*, and went on to ask: 'And how might you have left literatooral pursuits? How air Tennyson and Thomas T. Carlile?' I assured him that to the best of my belief they were fairly well, to which his reply was: 'Guess them ther men ken sling ink, they ken.'"

"At last we dashed into the 'city' named after the notorious Kit Carson, of which an old inhabitant had lately said, 'This here city is growing plaguey mean: there was only one man shot all yesterday.'"

Rapid changes in geography are illustrated thus: "At the flourishing city of Aurora, in Esmeralda county, a court of California was sitting. A mounted messenger rode up at great pace, and, throwing his bridle round a stump, dashed in, breathlessly shouting, 'What's this here court?' Being told it was a California court, he said, 'Well, that's all wrong: this here's Nevada. We've been and rectified this boundary, an' California's a good ten mile off here.

'Wall, Mr. Judge, I move this court adjourn,' said the plaintiff's counsel. 'How can a court adjourn that's not a court?' replied the judge. 'Guess I'll go.' And off he went. So if the court at Aurora was a court, it must be sitting now."

There can be no doubt that to the ability shown by young Mr. Dilke in this book he is mainly indebted for his recent elevation to a seat in Parliament.

. . . The advocates of a "wider career" for women will be interested to learn that Madame Koscharow, who has gone through the prescribed course of studies and lectures at the Imperial Academy of Medicine and Surgery at St. Petersburg, has just passed her examination with great success, and is now an M. D. Madame Koscharow, says the *Gazette Russe de l'Académie*, is the first woman who has ever received a doctor's diploma from a Russian medical faculty.

In this country the movement in favor of Woman's Rights has led to the publication in New York of a monthly magazine entitled *The Woman's Advocate*. In the first number the papers contributed by women strike us as more sensible than some remarks of Mr. Henry James, of which the following is a sample: "The great epic of creation, which we call nature and history, amounts, after all and at most, only to a *revelation of the creative name in the created nature*, and has no manner of claim to exist absolutely or in itself." In this latitude we are not yet educated up to this kind of talk, though it doubtless conveys some idea to the New England mind.

The coachmen of Paris found out, before Bismarck announced the fact, that the revolution in Spain interfered sadly with Napoleon's plans, and as they pass each other, if the gens-d'armes are not in sight, they put their thumbs in their mouths and cry *La Reine d'Espagne*—meaning that the Emperor has been taken in and his plans interfered with by the appearance of Her Majesty in Paris.

Queen Isabella, we may add, has just bought the newspaper called *L'Epoque*; dethroned royalty thus resembling our politicians in wishing to abuse its enemies day by day in a newspaper.

. . . Authors who wish to destroy the eyes of editors, printers and proof-readers should by all means use the new-fashioned *violet* ink. (From the injury it inflicts upon the optics of all who are compelled to read the manuscripts written with it, it would perhaps be more just to call it *violent* ink.) Those, however, who desire to see themselves in print would do well to use only *black* ink on good *white* paper.

. . . The late Douglas Jerrold, with some friends, was once invited to a gentleman's house somewhere in Sussex. A new kind of *rouge-vinaigre* was in vogue at that time, and Jerrold, being young and fond of a lark, got some of it and put it on his cheeks. Not knowing how to do the business artistically, he made his face as red as a lobster's back. In this condition he went down to dinner. There was a very smart and snobbish young fellow present—a sort of Barnes Newcome—who acted funny man on the occasion. Jerrold listened to his cackle quietly, until Mr. Barnes, observing the flaming paint, cried out:

"Oh, Mr. What's-your-name — Mr. Jerrold — what's the matter with your cheeks?"

Jerrold looked at him angrily and answered: "I am blushing at your impertinence, sir."

. . . A gentleman having begun to inhale ether before undergoing a surgical operation, observed that now he understood for the first time Captain Macheath's remark in *The Beggar's Opera*—

"How happy could I be with Ether!"

. . . At a recent lecture delivered at the Lyceum in C—, Berks county, Pennsylvania, Professor X. stated that Saturn had a ring six thousand miles broad. "Himmel!" Hans Zimmerman was overheard to exclaim, "what for a finger *he* must have!"

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The History of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. By John S. C. Abbott. Boston: B. B. Russell. 8vo. pp. 690.

The plausible sophistries set forth in an attractive style by the Rev. Mr. Abbott in his *History of Napoleon* were calculated to mislead the minds of ingenuous youth; but he must have been but a careless observer of the events of the past twenty years whose judgment can be warped by the present *History of Napoleon III.* The thin cloak of the philosophical historian, which, in the former work, veiled the special pleader, is herein laid aside, and the author appears in the character of the unblushing advocate, ever ready to gloss over the peccadilloes of the "saviour of society," and not ashamed to hold up to the admiration of the countrymen of Washington that perfidious overthrow of the Republic at whose remembrance every Frenchman has to hang his head.

The author's misplaced enthusiasm is not confined to the subject of his book, but extends to the whole tribe of unscrupulous adventurers known as the Bonaparte family. He maintains, for instance, with Quixotic chivalry, that Queen Hortense was a model of all womanly virtues, being only surpassed in purity of life and morality of conduct by her immaculate son. After reading his indignant vindication of the wife of King Louis, one almost hesitates to ask who M. le Duc de Morny was—that leader of the subtle and treacherous policy of the Elysée, who had a "father," the Comte de Flahaut, and a "grandmother," Madame de Souza, and also, very much to his advantage, a half-brother, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, but concerning whose maternal parentage the biographical dictionaries published under Imperial censorship are discreetly silent. It was a mistake for Mr. Abbott to confess in these pages that there ever was such an individual as the one whom the elder Comte de Morny, in consideration of eight hundred thousand francs, adopted as his son, and to whom Queen Hortense left at her death, in 1837, an annuity of forty thousand francs. His better plan would have been to follow the line of argument by which Whately proved that the First Napoleon never existed.

Mr. Abbott points to the material wealth,

the great public works and the apparent prosperity which have accompanied the Imperial régime, forgetting that they have been dearly purchased at the expense of an enormous debt, a declining population, and, as he sees the poison of despotism working in the body politic, the deadly discouragement and increasing sadness of every honest Frenchman.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

No one familiar with Parisian society, or even Parisian shop-windows, some twenty years ago, but will confess that these years of Imperial rule have wrought a melancholy change for the worse. It has been the fatal necessity of Napoleon III. to assure the stability of his ill-gotten throne by systematically debasing and degrading the moral tone of the nation; and this crowned Mephistopheles, whose Faust is the brave, generous, intelligent but sensuous people of France, has succeeded only too well. In Paris the homage which Vice once paid to Virtue is now denied, and the leaders of fashion are notorious courtesans. The *salons* of the beautiful and accomplished Madame de Girardin are succeeded by the opera box of the vulgar and illiterate Cora Pearl, crowded nightly with the *jeunesse dorée* of France, while for Rachel and Racine are substituted the nudities of *La Biche aux Bois* and *Cendrillon*. A new word, the *demi-monde*, has had to be invented for a thing before unheard of, even in semi-Christian, semi-Pagan France. And as the calculation is, that men who are given up to frivolity and vice will not trouble themselves about the government, so it is shrewdly conjectured that if the attention of the French is engrossed with foreign affairs, they will let home politics alone. Thus it has come to pass that under the Empire the desire of the government to intermeddle with the affairs of its neighbors is no longer a policy, but a disease.

Demoralization has already progressed so far that what the nation has to dread to-day is nothing less than the loss of its position as one of the great powers of the world. Unless, by an effort of public virtue which year by year becomes less probable, the incubus shall be shaken off, it is to be feared that

Imperial France will follow the fate of Imperial Rome, whose decline was made inevitable by the usurpation of Augustus. In either case the sad signs of coming dissolution are that corruption of morals and that worship of force which naturally result from tyranny in high places and contempt for right on the part of the government.

To understand this fully it must be remembered that, imbued with the infidel philosophy of the last century, the men of France above the rank of mere peasants had already in the time of Louis Philippe, lost the restraining influence of religion, and that in 1851 nothing was left to hold society together but the point of honor. This in France insured, to a certain extent, probity in the ranks of the executive, integrity in the commercial world, courtesy in society, truth and self-respect in the ordinary intercourse of life; but this cheap defence of nations the second-hand Napoleon has done his best, by the violation of his sacred word of honor, to break down. *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*, wrote Francis I. after the battle of Pavia. Louis Napoleon might fitly reverse this saying of his chivalrous predecessor. He has gained everything—despotic power, military prestige, extended dominions, a name which is a terror among the nations, a capital which is the finest city in the world—everything *save honor*. John of Saxony, on his tottering throne, or Francis Joseph of Austria, compelled to see his sceptre shorn of half its power, would scorn to exchange personal reputations with the all-powerful, all-successful despot who destroyed the Republic it was his sworn duty to maintain, and who is now forced to complain that no man believes his word. And yet, when even Americans are sometimes dazzled by the external glitter of the Empire, it is not to be wondered at that the less-educated masses of France are induced by the example of Napoleon III. to worship mere success, and to prefer might to right. The spectacle of iniquity triumphant is, even in the United States, a powerful agent of corruption, as we see in the demoralizing influence of that notorious "whisky ring" at Washington, which too will perhaps some day find an apologist. In the long run, however, mankind are too clear-sighted to accept an excuse for want of principle, and the man is not yet born who can wash a blackamoor white.

Meanwhile, the blood of Baudin and his fellow-Republicans, who fell in defence of law, still reddens the streets of Paris.

Thanks to December Fourth, they sleep to-day
Calm in their trenches 'neath the frozen clay,
Where thought and trouble cease.
O Dead! the grass grows on your catacombs!
Sleep in your shrouds, be silent in your tombs:
The Empire, friends, is Peace!

So sings Victor Hugo; and the world, which has not forgotten either the unprincipled *coup d'état*, or the scandalous breach of faith which marked, from first to last, the Mexican expedition, looking at the fierce eyes and glistening fangs of the hero of those exploits, cries "Wolf!" and refuses to believe in that sheep-skin vesture which has convinced our author of the spotless and ovine nature of the subject of his biography.

It is said that an attempt will be made to introduce an abridgement of this *History of Napoleon III.* into public schools as a textbook. Those who are charged with the responsible duty of deciding what works shall be placed in the hands of youth would do well to remember before adopting this one that it is an apology by a republican for the assassin of freedom; by a clergyman for a perjurer and a libertine; by a gentleman for one who has forfeited his honor; by an author for a despot who chains the press; by an American for the armed opponent of the Monroe Doctrine; and, last not least, by a New Englander for one who did all he dared to do toward breaking up the Union.

The Science of Knowledge. Translated from the German of J. G. Fichte by A. E. Kræger. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 12mo. pp. 347.

Properly to criticize a work the critic must place himself at the stand-point of its author, and endeavor to ascertain what he intended to effect by it. Having ascertained this, the critic may next show to what extent this intention has been successful. The latter part of a critic's duty we shall not even try to perform here, since in the case of this work it would necessarily occupy the space of a book of the same size. Each student of philosophy must make up his mind for himself on this question. But the former duty we may fairly undertake, and thereby enable the reader to enter upon a study of the Science of Knowledge with a clear understanding of what it proposes to establish.

Previous to Kant, all so-called philosophers (excepting perhaps Leibnitz) had held that through perception we arrive only at a confused, contradictory knowledge, and that

mankind had a peculiar faculty (thinking) through which it could rise beyond the sphere of natural perception, or that of the dog, to a knowledge of the Beyond, the True, the Perennial, or whatever else they called it. By cultivating this faculty of thinking these philosophers held that they could rise to the knowledge of truths utterly beyond the reach of the common herd of men; and, holding this, they separated mankind into two widely distinct classes, whereof the one—the philosophers—looked down with supreme contempt upon the other. Their art of cultivating that faculty was called Logic, the science wherein it was exercised, Metaphysics; and for this science of conceptions, created through what they called thinking, they claimed the same reality as—nay, even a higher reality than—for the ordinary sciences of physics, facts, etc. Strangely enough, however—at least strangely for an unprejudiced observer—it happened that each metaphysician established by the same art of logic a science of metaphysics differing from, if not opposing, that of all other metaphysicians. When this difference and opposition began to be clearly perceived, there arose the school of skeptics, who began to deny the possibility of arriving at any truth, simply because it seemed that metaphysical truth could not be arrived at; and, still worse, there began to grow a spirit of indifference.

It was in this condition of things that Emmanuel Kant, professor at Königsberg, proposed to himself whether it would not be possible, by a critical examination of what reason can know and cannot know if it is to be reason, to arrive at an absolute knowledge whether such a science of metaphysics were really possible? Answering this question in the affirmative, he was enabled to declare in his first preface to the *Critic of Pure Reason*: "I make bold enough to say that there cannot be a single metaphysical problem which is not solved in this work, or for the solution whereof I have not, at least, furnished the key;" and, moreover, "that the science which I propose here to establish is the only science which can claim for itself to be *completed* and finished in such a manner that our posterity can only rearrange the form without being able to increase the contents of this science in the least."

Kant did not give to his science that completeness of form which it had in its contents, and it was for this reason that J. G. Fichte resolved to devote his life to the completion of that form. The result of his labors was

the *Science of Knowledge*, the first translation whereof into the English language has now been given to the public.

It professes to be nothing more than a Science of Knowledge, or Knowing, and utterly repudiates the notion that it is capable of demonstrating any truth not contained in the original essence of knowing, and hence not accessible to all men equally. As Fichte himself says: "According to our principles, nothing can enter the consciousness of a rational being, in any manner, which does not in its elements occur in experience, and in the experience of all rational beings without exception. All have received the same gifts, and the same freedom further to develop those gifts; and no one can create something of his own. Our philosophy is, therefore, most decidedly favorably disposed toward common sense, and secures its rights; and all other philosophy which opposes it in this respect is in opposition to common sense."

"The reason why it is so difficult to consider that the Science of Knowledge is nothing more than this, is because other philosophies have claimed to be more, and it seems hard to believe that the new one should be so very different from the former. These previous philosophies claimed to be not only science, but, moreover, wisdom—world-wisdom, or life-wisdom, as they called it; and hence they were neither. Ours is content to be science, and has from the very beginning disclaimed being anything else by its very name."

In other words, it is because the Science of Knowledge is not a system of various facts of knowledge, but simply a *method* of all-knowing, that it has its universal validity and completeness. This method, as Kant remarks, "is the same as that of natural philosophy, namely to *prove or refute by an experiment*. . . . That is to say, if we find that when we regard things from a double point of view—firstly, as objects of our senses, and, secondly, as objects which are merely thought—we arrive at a harmony with the principle of pure reason; whereas if we regard them one-sidedly, there arises an unavoidable contradiction of reason with itself: then the experiment decides the correctness of the first view."

This, and this only, is what the Science of Knowledge claims to be—a method of all-knowing; but it claims to be this in its full completeness—a method which is absolutely valid for all rational beings, not only for the present, but for all eternity.

John Smith's Funny Adventures on a Crutch; or, The Remarkable Peregrinations of a One-legged Soldier after the War. By A. F. Hill. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co. 12mo. pp. 374.

This cruise upon a crutch is perhaps the first book of travels by a man with only one leg, ever written, and the novelty of the author's experience, no less than his genuine American humor, makes it quite a readable work. Mr. Hill, who lost his leg at Antietam, complains that he is looked upon as public property, and is almost bored to death with questions, by the many curious strangers he meets.

"I can never," he says, "have a moment's rest in any public place. I no sooner take a seat in a car, restaurant or lecture-room than my right-hand or left-hand lady or gentleman commences. I give below an impartial list of the questions they ask, and which I, at first, answered with pride and pleasure; but which, however, after I had answered them a few hundred thousand times, grew rather stale. Here they are: they have been asked me so often as to become stereotyped upon my heart and brain:

"Did you lose your limb in battle?—What battle?—Did a cannon-ball take it off?—A rifle-ball, eh?—Did it knock it clear off?—Did it sever an artery?—Did it hit the bone?—Did it break it?—Did you afterward find the ball?—Was it crushed out of shape?—Did you fall when hit?—Did you walk off the field?—Who carried you off?—Did you feel much pain?—How long after you were wounded till it was amputated?—Who performed the operation?—Did you take chloroform?—Did it put you to sleep?—And didn't you feel the operation?—Not even the sawing of the bone?—Could not your limb have been saved?—Was it taken off right where the wound was?—Can you wear an artificial leg?—Would the government furnish it if you could?—Do you draw a pension?—How much?—How old are you?—What is your name?—What did you do before the war?—Don't you often wish you hadn't lost your leg?—How does a person feel with a leg off?—Does it ache when the weather changes?—Would you rather lose a leg than an arm?—I have heard persons say that an amputated limb still feels as if it were on; is that so?—How do you account for that?

"All these questions, dear public, I have answered thousands of times, and may have to answer thousands of times yet, if my miserable existence is lengthened out for many

years. Imagine how it must torment me! The same old questions, to me long since devoid of interest, I must meekly answer, over and again, day by day, week by week, year by year! How would you like to commence and repeat the A, B, C's five thousand times every day, as long as you live?—Be pleasant, wouldn't it?"

On the other hand, the sympathy which the author's crippled condition occasionally called forth must have been very grateful to him. On one occasion in New York, "I met," he says, "at the door of my hotel a solitary bootblack, who greeted me with 'Black 'em?'"

"You may black *it*," I replied, "for you see I have only one to black."

"All right," said he; whereupon I seated myself on a low railing that guarded a cellarway, and placed my foot on his box.

"He had soon 'shined' it sufficiently, but was still brushing away at it, when I said:

"There, that will do; what do you charge?"

"The dirty, ragged little fellow looked thoughtfully and earnestly up into my face, and replied:

"Oh, I won't charge *you* anything; you've only got *one*."

"I compelled him to accept a ten-cent note, of course, assuring him that I had 'bushels of 'em'; but the intention was no less kind in him; and such a noble thought, though the poor little heart from which it sprung be clothed in rags and filth, will shine in heaven when the rust has long covered and hidden the millions of gold which men of wealth have contributed to 'charitable institutions!'"

Mr. Hill, without many advantages of education, possesses a natural turn for writing, together with a cheerful and indomitable spirit; and he has produced a book which, while it adds but little to the stock of information in the world, is so pleasantly written that we have found it difficult to lay it down.

A Manual of Photography. By M. Carey Lea. Philadelphia: Bennerman & Wilson. 8vo. pp. 332.

Photography within a few years has almost risen to the dignity of a fine art: nearly every large city possesses good operators, who combine the essential requisites of good manipulation with a certain amount of artistic feeling and knowledge. It also has a literature of its own, and journals devoted to its interests, in which all the improvements in

its processes are discussed and their merits conceded or denied. An association has been formed for the advancement in skill and knowledge of its members throughout the country, and in our principal cities are local societies of amateur and professional laborers in the cause of the art. Thanks to the example of a few good artists, and the teachings of a few such men as M. Carey Lea, Photography has assumed a new phase, its deficiencies being pointed out, and as far as possible rectified. More than all, the chemical means by which good work may be made and preserved are so clearly and admirably given that the tyro, after a careful study of the work before us, should only need practice to make him perfect.

Mr. Lea takes up the subject at the beginning: he leads the student at first into the practical knowledge of the manipulation, and when he is delighted at the success of his experiments, directs his attention to the scientific view of the subject, an acquaintance with which is absolutely necessary to the attainment of uniform excellence in production.

Any one who will even carelessly peruse the volume which Mr. Lea has recently published cannot fail to see that the author thoroughly understands his subject, theoretically and practically—that he has made it a specialty, and brings to its discussion an amount of learning, research and experience which entitles him to a first place among writers on Photography. The portions of the work which are simply practical are worthy of all praise. They are the result of the author's long experience, and are clearly and forcibly presented. The chapter on Optics, while lucid, offers some points of difference from the theories commonly received, and is worthy of especial consideration.

Mr. Lea's hints as to the proper composition of a landscape or a group are valuable to the artist who wishes to make his pictures interesting as portraits, and at the same time pleasing to the cultivated taste. In Part IV. the author develops many new theories connected with the actinic action of light on the collodion film, and the relative influence of the different portions of the spectrum. His advice to the photographer touching the use of the poisonous solutions he is obliged to handle should be read by every operator, and not only read but followed.

We would in conclusion express our thanks to Mr. Lea for his contribution to a true knowledge of the mysteries of the art of which he is so successful a professor, and our

desire to see his volume in the hands of every one at all interested in the improvement of one of the great discoveries of the age:

The volume is handsomely printed, the cuts are neatly and intelligibly drawn, and the whole volume reflects credit alike upon author and publishers.

Books Received.

Jesus of Nazareth: His Life and Teachings; founded on the Four Gospels, and Illustrated by reference to the Manners, Customs, Religious Beliefs and Political Institutions of His Times. By Lyman Abbott. Designs by Doré, De Laroche, Fenn and others. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 509.

The Life of George Stephenson, and of his son, Robert Stephenson; comprising also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Railway Locomotive. By Samuel Smiles. With Portraits and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 496.

Lion Ben of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "Good Old Times," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 18mo. pp. 265.

Fallen Pride; or, The Mountain Girl's Love. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 467.

The Rightful Heir: A Drama. By the author of "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 18mo. pp. 61.

School Lyrics: A Collection of Sacred Hymns for Devotional Exercises in Schools. New York: Harper & Bros. 24mo. pp. 164.

A Treatise of Pathology and Hygiene. By J. C. Dalton, M. D. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 399.

An Inquiry into the Influence of Anthracite Fires on Health. By G. Derby, M. D. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 12mo. pp. 76.

Fragments on Nationalism and Internationalism. By Francis Lieber. New York: C. Scribner & Co. 8vo. pp. 21.

The Ideal in Art. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo. pp. 186.

Rural Poems. By William Barnes. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo. pp. 158.

Hillsboro' Farms. By Sophia Dickinson Cobb. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 423.

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TYLER AND MOWBRAY.

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